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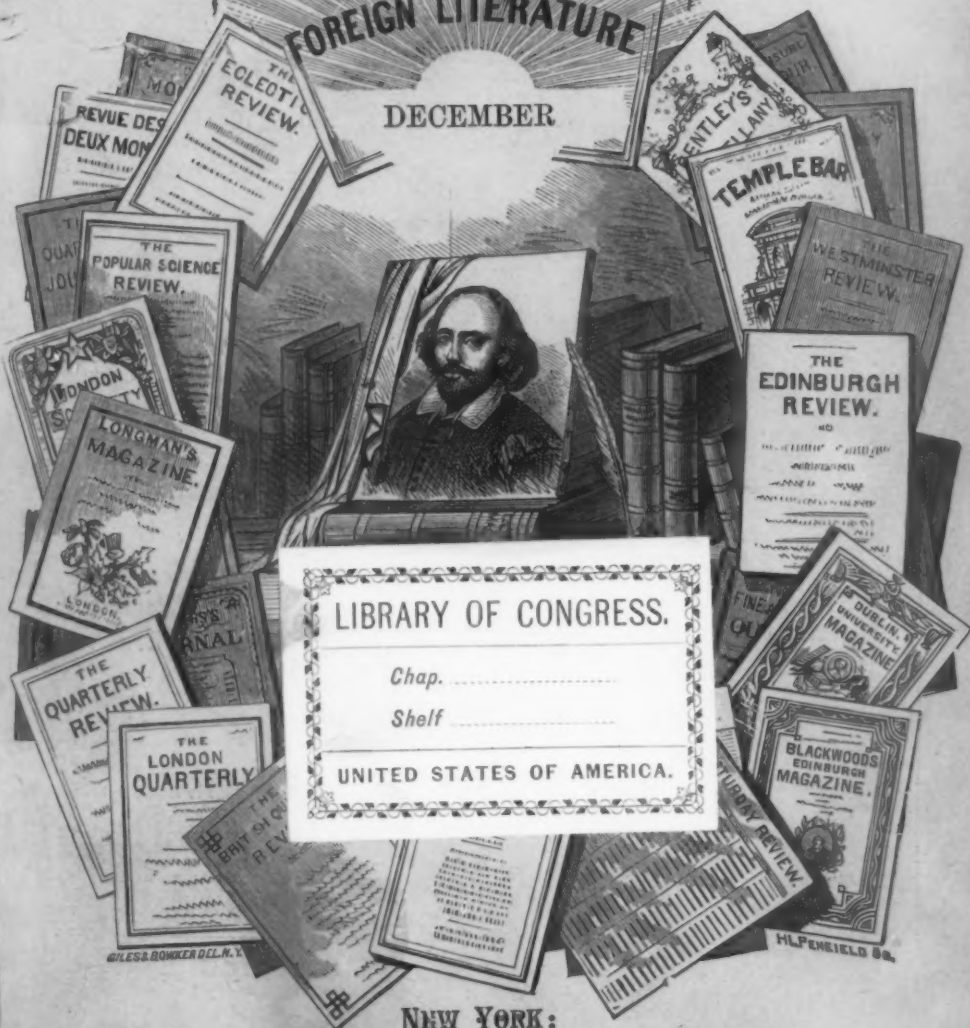
New Series.

Vol. XL.—No. 6.

THE  
**ECLECTIC**  
**MAGAZINE**

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

DECEMBER



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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

This number of the ECLECTIC closes the fortieth volume of the new series.

According to the custom to which we have adhered for many years, we shall continue to send the ECLECTIC to all subscribers who do not notify us of their desire to have it discontinued.

We shall be glad if our subscribers will renew their subscriptions promptly, and we call attention to our Prospectus for 1885 in the last part of this number.

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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }  
Vol. XL., No. 6. }

DECEMBER, 1884.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

CHARLES READE.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

To a country and a century in which the higher form of drama has been supplanted and superseded by the higher form of novel, the loss of an energetic and able craftsman in the trade of narrative fiction—must naturally seem more or less considerable. The brilliant industry of Mr. Charles Reade, his vivid and vehement force of style, his passionate belief and ardent delight in the greatness of his calling, would have conferred a certain kind of interest on a literary figure of less serious pretensions to regard. It is not at all wonderful that on the morrow of his death there should have arisen in the little world of letters a little noise of debate as to the proper station and definition of so remarkable a writer. Whether he was or was not a man of genius—whether his genius, if he had such a thing, was wide or narrow, deep or shallow, complete or incomplete—became at once, for the

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XL., No. 6

moment, a matter in some quarters of something like personal controversy. If he had often written as well as he could sometimes write—or, again, if he had often written as ill as he could sometimes write—there would be no possibility of dispute on the subject. He has left not a few pages which if they do not live as long as the English language will fail to do so through no fault of their own, but solely through the malice of accident, by which so many reputations well worthy of a longer life have been casually submerged or eclipsed.

On the other hand, he has taken good care that few of his larger and more labored works shall have so much as a fair chance for their lives. No man was ever at more pains to impair his own prospects of literary survival. His first two stories were the very quintessence of theatrical ability—and were

now and then something more. But if some of his best effects were due to his experience as a dramatic aspirant, not a few of his more glaring faults as a novelist are traceable to the same source. The burlesque duel in *Christie Johnstone*, the preposterous incident of the living portrait in *Peg Woffington*, might have made the fortune of a couple of farces; but in serious fiction they are such blemishes as cannot be effaced and can hardly be redeemed by the charming scenes which precede or follow them—the rescue of the drowning dauber by his discarded bride, and the charity of the triumphant actress to the household of the stage-struck poetaster. These are small matters: but there are errors of the same stamp in the more important works of the maturer novelist.

Take the first book which gave a wide echo to his name—that which bears the awkward label, *It is never too late to mend*. One of the most important and indispensable figures in the story might have done well enough on the boards of a theatre, but does very much less than well between the boards of a novel. "Levi the Jew" has been unjustly, I think, dismissed as an elaborate and absolute failure: he has at all events more vitality and verisimilitude than "the gentle Jew" of *Our Mutual Friend*, or the Messianic Jew of *Daniel Deronda*, or even the less unimaginable Israelite of *La Femme de Claude*: the remnants of the chosen people seem seldom to bring their admiring students a stroke of good luck in the line of sentimental or enthusiastic fiction: but it is when set beside or between such living and complete figures as George Fielding and Tom Robinson that the grateful and vindictive Hebrew appears out of his place by day, so far from the footlights behind which he could be seen in due relief and measured by the proper standard.

A far more absolute failure is the athletic-seraphic chaplain—Prince Rodolphe (of the *Mystères de Paris*) in Anglican orders, and much astonished to find himself translated into a latitude less congenial than the slums of the Seine riverside. For all Mr. Reade's loud and loyal acclamation of Dumas, he had really more in common with the author of *La Salamandre* than with the author

of *La Reine Margot*; though his place as a writer is more decidedly above that of Sue than below that of Dumas. But for anything like a parallel to the interminably disgusting reiteration of diabolical and bestial cruelties by which a third part of his best-known book is overloaded and deformed, we should have to look further back—or further forward—in the record of French fiction than the date of Eugène Sue. That in this case the hideous and nauseous narrative is unmistakably inspired by no baser instinct than a pure and genuine loathing of cruelty is more than enough to exculpate the man, but by no means enough to exculpate the artist.

It is equally impossible not to recognize and not to respect the practical proof thus given that Charles Reade, as a lover of justice and mercy, a hater of atrocity and foul play, may claim a place in the noble army of which Voltaire was in the last century, as Hugo is in this, the indefatigable and lifelong leader; the great company of witnesses, by right of articulate genius and might of intelligent appeal, against all tenets and all theories of sophists and of saints which tend directly or indirectly to pamper or to stimulate, to fortify or to excuse, the tyrannous instinct or appetite for cruelty innate and latent alike in peoples of every race and every creed. To justify the ways of kings to men by comparison with "the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone," was a fashionable form of political or social sophistry which to no Englishman of his own or of any time could have seemed more despicable and detestable than to Reade. But the injury inflicted on his first elaborate or important work of fiction by the intrusion of the huge and horrible episode which encumbers and defaces it is a sign of instinct so inferior or of skill so imperfect as to make any comparison of his art with the art of Voltaire only less absurd than would be a comparison of his genius with the genius of Hugo.

There is not, however, in all the range of his work, another as flagrant instance of passionate philanthropy riding roughshod over the ruins of artistic propriety. In *Hard Cash* the crusade against the villainous lunacy of the law regarding lunatics was conducted with

more literary tact and skill—with nobler energy and ardor it could not be conducted—than this previous onslaught on the system which made homicide by torture a practical part of such prison discipline as well deserved the disgrace of approbation from the magnanimous worshipper of portable gallows and beneficent whip: the harsher and the humaner agents of an insane law who figure on the stage of the narrative which attacks it are more lifelike as well as less horrible than the infernal little disciples of Carlyle who infest and impede the progress of the earlier tale.

In the brilliant story of *A Simpleton* there are passages of almost as superfluous dullness as the dullest superfluities of the self-styled naturalist whose horrors Mr. Reade undertook to adapt for presentation on the English stage: and the dullness is of the same order as M. Zola's: it is deliberate and systematic, based on the French realist's great principle, that a study from life should be founded on what he calls "documents"—nay, that it should be made up of these, were they never so noisome or so wearisome: but the second half of the book redeems and rectifies the tedious excesses and excursions of the first.

In the power of realizing and vivifying what he could only have known by research or by report, Reade is second only to Defoe; while in liveliness and fluency of narrative he is generally as superior alike to Defoe and to Balzac as he is inferior to the one in depth and grasp of intellect, to the other in simplicity and purity of self-forgetting and self-effacing imagination. His African and Australian episodes are worthy of Dumas, when the king of storytellers was at his very best: the leading figures in these are more vivid and more actual than Edmond Dantès; their adventures not less delightful to follow, and easier to digest than his. When the rush of narrative carries the narrator as fairly and smoothly forward as a swimmer with wind and tide to back him—when he is too full of his work, and too much absorbed by the enjoyment of it, to pause for a passing indulgence in any personal tricks of posturing or by-play of controversial commentary—no reader could desire a keener or a healthier

pleasure than this admirable master of his craft will repeatedly afford. Nevertheless, upon the whole, it may be questioned whether Reade is to be placed on a level with Dumas. Dumas, in the slightest and loosest work of his vainest mood or his idlest moment, is at least unaffected and unpretentious: the most fervent disciple of Reade will scarcely claim for his master the credit of these excellent qualities. In Dumas the novelist and the dramatist were thoroughly at one; the qualities of each were wholly and impartially serviceable to the other: *Antony* and *Angèle* were not hindrances but helps to the author of *Olympe de Clèves* and *La Dame de Monsoreau*. In Reade the properties and functions of the playwright were much less thoroughly fused and harmonized with the properties and functions of the narrator. The work of Dumas as a novelist is never the worse and sometimes the better for his experience of the stage: that of Reade is sometimes the better and sometimes the worse for his less distinguished experiences in the same line. In this respect he stands midway between Dumas and Scott, who was hampered as a dramatist either by his habit of narrative writing or by his sense of a necessity to be on his guard against the influence of that habit. *The Ayrshire Tragedy*, I have always thought, might have been a splendid success instead of being what it is, a more than creditable attempt, had its author been content to work on the same lines as the author of *Arden of Feversham*; foregoing all pretence and all endeavor to alter or modify or qualify or improve in any degree or in any detail the exact course of the incidents recorded.

The narrative or historic drama, the poetical chronicle of events represented in action rather than by relation, is one of the noblest and most legitimate forms of national poetry: none can be higher, none is more simple, none more difficult: but much of its dignity and value must depend on the constancy of the dramatist in his adherence to this difficult simplicity of treatment—on his perfect singleness of eye and straightforward fidelity of hand. Scott, thinking to improve and simplify by the process of adaptation and selection a complicated record of tragic events, impaired

the interest and debased the value of his mutilated story. The old lamp of Marlowe, of Shakespeare, and of Ford would have guided him, as it has guided Sir Henry Taylor, on a straighter path to a surer goal than could be attained by the new light of the modern scene-shifter. Mr. Reade, by far the greatest master of narrative whom our country has produced since the death of Scott, was as much his superior in dramatic dexterity as he was inferior to Dumas in the art of concealing rather than obtruding his natural command and his practical comprehension of this peculiar talent. It is the lack of that last and greatest art—not the art to blot, but the art to veil—it is the inability to keep his hand close, to abstain from proclamation and ostentation, to be content with a quiet and triumphant display of his skill and knowledge and experience in all the rules and all the refinements of the game—it is this that sets him, as a narrative artist, so decidedly below Dumas; it is the lack of seeming unconsciousness and inevitable spontaneity which leaves his truest and finest pathos less effective and less durable in its impression than the truest and finest pathos of Scott.

The now fashionable comparison or contrast of Charles Reade with George Eliot seems to me altogether less profitable and less reasonable than a contrast or comparison of his work with that of the two most copious and spontaneous masters of romance. Indeed, had not the idolators of either insisted with amœbean ardor on the superior claims of their respective favorite to the same station and the same palm, I should have thought it indisputable that there could be no matter of dispute between the claims of two writers who had hardly an aim or a quality in common. What Charles Reade at his best could do, George Eliot could not even have attempted; what George Eliot could achieve at her best would have been as impossible for Charles Reade to accomplish as for the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* to have written a chapter of *Les Parents Pauvres*.

George Eliot, though not exactly a petticoated Shakespeare, was at once something more and something less than an English Balzac. I am not so certain as her exclusive partisans affirm

themselves to be that her more labored and finished figures have really more life in them than Reade's; that Caleb Garth, as an able and ardent advocate maintains, is a more actual and genuine person, a figure more distinct and positive, more worthy to be remembered "as a personal friend,"\* than David Dodd: nor yet that Lucy his wife "is essentially other than" the woman who might have grown out of the girl so delicately and so vividly presented in the most perfect of all the author's books. Such an error would hardly have been possible to a writer of such conscientious and pertinacious industry, combined with such genuine self-respect and such ardent self-esteem.

A third great novelist, of rarer genius but less loyalty than Reade's to the demands of his art, and naturally, therefore, of less faith in the value of his work, might give us an admirable portrait of an old knave as a pendant to the admirable portrait of a young scoundrel which he had given us many years before, and fail to convince us that the splendid libertine and scholar, the classic laureate of college fame, whom we knew as George Brandon in the heyday of superb and daring youth, could become a fawning and fulsome dunce, unable to construe a sentence of Latin, or to avoid the most vulgar errors of awkward pretension and flagrant sycophancy. Dr. Brand Firmin is a figure as excellently drawn as young Brandon, but surely not the same figure, modified simply by the advance of years and the change of circumstances. Mrs. Dodd, with her gentle self-reliance and pliable fortitude, is surely just such a woman as the cares and joys of happy wifehood and motherhood might have made of the quick-witted, dexterous, and generous girl, so hardly and so strangely won by so noble a lover in the pride of her youth and beauty.

Idle, however, as may be the general comparison of a writer like Charles Reade with a writer like George Eliot, there is at least this one point of plausible comparison between their two solitary attempts in the field of historic fiction: that the same age of the world has been chosen by both for the setting

\* *Spectator*, April 19, 1884.



of their stories, and that part of the action of Charles Reade's takes place in the country which was chosen by George Eliot for the stage of her whole romance. Beyond this they have so little in common that nothing can be easier than for the champions of either to triumph in alternate demonstration of what the one has accomplished and the other has failed to achieve.

No rational admirer will dispute the assertion that the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* could not have completed—could not have conceived—so delicate a study in scientific psychology as the idliest or least sympathetic reader of *Romola* must recognize and admire in the figure of Tito; that his work shows nothing of such exquisite research and unflinching subtlety in the anatomical demonstration of every process through which a human soul may pass in the course of decomposition, from the stage in which the subject would seem no worse a man than Mercutio to that in which he would seem no better than Lucio, and thence again to that in which he would seem no better than Iachimo—a creature distinguishable only by inferiority of intellect from Iago. There never was, I suppose, so thorough and triumphant an exposition of spiritual decay: the only touch of reserve which tempers or allays the full zest and fervor of our admiration is given by a half-stifled, reluctant, irrepressible perception or suspicion that there is something in all this of the preacher's or the lecturer's aim, variously garnished and delicately disguised; that Tito is presented—after the fashion of Richardson or George Sand—as a warning or fearful example, rather than simply represented—after the fashion of Shakespeare or of Balzac—as a natural and necessary figure. This may no doubt be merely a perverse fancy; but at all events it is for some readers an insurmountable impediment to the fulness of their pleasure and admiration.

Now, when Mr. Reade's work makes anything of the like impression on us, we see at once that it matters less; for his didactic types or monitory figures are always unmistakable—and unmistakable as failures. Hawes, and even Grotait—a much more lifelike and interesting person than Hawes—are not

the creations of a dramatist; they are the creatures of a mechanist; you see the action of the wire puller behind at every movement they make; you feel at every word they utter that the ruffian is speaking by the book, talking in character, playing up to his part. Too refined and thoughtful an artist to run the least risk of any such error, George Eliot, on the other hand, wanted the dramatic touch, the skilful and vivid sleight of craftsmanship, which gives a general animation at once to the whole group of characters and to the whole movement of the action in every story, from the gravest to the slightest, ever written by Charles Reade. A story better conceived or better composed, better constructed or better related, than *The Cloister and the Hearth*, it would be difficult to find anywhere; while the most enthusiastic devotees of *Romola* must surely admit the wellnigh puerile insufficiency of some of the resources by which the story has to be pushed forward or warped round before it can be got into harbor. There is an almost infantine audacity of awkwardness in the device of handing your heroine at a pinch into a casually empty boat which drifts her away to a casually plague-stricken village, there to play the part of a casual sister of mercy dropped down from the sky by providential caprice, at the very nick of time when the novelist was helplessly at a loss for some more plausible contrivance, among a set of people equally strange to the reader and herself. Such an episode as this—an outrage at once on common credulity and on that natural logic of art which no school of romance can with impunity permit its disciples to ignore or to defy—neither Scott nor Dumas nor Reade would have allowed himself, even in a mere tale of adventure or "moving accidents," while his genius was still on the whole at its best and brightest; as George Eliot's most indisputably was, when *Romola* was written.

Again, I must confess my agreement with the critics who find in her study of Savonarola a laborious, conscientious, absolute failure—as complete as the failure of his own actual attempt to purge and renovate the epoch of the Borgias by what Mr. Carlyle would have

called the "Morison's Pill" of Catholic Puritanism. Charles Reade's Dominican is worth a dozen such "wersh," ineffectual, invertebrate studies, taken by marshlight and moonshine, as this spectre of a spectre which flits across the stage of romance to as little purpose as did its original across the stage of history: but when we come to collation of minor characters and groups the superiority of the male novelist is so obvious and so enormous that any comparison between the full robust proportions of his breathing figures and the stiff thin outlines of George Eliot's phantasmal puppets would be unfair if it were not unavoidable. The variety of life, the vigor of action, the straightforward and easy mastery displayed at every step in every stage of the fiction, would of themselves be enough to place *The Cloister and the Hearth* among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative; while its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardor and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its humor, the frequent passion of its pathos, are qualities in which no other tale of adventure so stirring and incident so inexhaustible can pretend to a moment's comparison with it—unless we are foolish enough to risk a reference to the name by which no contemporary name can hope to stand higher or shine brighter, for prose or for verse, than does that of Shakespeare's greatest contemporary by the name of Shakespeare.

The wealth and splendor of invention, the superb command of historic resource, and the animating instinct which gives life to every limb and feature of the story, interest to every detail of various learning, and the charm of perfect credibility to the wildest phases of passion or of faith, the strangest adventure or coincidence, the boldest strokes of worse or better fortune which influence or modify the progress of character and event, would need more time and space to indicate and to praise with any show of adequacy than I can hope to afford them here. But this book is foundation enough, if any ground for prophecy may be supplied by the fortunes of other books, for a fame as durable as any romancer's ambition could desire. It is so copious and various that the strength and skill

with which the unity of interest is maintained through all diversities of circumstance and byplay of episodes may almost be called incomparable: Dumas has never shown such power and tenderness of touch in the conduct and support of a story so pure and profound in its simplicity of effect through such a web of many-colored adventure. And for vivid play of incident, for versatile animation of detail, Dumas himself seems no longer incomparable in his kind to the reader of this book. He will miss indeed the charm of self-effacing straightforwardness which distinguishes the very finest narratives of the Frenchman. Dumas could sometimes forget Reade, but Reade can never forget Reade: the one at his very best thinks only of the story he has to tell, and tells it with no more strain or show of effort than a child: the other is always on parade, always delightedly conscious of his powers and unhesitatingly ostentatious of his delight. But there are scenes in *The Cloister and the Hearth* which Dumas, for all his excellent heart and all his brilliant genius, could hardly have written or conceived: such as the discovery of the baby in the hermit's cell by its unconscious father.

It seems singular that any important work of the hand which has given us so noble and high-toned a book as this great romance should ever have been taxed with immorality; and more singular still that it should in any sense be fairly liable to such a charge. Of the two among Mr. Reade's novels which were assailed on this score at the date of their first appearance, the later, *A Terrible Temptation*, seems to me the more easily and the more thoroughly defensible. Such attacks on it as I remember to have seen were not generally based on the simple fact that it contained a remarkably lifelike and brilliant study of a courtesan—ultimately transfigured by conversion into a field-preacher: they were based on the imputation that the married heroine of the story was represented as hovering more or less near the edge of adultery. How such a notion can ever have slipped into the head, I do not say of any rational and candid reader, but of the most viciously virtuous reviewer that ever gave tongue on the slot of an imaginary

scandal, I have never been able to imagine. It requires not merely a vigorous effort of charity, but a determined innocence in the ways of the world of professional moralists, to believe that any reader of the book, at any stage of the story, can have really mistaken the character of the "terrible" and most natural temptation which besets the tender and noble nature of the heroine: a temptation, not to illicit love, but to legal fraud instigated by conjugal devotion. To me this has always seemed one of the very best and truest in study of character, most rich in humor and interest, most faithful and natural in evolution and result, of all Mr. Reade's longer or shorter stories.

But for tragic power, for unfaltering command over all the springs and secrets of terror and pity, it is not comparable with the book which would be beyond all question be generally acknowledged by all competent judges as his masterpiece, if its magnificent mechanism were not vitiated by a moral flaw in the very mainspring of the action. This mainspring, if we may believe the sub-title of *Griffith Gaunt*, is supplied by the passion of jealousy. But the vile crime on which the whole action of the latter part of the story depends, and but for which the book would want its very finest effects of pathos and interest, is not prompted by jealousy at all: it is prompted by envy. A man tied by law to a wife whom he believes unfaithful has inadvertently, by no fault of his, won the heart of a woman who believes him free, and has nursed him back from death to life. Unable to offer her marriage, and aware of her innocent regard for him, he loyally determines to withdraw from her society. An old suitor of hers meets and taunts him in the hour of his leave-taking. Instantly, rather than face the likelihood of a rival's triumph, the coward turns back and offers his hand to the girl, whose good offices he requites by deliberate betrayal of her trust and innocence to secret and incurable dishonor. This is no more an act of jealousy than murder by slow poison is an act of impatience. It is an act of envy; and one of the basest on record in fiction or in fact.

If the assailants of the book had confined their scheme of attack to this one-

hopelessly indefensible point, it would have been vain for the author to rage and foam over their alleged malignity and misrepresentation. The blemish can no more be erased by blustering impeachment of critical objectors than the blemish which disfigures what should have been George Eliot's masterpiece can be whitewashed by apology grounded on the uncertain and inexplicable caprices of attraction and attachment which may perplex the observing student of actual life.

We do not forbid an artist in fiction to set before us strange instances of inconsistency and eccentricity in conduct: but we require of the artist that he should make us feel such aberrations to be as clearly inevitable as they are confessedly exceptional. If he can do this, but not otherwise, he has a right to maintain that fiction, like wisdom, is justified of all her children. George Sand, in her memoirs, objects to one of the most powerful scenes in *La Cousine Bette* on the score that a woman like Adeline Hulot could by no possibility, even for the sake of her daughter's life and happiness, have offered herself as a tardy victim to the waning passion of a man like Célestin Crevel. On this point a woman of genius must be a better judge than any man, were he Shakespeare or Balzac, could reasonably pretend to be; but it will be admitted by all that in the case disputed Balzac has at least succeeded in showing the all but irresistible and intolerable force of the temptation to which he may have been wrong in representing a well-nigh maddened and desperate mother as ready, despite an agony of abhorrence, for a moment to succumb. Now it seems to me undeniable that Charles Reade has not succeeded in making us feel it inevitable—and therefore has not succeeded in making us feel it possible—that an honorable man should be so mastered by the temptation or provocation which assails Griffith Gaunt as to throw all sense of honor to the winds rather than endure the momentary sting of insult from an inferior: any more than George Eliot has succeeded in making us feel it inevitable—or possible—that a high-minded woman should be so fascinated by the seduction of accident and the compulsion of circumstance as to forget

for even an hour all sense of loyalty and duty for the sake of any one who has not inspired her with such profound and enduring passion as overrides all hindrance and overrules all thought.

Inadequacy of temptation, more than anything else, reduces the spiritual tone or moral effect of a story which depends for its evolution upon the less or greater force of potential resistance or endurance of temptation ascribed to the character for which our interest is demanded. Othello yields, and excites nothing but our love and pity: Leontes yields, and excites nothing but our disgust and horror: because in the one case the temptation applied is adequate, whereas in the other it is not. But Leontes is not for a moment presented to us as an object of possible sympathy: he is at once revealed as a tyrant, ignoble, impure, mean-spirited, savage and selfish, with just a touch of coarse animal tenderness for the child whom his base and brutal egotism inadvertently condemns to death.

Now Griffith Gaunt is represented, throughout the first half of the story which bears his name, not indeed as a man so wholly noble as the noble Moor, but as a man very different from the ruffianly fool Leontes: as a hot-blooded, headstrong, single-hearted, gallant and generous barbarian of the higher English type: with rather more brain than Squire Western, and rather more delicacy than Tom Jones. To make this man behave in a fashion worthy of Jonathan Wild or Blifil is an incongruity of which Fielding would have been as incapable as Thackeray. Here again, if I mistake not, we may trace the dangerous influence of the stage. The author had contracted not merely a theatrical style of writing, but a theatrical habit of mind: he saw, with the quick eye of a cunning playwright, the splendid opening for stage effects of surprise, anxiety, and terror, supplied by means of this incident to the future progress of the story: he could not forego such magnificent opportunities: he would not see, he could not consider, what a price he would be obliged to pay for them: no less than the inevitable destruction, in the mind of every reader worth having, of all sympathetic or serious interest in the future fortunes of

his hero. It is the infallible note of the playwright as distinguished from the dramatist of Euripedes or Fletcher as opposed to Sophocles or Shakespeare, to find himself sooner or later reduced to choose between the consistency of his characters and the effectiveness of his situations; and when confronted with this dilemma to determine that character must rather be sacrificed to effect than effect give way to character. For the great dramatic poets this difficulty seems scarcely to have existed; and this is the crowning test, the final evidence, of supreme and culminating power in the highest province of the subtlest and sublimest and most arduous of all forms of art. But if it had—if Sophocles or Shakespeare had been driven to choose between two dangers—we may be sure which alternative would have commended itself to the choice of either. It would not have been the sacrifice of character—it would not have been the immolation of nature to the exigencies of the stage. It would rather have been to resign a tempting occasion for startling effect, a shining opportunity for electric excitement of the spectator's or the reader's nerves, than to attain this triumphant result at the cost of representing Ajax as a dastard or Oedipus as a dullard, Hotspur as a liar or Hamlet as a fool.

Fletcher, on the other hand, or Euripides, would not for an instant have hesitated in making such a sacrifice; and would apparently have been astonished to hear that in doing so he had cut away the very root of interest from the very centre of his dramatic scheme or ethical design—had withdrawn from the creation of his fancy the essential property of imaginative life; that quality of moral truth, that condition of credible reality, the want of which deprives fiction of all right to exist and all reason for existing. The protagonist, under such circumstances, is no longer a good or a bad man, nor even a man of mixed and ambiguous character: he is the incongruous abortion of a playwright's incoherent brain, an Admetus or a Philaster, whose worse and better attributes are not inconsistent merely but incompatible with each other. Now, absurd beyond all depths of ridicule as it undoubtedly would be to speak of the greatest or



even a greater novelist than the world has ever seen in the same breath with the greatest of its poets, it would be only less foolish to deny the superiority of such a writer as the author of *Griffith Gaunt*, considered as a student of life and an artist in character, to such writers as the Fletcher of Athens and the Euripides of England. The former, at his best, was a master of easy pathos, and a graceful adept in fluent and picturesque lyrical verse of a kind far enough from the highest; the latter was a master of romantic comedy, of tragic melodrama, of sentimental or farcical invention shot through with living lights of witty or pathetic fancy: but as lifelike painters or full-length students of human nature it would be simply grotesque to consider them worthy to be taken into any serious account. No critic worth notice will assert as much of Reade: and therefore we have a right to observe, and therefore it is a duty to object, when we find so masterly an artist in character condescending to the slovenly and shifty level of an Euripides or a Fletcher. And they at least, when they found themselves unable to draw, could sing: the sweetness of their voices has in either case made many generations of admirers overlook or forget or condone, perhaps with too partial and too facile a promptitude, their carelessness and weakness and clumsiness of hand. A novelist, perhaps not unhappily for his art and himself, has no such resource to fall back upon, can offer no such plea in arrest of judgment, as this of the peccant poet's; a plea which after all is more or less irrelevant and inadequate. He must rest his defence—it is well for him indeed if he can rest it—on such pleas as may be urged with almost incomparable force in apology for the single defect of moral harmony in the story of *Griffith Gaunt*. No language can overpraise what hardly any praise can sufficiently acknowledge—the masterly construction, the sustained intensity of interest, the keen and profound pathos, the perfect and triumphant disguise of triumphant and perfect art, the living breath of passion, the spontaneous and vivid interaction of character and event, the noble touches of terror and the sublimer strokes of pity, which raise this story almost as high as prose can

climb toward poetry, and set it perhaps as near as narrative can come to drama. The forty-third chapter is to my mind simply one of the most beautiful things in English literature: and no fitter praise can be given to the book than this—that so exquisite an interlude is not out of keeping with the rest.

Great as was usually the care displayed in the composition of Mr. Reade's other works, and great as was sometimes the skill which ensured success to this ungrudging and conscientious labor of love, there is not another of his books which as an all but absolute and consummate work of art can be set beside or near this masterpiece. In most of his longer stories there are some parts so very much better and some parts so very much worse than the rest of the book, as inevitably to raise this difficult and delicate question—How long can a work of art be expected to live, which depends for its chance of life rather on the excellence of episodes, on the charm of a single character or the effect of a particular scene, than on the final harmony and satisfying impression of the whole? On the answer to this question—an answer to be ratified by the verdict of time alone—hangs the fate of many a noble piece of work in verse no less than in prose. If condemned for upwards of two centuries to "dust and damned oblivion" all the matchless and magnificent tragic poetry of the Shakespearian age but Shakespeare's. Even when the day of resurrection dawns for such work so long entombed, it revives too often only in the partial light afforded here and there by the lamp of a special student. The best of Mr. Reade's romances are certainly not more finished works of higher or more faultless art than the best plays of Ford or Webster: their faults are generally not less gross and glaring than such as disfigure the masterpieces of Decker or of Middleton. Will the names of their heroines be better known to more generations than the names of Calantha and Vittoria, Infelice and Beatrice-Joanna? Will their splendid scenes of flood and fight and storm, their vivid interludes of passion, the subtlety and variety of their "humors"—and some of these may fairly challenge the full test of Ben Jonson's famous definition—will all suf-

fice to keep them longer afloat than many a work less worthy to survive than the worst of them?

All we can say is that, if not, the loss will be theirs who shall have let such good merchandise go to wreck. It will be a loss—whatever good work of its own an age which utterly neglects them may produce—to know nothing of a book so full of keenly refined humor and nobly moving incident, such good studies and such good scenes, as that which carries the rather silly label, "Love me little, love me long." (By the way, it would be a benevolent despotism, and worthy of Mr. Arnold's ideal academy, which should make it a penal offence against literature for any writer to affix a proverb, a phrase, a quotation, but above all things a line of poetry, by way of tag or title, to his novel or to hers. Scripture and Shakespeare should be specially prohibited: and we should see no more such advertisements as "A Girgashite," "His Own Figtree," "Down a Steep Place," "A Pillar of Salt," "Keep Close," "Jenny's Case," "The Ocular Proof," "An Ounce of Civet," and so forth: which, to put it on the lowest ground, would be an advantage to common decency). The story of David Dodd's courtship seems to me on the whole the most perfect of Charles Reade's works: both men and women, even when arranged for stage effect and adjusted for stage purposes, move and speak like real actors in the real human comedy: and the child, particularly in his character of special correspondent, commends himself to all readers of experience as what the peculiar object of Mr. Reade's literary and moral aversion would have called a Reality and no Phantasm. It seems to me not at all easier to draw a lifelike child than to draw a lifelike man or woman: Shakespeare and Webster were the only two men of their age who could do it with perfect delicacy and success: at least, if there was another who could, I must crave pardon of his happy memory for my forgetfulness or ignorance of his name. Our own age is more fortunate, on this single score at least, having a larger and a far nobler porportion of female writers: among whom, since the death of George Eliot, there is none

left whose touch is so exquisite and masterly, whose love is so thoroughly according to knowledge, whose bright and sweet invention is so fruitful, so truthful, or so delightful as Mrs. Molesworth's. Any chapter of *The Cuckoo Clock* or the enchanting *Adventures of Herr Baby* is worth a shoal of the very best novels dealing with the characters and fortunes of mere adults.

The story in which the small figure of "the terrible infant" is used with such humorous dexterity to further the fortunes and illustrate the characters of his elders may perhaps be considered in days to come a completer and happier example of its author's powers than any of his more ambitious and varied and eventful narratives. A man's most perfect work is not likely to be his greatest, unless the man himself be one of the very greatest writers of all time; and the full energy of Mr. Reade's genius is conspicuous rather in works less free from his besetting sins of pretension and prolixity. For, concise as was his usual method of narrative or comment, and indeed sometimes rather defiantly demonstrative of this excellent faculty of concision, he could be tediously prolix in the reiteration and reinforcement of theories and arguments by illustration and exposition at far greater length than was necessary or suitable to the very effect at which he aimed.

Dickens, so often accused of extravagance and repetition, was far more temperate and reserved, had a finer instinct for selection and suppression, than Reade. Here again, as in his apparent unconsciousness that fact done into fiction may easily or may ever become disgusting and insufferable, he reminds us of the too conscientious and too assiduous author of *Nana*. What has been so absurdly—not to say, so impudently—attempted in the cases of Samuel Richardson and Walter Scott would be less an outrage than a service to the genius and the memory of Charles Reade. Their masterpieces may be destroyed by evisceration: they cannot be condensed by compression. More than one or two of Reade's, if taken duly in hand by some less incapable restorer than the mutilators of *Guy Mannering* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, could only gain by the sweeping removal of much un-

digested rubbish. The author's own principle of selection may not have been as capricious as it appears; but when he struck out of his longest novel that admirable *Autobiography of a Thief* which is one of his finest and most thoughtful pieces of work, it is difficult to understand why he should have retained so much else which smacks alternately of sensational playbills and nauseating police reports. This little record is nothing less than a masterpiece of tragic-comedy: the fellow's style is perhaps the very finest evidence of his creator's dramatic faculty which could be adduced from the whole collection of Charles Reade's romances. That faculty, however, brilliant and versatile as it is, is never so thoroughly or so strikingly displayed in the full completion or consummation of the work undertaken as in the vivid energy of single scenes, the vivid relief of single characters. The same, we must confess, may be said of all his contemporaries—even of the great masters who gave us *Esmond* and *David Copperfield*.

Mr. Trollope, in his singularly candid and interesting as well as amusing estimate of his own and other men's work, does not pretend to anticipate a survival of remembrance for more than two or three among the well-nigh innumerable figures of his industrious and pertinacious invention. I should be disposed to assign a fully equal chance of survival to several others of their kindred: but when he foretells oblivion or neglect for Mr. Reade on the ground that he has left no such living and enduring figures—not "a character that will remain"—in any part of his work, the judgment seems to me as rash and foolish as his remarks on the rashness and foolishness of Mr. Reade's own bearing and behavior on various matters of controversy are sensible and sound.

Reade's unhappy and ludicrous habit of sputtering at any objection taken to any part or feature of his work, of yelling and foaming at any reflection cast on any one who had the fortune or misfortune of his friendship or acquaintance, was less injurious to his fame than what his friendly rival has justly stigmatized as his amazing misconception of the duty—nay, the very nature and essence—of literary honesty. It must

be allowed that he was rich enough to have dispensed with borrowed or stolen goods; that the assailant who should attribute his pilferings to the necessity of conscious incompetence, to the compulsion of intellectual penury, would stand self-confuted and self-convicted of stupidity as perverse as Mr. Reade's own fancy that he could honestly buy the produce of another man's brain and honorably pass it off as the produce of his own.

But this does not improve either the morality or the comprehensibility of his position: nor does it justify, however fully it may explain, the rabid virulence of his retorts on those who differed from his theory or objected to his practice. Strength and plainness of speech are thoroughly commendable only when the application of plain terms and strong epithets is so manifestly just that no man of common honesty and candor will question its justice or its necessity. To insist on calling a spade a toothpick is not more foolish than to insist on calling a toothpick a spade. All effect is destroyed, all force is withdrawn from the strongest phrases in the language, when a critic who merely objects to the method or impugns the conclusions of an author is assailed in such terms as would be simply proper and requisite to define the character of a detractor who skulks aside or sneaks away from responsibility for words which he might be called upon, by the force of general opinion or the law of literary honor, at once to swallow or to prove.

A brainless and frontless trafficker in scandal, a secret and scurrilous traducer who strews insult and scatters defamation in the holes and corners of crepuscular and furtive literature, behind the backs of men who have met with equally contemptuous indifference his previous advances and his previous impertinences, must, if he be a responsible creature, know himself to be, in the eyes of any one with any pretension to honor, a person of such unspeakably infamous character that every foul word or insolent allusion which in conscious security from all chance of reprisals he may venture to cast at his superiors does but more loudly proclaim him a liar and a slanderer, a coward and a cur. Such an one, in homely English, is by com-

mon consent a blackguard : and a blackguard who invites and challenges the chastisement of exposure is not less indisputably a blockhead. These, in such a case, are terms of scientific definition rather than of individual obloquy. But when terms as straightforward and epithets as forcible as these are habitually flung at the head of any one who rightly or wrongly asserts that a man's verses are bad poetry, that his play is a dull performance or his novel a stupid story, then, were the critic never so much in the wrong, the author will have contrived to put him, comparatively speaking in the right. Much more will this be the case when the charge, even if unjust and excessive in the wording of its expression, is grounded on indisputable facts. That I am no lukewarm admirer of Mr. Reade's genius will hardly, I presume, be questioned by any reader of these lines ; and his warmest admirers have the best right to place on record their regret that he should have made it necessary for them to remark on the singular lack of taste and judgment displayed in the collection and preservation of his most unwise and violent extravagances in the field of personal or critical controversy. Honest indignation is a great thing when it makes great verses, and a good thing when it makes good prose : but the fact is no less obvious than lamentable that Reade's, however unaffected it may have been, had only too often no foothold in reason, no ground of common-sense to stand on.

From a writer capable of such vehement follies and such high-toned ambitions, a rational reader would naturally have expected nothing better, if nothing worse, than Reade has left behind him. What Mr. Trollope says of Charlotte Brontë is more exactly true, it seems to me, of Charles Reade. "If it could be right to judge the work of a novelist from one small portion of one novel"—or rather, in this case, from sundry small portions of various novels—"and to say of an author that he is to be accounted as strong as he shows himself to be in his strongest morsel of work"—then, to finish the sentence for myself, I should say that the station of Charles Reade would be high among the very highest workers in creative fiction.

As a painter of manners, and of character as affected by social conditions, he is never much above Trollope at his best ; indeed, I doubt if he has ever done anything at all better than the study of that hapless, high-souled, unmanageable and irrational saint and hero, whose protracted martyrdom and ultimate deliverance give such original and unique interest to *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. More delightfully actual and lifelike groups or figures than the Grantlys, the Luftons, and the Proudies, it would be impossible to find on any canvass of Mr. Reade's : and these leading figures or groups of Barssetshire society are sketched with such lightness of hand, such an attractive ease and simplicity of manner, that the obtrusive and persistent vehemence of presentation which distinguishes the style and the method of Charles Reade appears by comparison inartistic and ineffectual. Perhaps he did not think better of his own characters than they deserved : but he would seem to have thought worse than it probably deserves of his average reader's intelligence, in supposing it incompetent or slow to appreciate, with quiet recognition and peaceable approval, the charm or the force of character, the strength or the subtlety of motive displayed in the conduct of action or dialogue, without some vigorous note of more or less direct and personal appeal to the attention and admiration required by the writer as his due.

But this and all other defects or infirmities of his genius disappear or become transfigured when it suddenly takes fire and spreads wing for heights far beyond the reach of the finest painter of social manners, the most faithful and trustworthy spokesman or showman of commonplace event and character. Were there not a twang of cant or rant about the epithet, I should venture to say that there is something of a more Homeric quality about his narrative power at its highest than could without absurdity be attributed to the work of any among his contemporary countrymen : a vivid force which informs even prose with something of the effect of epic rather than dramatic poetry. There is more romantic beauty, more passionate depth of moral impression, in the penultimate chapter of *Westward*



Hot than in any chapter of Reade's ; but it hardly attains the actual and direct force of convincing as well as exciting effect which we recognize in the narrative of the Agra's last voyage homeward. That magnificent if not matchless narrative is the crowning evidence of its author's genius : if it should not live as long as the language, so much the worse for all students of the language who shall overlook so noble an example of its powers. As much, in my poor opinion, may be said for the narrative of Gerard's adventures in the company of Denys the Burgundian ; this latter, with all deference to the sounder judgment and the finer taste of Mr. Anthony Trollope, " a character that will remain " as long as most figures in English fiction. There are characteristic and serious faults in the story called *Put yourself in his place* ; the sublimely silly old squire is a venerable stage property not worth so much refurbishing as the author's care has bestowed on it ; the narrative is perhaps a little overcharged with details of documentary evidence ; but the hero, the villain, and the two or three heroines are all excellently well drawn ; the construction or composition of the story is a model of ingenuity, delicacy, and vigor ; and the account of the inundation is another of those triumphant instances of masterful and superb description which give actually the same delight, evoke the same admiration, stimulate and satisfy the same intense and fervid interest, on a tenth as on a first reading. There is nothing nearly so good as this in *A Woman-Hater* ; but here again the villain is a very creditable villain, the story is well arranged and sustained, the characters generally are well handled and developed. *The Double Marriage* is best in its martial episodes, toward the close ; there is in these an apparently lifelike vivacity which makes them seem good enough to be matched against any-

thing I know of the kind in fiction or in history except Stendhal's incomparable picture of a young soldier's experience and emotion—or lack of emotion—on such a field as that of Waterloo. The opening of *La Chartreuse de Parme* remains of course unapproached for concise realism of impression and terse effect of apparent accuracy ; but Reade, as a painter of battle, is at once credible, comprehensible, and interesting beyond the run of historians and other dealers in more or less conscientious fiction. In *Foul Play* there is very good writing, with some genuine pathos and much industrious ingenuity ; but it is not, I think, by any means to be counted among its author's more distinct and triumphant successes.

Of his shorter stories, *The Wandering Heir* seems to me very decidedly the worst, *Clouds and Sunshine* are decidedly the best ; for the *Autobiography of a Thief* is not so much a story as an episodic study of character, cast with superb ingenuity and most sensitive tact into the form of a prose monodrama. Midway between these I should place *Jack of all Trades*, with the posthumous story of *Singleheart and Doubleface*. But Charles Keade's place in literature must always depend on the ultimate rank assignable to a writer whose reputation has mainly to rely on the value of splendid episodes and the excellence of single figures rather than on the production of any work, in any line of his art, at once so thoroughly single in its aim and so thoroughly perfect in its success, as *The Bride of Lammermoor* or *Notre-Dame de Paris*, *La Cousine Bette* or *L'Enfant Maudit*. What this rank may be I certainly do not pretend or aspire to foretell. But that he was at his very best, and that not very rarely, a truly great writer of a truly noble genius, I do not understand how any competent judge of letters could possibly hesitate to affirm.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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THE AMERICANS PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.

BY LADY E. P. VERNEY.

Is it fair to judge a nation by the pictures of society and manners given in its works of fiction ? Should we be content

to abide the test of the descriptions given of ourselves in our own novels, considered of course in the mass, not

taken by isolated instances here and there? And are we doing injustice to the United States in accepting as true and life like, and to the manner drawn, the pictures of men, and especially of women, which are found in American story-books? Whether this be so or not, it may at least be allowed that if certain persistently recurrent types are to be found among the characters in these books, and if the other personages of the stories show no disapprobation of the style of manners permitted, and the standards of taste held up by them, the former are at least commonly in use, and the latter are considered as agreeable to the national palate.

We will therefore take some very clever American novels lately published, purely society pictures without a trace of sensation, constructed ostentatiously without plot, and as pure studies of character.

The first and most striking trait in these books is the extraordinary respect for class-distinction, position, "gentility," and money, among the characters described, with scarcely an exception. The highest feather in a girl's cap is to have refused a "British nobleman," or, at least, one of the Boston "aristocrats." Next comes the value set upon dress. The importance of the *gown* question can hardly be imagined by the European mind. A French heroine is of course "bien mise," and her "chaussure" is probably insisted on; the "petites mules," or the "bas bien tirés." An English girl must be picturesque in her attire, and her clothes must be becoming; but to say that her gowns came from Paris would not enhance her charms in the eyes of the readers, who would probably consider her very absurd for her pains. A wild civility—

"Doth more bewitch me than where art  
Is too precise in every part."

There is not much trace of Herrick, however, in the United States ideals. A list of Miss Lydia Blood's gowns, as given by so clever a man as Mr. Howells, might be drawn up for the advantage of milliners; Miss Daisy Miller's flounces, and the many buttons of her gloves, are among the chief points of her portrait by Mr. James.

The respect for position runs as an under-current in every story. The fine gentleman in the "Lady of the Aroostook" falls in love with a "school marm," who is accidentally the only woman on board the packet vessel in which he is sailing, and by his own remarks and those of his friends, the reader is made to feel that an "alliance" with the girl is as impossible as one between a Schwarzenberg and a bourgeoisie of aristocratic Vienna. When "love is still the lord of all," and he marries her, the enormity of the sacrifice is borne in upon one's inmost soul; indeed it is only made possible at all by the pair resolving to go and settle in California, beyond the pale of his disapproving friends.

There is a class of cheap American novelettes, written by second-class writers entirely for second-class readers, which have no parallel in England, where books are written for any who read, and there is absolutely no class-literature unless we descend as low as "penny dreadfuls" and yellow railway novels. In these little books the caste question is paramount. The fine people of the something Avenue will have nothing to do with the virtuous heroine living in the shabby street, and the moral of the tale is to show how she wins the heart of the prime hero of the "Upper Ten" and either marries or refuses him, or is taken up into some seventh heaven of position, some paradise of gentility, by the sun of an even higher sphere than the "Avenue" society.

In "Work," a story by Miss Alcott, the heroine is first a governess, then goes on the stage, passes through many chances and changes, and ends as "help" to a Quaker mother and her son, a nursery gardener, whom she tries to fascinate by "an apron with very effective pockets and frillings." Here she falls in again with the brother of her former mistress, who proposes to her. He has no one quality that is admirable, nothing but fine clothes, and what are taken by the author to be fine manners, and money; yet the heroine is only saved from accepting him by her Quaker friends' expostulations, and it is feelingly insisted on how great is the temptation and how noble and good is she

who can resist such a lover. "Best society;" "great families;" "long descended;" the "exclusiveness" of the "fastidious American aristocracy," "who think as much of their positions as the haughtiest *vieille noblesse* in Europe;" these are a few gems culled from the different stories. "A Gentleman of Leisure" is introduced to a young man, "Sprowle the Fifth," marking the ancient descent of the owner of this illustrious name. "I should like to take you to a patrician crush," says a friend to him at Boston: the sentiment apparently fills the atmosphere.

As for the clothes, the most harrowing incident in "A Chance Acquaintance" arises from the heroine, Miss Kitty, having put on an old travelling gown. The courage of the Boston fine gentleman, who had just engaged himself to her (and who, as the author loses no opportunity of assuring us, is "exactly like an Englishman") is not proof against the trial of acknowledging to some Boston "belles" that the inmate of a shabby toilette is the lady of his choice. He accordingly ignores her presence altogether, whereupon she not unnaturally refuses to have anything more to do with him. Is there any society in the world out of the United States, where such a piece of snobbism could be represented as possible in a *soi-disant* gentleman? *Noblesse oblige* in that state of life if right feeling be absent, and even the vulgarest of men would hardly dare elsewhere so to slight a woman whom he was about to make his wife, and whom he must then, at least, introduce to the well-gowned fair ones. There is a pretty scene in one of Miss Bremer's Swedish novels, in which the girl puts on her oldest and shabbiest dress, in order to test her lover, and he does not even find it out, his whole soul filled with the deeper thoughts of having won his lady. You feel in a higher atmosphere there than in the milliner's estimate of life, which seems to have got by mistake into such clever books as those by Mr. James and Mr. Howells.

Every gown which the "Lady of the Aroostook" wears is chronicled with affectionate minuteness, and an exact account is given of how her country aunt got the patterns from "summer

boarders," and of the use she made of her knowledge—of "the blue flannel with a scarlet bow," which is thought divine, and "the black silk fitting like a skin," in which the cabin boy takes a lively interest. The photograph is so complete that one feels a sort of injury when the realism fails, and one is called on to believe that the blue flannel is as fresh and lovely as ever, after a six weeks' voyage, and that the girl landing out of her obscure village "down-east," into the arms of an aunt at Venice, who is as gown-loving, and as inane as most other American chaperones in the stories, her dress should be declared to be "perfect," and she herself be hurried off to church immediately to show her (and it) off. One knows with scientific certainty that the gowns on the contrary were in reality bundled into a closet, and Miss Lydia was not allowed to show till they were all remodelled after the best lights.

Gowns! gowns! gowns! they appear everywhere, and weigh upon the brain. Even in "Democracy" Miss Sybil's dress is an important factor, but then there is some fun in the description of M. Worth's *chef d'œuvre* of inspiration, "The Dawn of a June Morning," composed for a princess of the house of Dahomey, of which he allows the young lady at Washington to have a duplicate, "having ascertained that the towns are not in the same hemisphere," and that the gowns are not likely to clash.

Dress becomes a nightmare, until at last it is evident that a new commandment has been added to the heroine's decalogue—"Thou shalt have thy gowns from Paris." In a novel in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the heroine, belonging to the very lower half of the middle classes, is about to "come out," and her mother sends to Paris for four gowns as a matter of necessity. The father who is in trade, not at all rich, is more than annoyed, and is really hampered by the expense, but his wife tells him it is quite essential for the happy future of his daughter, and there is an end of it. Strange incidental manners come out in this and other tales. At the ball where Miss Annie appears in one of the gowns in question, the daughter of the house stands by her mother to receive their guests, bearing

in her hands six bouquets, "given by her beaux," to show the number of her admirers. This it appears is the common practice, and must make the girls look like flower sellers. When the dancing is over, although both father and mother are present, it is "Miss Annie Davies's carriage" which is called.

By far the most interesting point, however, in these stories is their illustration of the position and education of women, at this moment one of the important questions of the world. In what direction ought it to be developed? Is the American model a success—a lead which it is desirable to follow out? Do the results of the independence—the almost absolute choice allowed them, of where they will go, and what they shall do and say—tend to the happiness, or the best development of the species?

Take the question of marriage for instance; many of the stories might have been written to show how much there is to say for the old world habit of allowing the parents a large voice in the choice of a husband. No French *mariage de convenance*, indeed, could have done worse than the young ladies do for themselves in "Washington Square," in Howells's "A Modern Instance," and in the "Portrait of a Lady," etc. At least it would be thought that their prominent position in America would have saved women from the vice of husband hunting; but the manner in which Miss Victoria Dare in "Democracy" pursues and captures Lord Dunbeg, in which Marcia in "A Modern Instance" forces that "poor cheap sort of creature" Hubbard to marry her, is not exactly maidenly.

In the "Adventures of a Bashful Man," the way in which the damsel proposes herself in a railway carriage, and her victim is barely able to save himself by leaping from the car after it is in motion, is of course meant for gross caricature; but caricature is only amusing when it has at least some slight foundation of fact in the habits of a nation.

With regard to the older women, the type is given with curious sameness, of the matrons, aunts, mothers, elderly cousins. Limp, flaccid, nerveless, with

all the aptitudes of a polypus for adhering to anything and anybody, and sucking out all the help and sustenance they require—this is repeated so often that it must be a common character. The mother in "Daisy Miller" and "A Foregone Conclusion," the aunt in "Washington Square," etc., may be classed as "fool, fooler, fooler"—but it is only a question of degree. They go abroad with their daughters and nieces, utterly ignorant of art, of history, without interest in scenery and even in people. To see "the convent in which Byron studied the Armenian language preparatory to writing his great poem in it," is given as the solitary bit of literature which Mrs. Vervain starts with on her travels in Italy.

Why they travel no mortal can explain, as they enjoy nothing, and would apparently be happier in watering-places and hotels at home. Mothers and daughters unattached alike thrust themselves into positions where, according to the received customs of Europe (which, whether wrong or right, are no sealed books to the heroines who always study English and French novels), they are misconstrued and ill-looked upon; as, for example, in the French *pension* where the Frenchmen of Mr. James suppose that they are made love to by the American heroine.

Is it a proof of the wisdom brought about by the independent attitude of the American girl that she feels herself capable of resolving every problem, and deciding on every action, from the slender stock of her own experience? The girls are depicted as ignorant and uninterested in everything on earth and in heaven; and although in the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" she is said to have "learnt English, French, German, Italian, physics, Latin, botany, art (?), geology, astronomy, and metaphysics," it is evident that she was (perhaps fortunately) able to leave school without having imbibed the smallest particle of information concerning any of them. She observes casually about a lecture on Spencer, "not Mr. Herbert Spencer, as I always thought."

Upon such stocks of vacuity they undertake to do everything, and to decide all questions with an aplomb of ignorance utterly startling. In "A Fore-



gone Conclusion" the young lady takes lessons from a young Italian priest, much addicted to mechanical pursuits; she comes to the conclusion that he is not sufficiently "pious" for a priest, and forthwith decides off-hand, that he ought to leave the Catholic Church; after which step she and her mother (the usual fool whom the American mother is held to be) promise to take him with them to America, and launch him in a new life! He accepts the offer with joy, and they are just about to start when she discovers that the man is in love with her, and that he hopes on giving up his career to be free to marry; upon which she flings him over immediately, shows her horror of the very idea, and leaves him with scarcely a word of self-reproach. The *donnée* is a very difficult one, and the picture of the gentle, pure-minded, unworldly, inexperienced, child-like man is extremely touching and delicately done. He is friendless and hopeless; his uncle, an old Canonico, gets hold once more of him; in his bitter misery he returns to his Catholic allegiance, and dies in a very short time of misery (and fever). Miss Florida is apparently troubled with no remorse for what she has done, and indeed when she returns to Venice, married to a most odious Yankee, she is made to observe, "I know that I was not to blame!" She has thrust her ignorant hasty finger into the most sacred regions of a man's heart, his religion and his love, and having brought havoc and death there, is quite unconscious of the cruelty and cool impertinence of undertaking such a task, or of the miserable poverty of her own knowledge for the purpose. The elements of deep tragedy are in the situation, if either the girl had become conscious of her sin, or the writer had been conscious of it for her, and had marked the contrast between her shallow self-sufficient conduct occupied only with herself and her own interests, and the deep feeling she was trifling with in this airy fashion; but Mr. Howells rather seems to applaud her.

In another of his stories, "Miss Kitty," who is intended to represent the fresh, bright, real country cultivation as contrasted with the Boston sham refinement, is saved by Mr. Arburton from a

furious bulldog which rushes down some steps at her in a narrow alley. She is too stupid to find out what her companion has done for her, and thinks only that the dog has flown at his throat. What there is droll or ridiculous in any person's escaping the bite of a violent dog, it is certainly impossible to discover, but she is afflicted during the rest of their walk by the giggles to that extent, and titters so audibly, that she can hardly behave herself. No doubt giggles will exist as long as schoolgirls are to be found, but this is the first time they have been considered fit objects of art; the statuette of "You dirty boy" is a high ideal in comparison.

In "The Portrait of a Lady," whose chief claim to the title seems to be that she has refused the "British Nobleman" *de rigueur*, the lady is an unattached heiress, Isabella Archer; her bosom friend and chosen companion is the female correspondent to "a New York paper," the most impertinent and irrepressible of interviewers, who, when she hears that the father of a much-prized cousin of her friend's is dead, insists on being asked to the funeral. "I have never seen an English funeral, and I want to describe it!" Everything she sees and hears is worked up into "copy," yet Mr. James is evidently much surprised that this Gorgon is not taken to the homes and hearts of the British aristocracy. Miss Archer goes about the world breaking hearts. The code of honor as to proposals differs apparently in the old and new worlds. A great English authority once declared that no good girl would have more than three—the first time she would be too inexperienced to understand what was coming to pass; a second offer even might happen without her fault; but the third time she must be forewarned, and unless she meant to accept the man, she ought to save him the pain of a refusal. Miss Archer gets as many as possible, and somehow the facts all ooze out to her friends, for her glorification. As if to show how little of sense, common or uncommon, of intelligence, or of knowledge of character is obtained by the freedom permitted to the United States girls, she chooses the very worst of her suitors, a bad man, without a

single charm or recommendation of any kind, "from sheer cussedness;" and the complications with his illegitimate daughter, and the lady who has served as his wife at Rome, form as unpleasant a picture as is to be found in any of M. Cherbuliez's books, but without the power and the tragic pathos of those French editions of evil manners. The end of the story is that, having shown her husband very decidedly how cordially she detests and despises him, the "lady" goes off to the deathbed, in England, of one of the three lovers who have dangled about her after her marriage, in a way not usual with well-conducted young brides. Her husband has flatly refused to let her go, and threatened not to receive her again, which, of course, decides her departure immediately. The lover and cousin who has given her her fortune, though she was fool enough never to find out where it came from, dies with her hand in his, and she returns to London and is just starting again exactly as lover No. 3 arrives from America at the house. The scene closes; you may choose your alternative; but if Mr. James does not intend her to go off with the constant and rich swain, he has certainly cast a very unnecessary slur on the reputation of his "lady."

The picture of American manners would be imperfect without sketches of the irrepressible infants, the *enfants terribles* which fill there so large a place in society. They do, say, and eat everything they please, and accordingly have a literature of their own, depicting their idiosyncracies. "Helen's Babies" may be held to represent their milder side, which is sufficiently advanced. "The *Diry* of a Naughty Boy" is painted in darker colors, and is alarming indeed. The pranks are not those of healthy schoolboys, such as we are accustomed to, but spiteful, impish tricks, such as hardly enter into childhood's ideas elsewhere. The boy takes the photographs out of the books of his sisters, who have each of them, he says, one "bo" or more; they are adorned with elegant annotations, such as, "What a guy;" "Don't he think well of himself?" He carries these to the swains thus described, and gets up a quarrel between them and the ladies.

Another time his kite has stuck in a tall tree. He thinks the boughs may break if he climbs up, so he persuades another boy to go in his stead, who falls and breaks his leg, whereon the hero rejoices greatly as his own perspicacity.

There are a few words used in most of the novels which jar greatly on the English reader—"genteel" and "stylish"—for instance "genteel" has seen better days, and has a pedigree; it comes of the family of the "gentil" and "gentilhomme," and is used by Addison and Johnson; but "stylish" is of the shop, shoppy, and belongs to the dialect of milliners' apprentices and waiting-maids alone, and with reason, in England.

In every story may be found some example of that purely American conviction that knowledge is heaven-born; that everybody can do everything; that without training, practice, or experience, every man and woman is fit for any post. In "A Foregone Conclusion" the Consul at Venice is a young artist, absolutely ignorant of trade, who wanted to go to Italy, and was accordingly thrust into the office because his friends were in power. He is removed as suddenly, and with no more reason, in favor of another man who knows as little as himself. The Ambassador to Spain in "Democracy" hopes to be reappointed, having a remarkable knowledge of its history, and having spent four years there—"this being the nearest approach to a patent of nobility and a Government pension that an American citizen can obtain." He is put aside because the new President had a friend "with a claim to the post-office of his State. The appointment had been given elsewhere, so the claimant was bought off with the Spanish Embassy." The Ambassador to Russia was an ex-war Minister, who had cheated his own Government by sending shoes with paper soles to the army in the Civil War, and when he could not get them passed, selling them to the South. It was convenient to get rid of him, so he was promoted to St. Petersburg. The President in "Democracy" is fresh from his Indiana farm, having begun life as a stone-cutter, and been thrust into greatness, while utterly unknown, in order to prevent the success

of someone else. One Minister is a man mighty in the salting of pork. Politics, the ruling of nations, the settling the affairs of half a continent, are a pastime to be taken up after a man is fifty, or as the work of odd moments of a life spent in the making of money. A "politician" is indeed a term of reproach in the States.

On a smaller scale, the little books inculcate the same undoubted possession of an incomparable ability, to which that of the Admirable Crichton would be a joke. In one of these stories the young lady tries the circle of the sciences (and of some smaller occupations), and finally determines to be an artist, when she works for three or four months at drawing casts, in company with several young gentlemen, in an empty house, with no professor to look after them; at the end of which free-and-easy fashion of study she is supposed to have mastered such a small affair as art. There is no reason why, having practised, say, the law, for half a dozen years, a man should not suddenly set up as an architect; or, if he has failed as a painter, go in for the army, or become a civil engineer. This is hardly the way in which first-class work is accomplished in any country, and may account for the extraordinarily few men of distinction who have been produced among that active-minded, keen-witted race, which, except in the matter of inventions for saving labor, has hitherto enriched the world with fewer thoughts than many a small Italian or Greek city, with a territory about the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," complains of the excessive dullness of American social life, the commonplaceness, the narrowness of the ordinary existence. It is probably for this reason that we have so many descriptions of life in the Far West, and that novels take their heroines to Europe in order to find some incident as a peg on which to hang the story. For some time after the Civil War, nineteenth, at least, of the characters went to join the army, the men as volunteers, the women to look after their lovers. Amateur Florence Nightingales, as they modestly term themselves, not seeing that the adjective contradicts the sub-

stantive. Mr. Howells has mercifully sent only one hero to the wars, and only lost one subject's arm, for which reticence his European readers, at least, must be exceedingly grateful.

There is a curious absence of descriptions of a "home," which, where so many families live in hotels, is evidently rare. The background of the dwellings of the actors, always important in English stories, the pictures and furniture collected by many generations of a family, the gardens, flowers, and trees, are hardly so much as mentioned—they form no part of life; indeed, Mr. Lowell remarks on "the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery." If furniture does not express the character of the inhabitants, if it has no history or association attached to it, it becomes utterly shabby and dismal.

We will end with one more novel, a political one, which has passed through a very large number of editions, and has been translated into the chief European languages. It is unclaimed, as is not surprising, for it is a formidable indictment against a nation's public men.

Mrs. Lee, a young and rich widow, is living at New York, where the monotony of the money-making talk wearies her. She tries philanthropy and society as distractions in vain. She declares at last that, "all the paupers and criminals in New York may rise in their majesty and manage every railway on the continent—Why should she care?" She determines to go to Washington, and see for herself "the great clash of interests of forty millions of people controlled by men of ordinary mould." Power and ambition interest her. She settles there with her sister, and soon becomes acquainted with the most important of the leading official actors. A certain senator, Silas P. Ratcliffe, believed to be a portrait of a leading politician, who is looking forward to the Presidency, fascinates her, to a certain degree, by his coarse strength and indomitable will, and she allows him to come and go about her pretty much as he pleases. She is vainly warned as to the character of his antecedents, but believing she can stop just when she pleases, she does not draw back. When

driven to the wall, Ratcliffe tells her of a piece of rascality which he thinks it best that she should hear from himself.

"It was during the worst days of the war, and there was an almost certainty that my State would be carried by the peace party, by fraud, as we thought, although, fraud or not we were bound to save it. Had Illinois been lost, then we should certainly have lost the Presidential election, and with it probably the Union. I was then Governor, and on me the responsibility rested. We ordered the returning officers in a certain number of counties, where we had entire control, to make no returns until they heard from us, and when we learned the precise number required to give us the majority, we telegraphed to the officers to make the vote such and such, so as to give the State to us. I am not proud of the transaction; but I would do that, and worse, if I thought it would save the country from disunion."

This is believed to be an exact record of fact. Another piece of business of the same kind comes out where 100,000 dollars have been paid him (Ratcliffe) as chairman of a committee to get a Bill for a steamship company (with a subsidy) passed through the Senate.

At a reception at the White House, the President (affectionately termed "the Hoosier quarryman") and his wife stand at the door shaking hands "like the working of a pump-handle." The chief lady of the land is a somewhat stout, coarse-featured woman, whom Mrs. Lee declares she would not engage for a cook. She put on a coldly patronizing air to her visitors, when Mrs. Lee and her sister called on her, said there was much in Washington that struck her "as awful wicked;" and, looking hard at her guest spoke of the present style of dress, and said she meant "to do what she could to put a stop to it, and that 'Jacob' had promised her to get a law passed against it." The President is an honest, stupid man, whose chief principle is that no one must be disturbed in his place for political reasons; "he came determined to be the father of his country, to gain a proud immortality and a re-election." Before a month is passed, he is turning out his opponents right and left under the influence of Ratcliffe. "The bar-vest of foreign missions, consulates, custom-house revenue offices, post-masterships, Indian agencies, and army and navy contracts" was going on as merrily as usual.

The absence of any public occupation worthy of a clever man is shown in "A Gentleman of Leisure." The hero having been brought up in England, soon finds himself extremely weary of the amusements of the "gilded youth" of New York, of driving a fast horse in a spider carriage, with some chosen fair one who is generally changed next day (riding appears to be unheard of); of walking "faultlessly attired" up Broad Street with some other damsel, whose dress is minutely described; or frequenting a club where the chief aim is to copy English fashion, and where the English peerage is the best-thumbed book in the house, and indeed is replaced every other year. He makes a rather unsatisfactory attempt to fill up his leisure by love-making, and then he finds out that the House of Representatives being impossible for a gentleman to seek to enter, he shall "try for the Senate." When it is considered what are the number of Senators, and what is that of the American population, this seems but a meagre supply of adequate political positions for the best men of a country.

The books from which these specimens are culled are among the best American stories of the last few years; bright, sharp-cut, clever, eminently readable, and short (no small merit). They have all the virtues and faults of photographs, especially the minute and accurate details of a number of things noways interesting in themselves, and not assisting in the general picture, except as increasing its realism. One cannot, however, but believe that the effect of the whole is injured by thus distributing the finish on all matters alive. The admirable word-painting with which Mr. Howells sets Venice and Quebec before our eyes is quite out of proportion to his definition of character. As in a photograph, every stitch and plait of the gown, every leaf and each stone of the wall is given; but in these books, with few exceptions, not much of the being inside appears, only the superficial skin of life. This is hardly the way in which great pictures are composed, either in colors or words; external detail should only be insisted on in points serving to bring out and enforce the main object. Probably Mr. James



and Mr. Howells would declare that they do not strive after high art, and that truthful representation, even of such supremely uninteresting human beings as American young ladies, if carried out conscientiously, is as much art as that of the drinking boors of Teniers or the Dutch vrows of Mieris. Whether the very artificial modern product of such "genteel" young ladyism can be rendered as interesting as the animalism of rough Dutch life may be doubted. The French cook gives a receipt for the exquisite dressing of a cucumber with elaborate care, but ends, "after all, the best thing you can do with the thing is to throw it out of the window." It seems a strange misuse of such talent as the American novelists possess, to devote their time to depicting models so shallow; the good so goody, as in "Roderick Hudson" and "Washington Square;" the bad so very poor and low, as in "The Portrait of a Lady." The trivial and the mean are not fit subjects for art. That every tale should have a direct moral is of course absurd; there is none, some one has said, in "Hamlet," none in "King Lear," none in the "Lieder ohne Worte," or Heller's "Dans les Bois," or for that matter in the woods themselves in spring-time; but by them you are carried into a region of "great thoughts, pure thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end." The terrible, the beautiful, the fanciful, the comical (for a good laugh is an admirable thing), are all in the dominion of art; dark touches are required to bring out the light;

therefore, wickedness and lowness are necessary to show forth the good and the high, but they must be treated not as the principal interest in themselves, not as the fit centres and objects of the piece.

The almost entire absence of an ideal of any kind, in men and women alike, of any poetic feeling of character, is strange in so young a literature. Society and its representatives in America seem to have jumped at a bound into the somewhat blasé, artificial, conventional stage of that in the old world, but without the charm and grace which being to the manner born gives it in Europe. Perhaps, however, the mere fact of having existed but few years does not always constitute youth, and the Americans have certainly missed "the quickening nourishment we once derived from superstitions and mythologies of a darker age" with which Carlyle credits races. This unconscious enrichment of the imagination of a people, a nation with no past must do without.

NOTE—What Mr. James is capable of in another style is seen in a short story "The Siege of London," the unpleasant subject of which is so treated as to produce an effect of real tragedy on a small scale; and in "Roderick Hudson," one of his earliest productions, where he shows the absorption in self of a not great artist—the identification in the man's mind of the art with himself, for whom he demands every species of devotion; and the penalty which follows, not arbitrarily, but as a necessary consequence, a penalty of misery and incapacity for the very thing for which he has sacrificed everything and everybody.

—*Contemporary Review.*

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#### DEMOCRACY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MIDLAND INSTITUTE, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, BY HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, U. S. MINISTER.

HE must be a born leader or misleader of men, or must have been sent into the world unfurnished with that modulating and restraining balance-wheel which we call a sense of humor, who, in old age, has as strong a confidence in his opinions and in the necessity of bringing the universe into conformity with them as he had in youth. In

a world the very condition of whose being is that it should be in perpetual flux, where all seems mirage, and the one abiding thing is the effort to distinguish realities from appearances, the elderly man must be indeed of a singularly tough and valid fibre who is certain that he has any clarified residuum of experience, any assured verdict of

reflection, that deserves to be called an opinion, or who, even if he had, feels that he is justified in holding mankind by the button while he is expounding it. And in a world of daily—nay, almost hourly—journalism, where every clever man, every man who thinks himself clever, or whom anybody else thinks clever, is called upon to deliver his judgment point-blank and at the word of command on every conceivable subject of human thought, or, on what sometimes seems to him very much the same thing, on every inconceivable display of human want of thought, there is such a spendthrift waste of all those commonplaces which furnish the permitted staple of public discourse that there is little chance of beguiling a new tune out of the one-stringed instrument on which we have been thrumming so long. In this desperate necessity one is often tempted to think that if all the words of the dictionary were tumbled down in a heap, and then all those fortuitous juxtapositions and combinations that made tolerable sense were picked out and pieced together, we might find among them some poignant suggestions towards novelty of thought or expression. But, alas! it is only the great poets who seem to have this unsolicited profusion of unexpected and incalculable phrase, this infinite variety of topic. Everything has been said before, and said over again after. He who has read his Aristotle will be apt to think that observation has on most points of general applicability said its last word, and he who has mounted the tower of Plato to look abroad from it will never hope to climb another with so lofty a vantage of speculation. Where it is so simple if not so easy a thing to hold one's peace, why add to the general confusion of tongues? There is something disheartening, too, in being expected to fill up not less than a certain measure of time, as if the mind were an hour-glass, that need only be shaken and set on one end or the other, as the case may be, to run its allotted sixty minutes with decorous exactitude. I recollect being once told by the late eminent naturalist Agassiz that when he was to deliver his first lecture as professor (at Zurich, I believe) he had grave doubts of his ability to occupy the prescribed three-

quarters of an hour. He was speaking without notes, and glancing anxiously from time to time at the watch that lay before him on the desk. "When I had spoken a half-hour," he said, "I had told them everything I knew in the world, everything! Then I began to repeat myself," he added, roguishly, "and I have done nothing else ever since." Beneath the humorous exaggeration of the story I seemed to see the face of a very serious and improving moral. And yet if one were to say only what he had to say and then stopped, his audience would feel defrauded of their honest measure. Let us take courage by the example of the French, whose exportation of Bordeaux wines increases as the area of their land in vineyards diminished.

To me, somewhat hopelessly revolving these things, the undelayable year has rolled round, and I find myself called upon to say something in this place, where so many wiser men have spoken before me. Precluded in my quality of national guest by motives of taste and discretion from dealing with any question of immediate and domestic concern, it seemed to me wisest, or at any rate most prudent, to choose a topic of comparatively abstract interest, and to ask your indulgence for a few somewhat generalized remarks on a matter concerning which I had some experimental knowledge, derived from the use of such eyes and ears as Nature had been pleased to endow me withal, and such report as I had been able to win from them. The subject which most readily suggested itself was the spirit and the working of those conceptions of life and polity which are lumped together whether for reproach or commendation under the name of Democracy. By temperament and education of a Conservative turn, I saw the last years of that quaint Arcadia which French travellers saw with delighted amazement a century ago, and have watched the change (to me a sad one) from an agricultural to a proletarian population. The testimony of Balaam should carry some conviction. I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government of my native land, have watched its advances, or what some

would call its encroachments, gradual and irresistible as those of a glacier, have been an earwitness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. I recollect hearing a sagacious old gentleman say in 1840 that the doing away with the property qualification for suffrage twenty years before had been the ruin of the State of Massachusetts; that it had put public credit and private estate alike at the mercy of demagogues. I lived to see that Commonwealth twenty odd years later paying the interest on her bonds in gold, though it cost her sometimes nearly three for one to keep her faith, and that while suffering an unparalleled drain of men and treasure in helping to sustain the unity and self-respect of the nation. I hear America sometimes playfully accused of sending you all your storms, and am in the habit of parrying the charge by alleging that we are enabled to do this because, in virtue of our protective system, we can afford to make better bad weather than anybody else. And what wiser use could we make of it than to export it in return for the paupers which some European countries are good enough to send over to us who have not attained to the same skill in the manufacture of them? But bad weather is not the worst thing that is laid to our door. A French gentleman not long ago, forgetting Burke's monition of how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, has charged us with the responsibility of whatever he finds disagreeable in the morals or manners of his countrymen. If M. Zola or some other competent witness would only go into the box and tell us what those morals and manners were before our example corrupted them! But I confess that I find little to interest and less to edify me in these international bandyings of "You're another."

I shall address myself to a single point only in the long list of offences of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be

thought the entirely new disease of Democracy. It is generally people who are in what are called easy circumstances who can afford the leisure to treat themselves to a handsome complaint, and these experience an immediate alleviation when once they have found a sonorous Greek name to abuse it by. There is something consolatory also, something flattering to their sense of personal dignity, and to that conceit of singularity which is the natural recoil from our uneasy consciousness of being commonplace, in thinking ourselves victims of a malady by which no one had ever suffered before. Accordingly they find it simpler to class under one comprehensive heading whatever they find offensive to their nerves, their tastes, their interests, or what they suppose to be their opinions, and christen it Democracy, much as physicians label every obscure disease gout, or as cross-grained fellows lay their ill temper to the weather. But is it really a new ailment, and, if it be, is America answerable for it? Even if she were, would it account for the phylloxera, and hoof-and-mouth disease, and bad harvests, and bad English, and the German bands, and the Boers, and all the other discomforts with which these later days have vexed the souls of them that go in chariots? Yet I have seen the evil example of Democracy in America cited as the source and origin of things quite as heterogeneous and quite as little connected with it by any sequence of cause and effect. Surely this ferment is nothing new. It has been at work for centuries, and we are more conscious of it only because in this age of publicity, where the newspapers offer a rostrum to whoever has a grievance, or fancies that he has, the bubbles and scum thrown up by it are more noticeable on the surface than in those dumb ages when there was a cover of silence and suppression on the caldron. Nor was it among the people that subversive or mistaken doctrines had their rise. A Father of the Church said that property was theft many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue re-affirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops, and of the theory that the State owed every man a living. Nay, was not the Church herself the

first organized Democracy? A few centuries ago the chief end of man was to keep his soul alive, and then the little kernel of heaven that sets the gases at work was religious, and produced the Reformation. Even in that, far-sighted persons like the Emperor Charles V. saw the germ of political and social revolution. Now that the chief end of man seems to have become the keeping of the body alive, and as comfortably alive as possible, the heaven also has become wholly political and social. Formerly the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power. All persons who see deeper than their plates are rather inclined to thank God for it than to bewail it, for the sores of Lazarus have a poison in them against which Dives has no antidote.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium* has, when left to its own instincts—may I not call them hereditary instincts?—assumed a more or less thoroughly democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudence or decorum, is essentially democratic. People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sani-

tary precautions have been neglected. "For this effect defective comes by cause," as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the rights of man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths. It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence;

The wicked and the weak rebel in vain  
Slaves by their own compulsion.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied, that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. It is merely the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift—what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on the brakes as if the movement of which we are conscious were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and imbed it in the memory. Our disquiet comes



of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us—certainly every generation since the invention of printing—has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open. "Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?" he mutters. Not a change for the better in our mortal housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it—have not prophesied with the alderman that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod." But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

One of the most curious of these frenzies of exclusion was that against the emancipation of the Jews. All share in the government of the world was denied for centuries to perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious, race that had ever lived in it—the race to whom we owed our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolation to be found in all literature—a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses, and whose blood, furtively mingling with the bluest bloods in Europe, has quickened them, with its own indomitable impulsion. We drove them into a corner, but they had their revenge, as the wronged are always sure to have it sooner or later. They made their corner the counter and banking-house of the world, and thence they rule it and us with the ignobler sceptre of finance. You mobbed Priest-

ley only to set up his statue and make Birmingham the headquarters of English Unitarianism. We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as it had been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school of manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct—to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the powers that be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with spectres and hobgoblins. Democracy in nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of

perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people by the people for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'" And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaludeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within 'Who is there?' and he answered 'It is I.' Then the voice said 'This house will not hold me and thee;' and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked 'Who is there?' and he said 'It is thyself;' and the door was opened to him." But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzell. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy; it is not necessary, nor indeed, in most cases, practicable. Democracies to which Mr. Lincoln's definition would fairly enough apply have

existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority resides in the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy. This generation has seen a democracy with an imperial figurehead, and in all that have ever existed the body politic has never embraced all the inhabitants included within its territory, and the right to share in the direction of affairs has been confined to citizens, and citizenship has been further restricted by various limitations, sometimes of property, sometimes of nativity, and always of age and sex.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic affirmations or fine-drawn analyses of the rights of man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism—democracy, anarchy, despotism. But

this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls, where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry to turn it into a mob all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law. Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely-scattered population and for States already practised in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequalled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. The very elements of disintegration were the best guides in political training. Their children learned the lesson of compromise only too well, and it was the application of it to a question of fundamental morals that cost us our civil war. We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof; that it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved on the whole successful? If it had not would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? This trial would have been less severe could it have been made with a people homogeneous in race, language, and traditions, whereas the United States have been called on to absorb and assimilate enormous masses

of foreign population, heterogeneous in all these respects, and drawn mainly from that class which might fairly say that the world was not their friend, nor the world's law. The previous condition too often justified the traditional Irishman, who, landing in New York and asked what his politics were, inquired if there was a Government there, and on being told that there was retorted, "Thin I'm agin it!" We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defence of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for. The exceptions have been (and they are lamentable exceptions) where these hordes of ignorance and poverty have coagulated in great cities. But the social system is yet to seek which has not to look the same terrible wolf in the eyes. On the other hand, at this very moment Irish peasants are buying up the worn-out farms of Massachusetts, and making them productive again by the same virtues of industry and thrift that once made them profitable to the English ancestors of the men who are deserting them. To have achieved even these prosaic results (if you choose to call them so), and that out of materials the most discordant, I might say the most recalcitrant, argues a certain beneficent virtue in the system that could do it, and is not to be accounted for by mere luck. Carlyle said scornfully that America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He forgot that States, as Bacon said of wars, go on their bellies. As for the security of property, it should be tolerably well secured in a country where every other man hopes to be rich, even though the only property qualification be the ownership of two hands that add to the general wealth. Is it not the best security for anything to interest the largest possible number of persons in its preservation and the smallest in its division? In point of fact, far-seeing men count the increasing power of wealth and its combinations as one of the chief dangers with which the institutions of the United States are threatened in the not distant future. The right of individual

property is no doubt the very cornerstone of civilization as hitherto understood, but I am a little impatient of being told that property is entitled to exceptional consideration because it bears all the burdens of the State. It bears those, indeed, which can most easily be borne, but poverty pays with its person the chief expenses of war, pestilence, and famine. Wealth should not forget this, for poverty is beginning to think of it now and then. Let me not be misunderstood. I see as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and of hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in. Many an ancestral hall here in England has been a nursery of that culture which has been of example and benefit to all. I should not think of coming before you to defend or to criticise any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race, with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen, except in that white-haired king of Browning's who

Lived long ago  
In the morning of the world,  
When Earth was nearer Heaven than now.

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply. As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a

majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an impartial observer, a numerical preponderance seems on the whole as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally unanswerable. "What," we exclaim, "shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I?" Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater unwisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity who have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one; "Is it wise to give every man the ballot?" but rather the practical one, "Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?" It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us, and in politics a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears. It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed, and there may be some truth



in this, for I have observed that what men prized most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided, merge their individual hopes and opinions in its safer, because more generalized, hopes and opinions, are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire to a certain degree the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class but to a body corporate. Of one thing at least we may be certain, that, under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform, and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our civil war, and, I believe, had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run. It is perhaps true that, by effacing the principle of passive obedience, democracy, ill-understood, has slackened the spring of that ductility to discipline which is essential to "the unity and married calm of States." But I feel assured that experience and necessity will cure this evil as they have shown their power to cure others. And under what frame of policy have evils not been remedied till they became intolerable, and shook men out of their indolent indifference through their fears?

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere, but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshipper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion. But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the saviour of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity

of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austere genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and mis-carriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so justify them in respecting others.

Such a result is quite possible under other conditions than those of an avowedly democratical Constitution. For I take it that the real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the first Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*"—a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind. I should be inclined to paraphrase this by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it. If a man can climb, and feels himself encouraged to climb, from a coalpit to the highest position for which he is fitted, he can well afford to be indifferent what name is given to the government under which he lives. The Bailli of Mirabeau, uncle of the more famous tribune of that name, wrote in 1771—"The English are, in my opinion, a hundred times more agitated and more unfortunate than the very Algerines themselves, because they do not know and will not know till the destruction of their over-swollen power, which I believe very near, whether they are monarchy, aris-

tocracy, or democracy, and wish to play the part of all three." England has not been obliging enough to fulfil the Bailli's prophecy, and perhaps it was this very carelessness about the name and concern about the substance of popular government, this skill in getting the best out of things as they are, in utilizing all the motives which influence men, and in giving one direction to many impulses, that has been a principal factor of her greatness and power. Perhaps it is fortunate to have an unwritten Constitution, for men are prone to be tinkering the work of their own hands, whereas they are more willing to let time and circumstance mend or modify what time and circumstance have made. All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malari-ous levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate. What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things in not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force) but the Socialism which may find a fulcrum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men—and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind"—we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. It is all

very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. I do not believe that land should be divided because the quantity of it is limited by nature. Of what may this not be said? *A fortiori* we might on the same principle insist on a division of human wit, for I have observed that the quantity of this has been even more inconveniently limited. Mr. George himself has inequitably large share of it. But he is right in his impelling motive, right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy, and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest columns of figures in the world. For unless you include human nature in your addition your total is sure to be wrong and your deductions from it fallacious. Communism means barbarism, but Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction.

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure for the evils to which human nature is heir outside of

human nature itself. The rule will always hold good that you must

Be your own palace or the world's your gaol.

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has cultivated much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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ULRICH VON LIECHTENSTEIN.

BY LOUIS BARBÉ.

IN the thousand-voiced anthem of love which filled the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and which, echoing through succeeding ages, has come

down to us with a soft dying fall, there rose no sweeter tones than those of the knightly minstrel Ulrich von Liechtenstein. He knows no superior, and has

but few rivals, amongst the tuneful band of minnesingers. His youthful, almost childish vivacity, and his ardent chivalry are attractive and delightful. He has a complete command over language and expression. With him art is never artificial, nature never forced, simplicity never affected. His exposition of the complicated love-problems which the minnesingers delighted to propound is perspicuous and clear, his analyses of passion and sentiment ingenious and interesting, without descending to be mere conceits, and his whole style is enlivened by apposite illustrations, by striking figures expressed with almost perfect purity of rhyme and elegance of rhythmical construction. But, it is unfortunate for Ulrich's fame that we cannot judge him with perfect fairness. We should like him better if we knew him less. If he had come down to us, as many of his fellow minstrels have done, as an impersonal expression of poetic genius, if he had left us nothing of his life beyond his charming lyrics, our admiration for him would be unalloyed. Enveloped in the magnifying haze of tradition and legend, his figure might have appeared majestic and imposing. But, beneath the fierce light which he has himself thrown on his life, he sinks into worse than insignificance; he appears, not as the rival of Walther von der Vogelweide, but as the fellow of Don Quixote.

Most of Ulrich's minnelays or love-lyrics are not separate, isolated productions. Though complete in themselves, they are set, as it were, in the remarkable autobiography which gives us in poetical form the minutest details of his extravagant career, and which bears the significant title of *Frauendienst—Woman's Service*.

Ulrich was of ancient and noble lineage; and his descendants, raised to princely rank, have succeeded each other in an unbroken line as Sovereigns of the Liliputian but independent principality of Liechtenstein. The poet does not mention the year of his birth. It is the only point about which he omits to give us the fullest information. From the other dates which he duly records it is not difficult to approximate that of his birth, and we are justified in assuming that, when it took place, the

thirteenth century could not be more than two years old.

Ulrich's autobiography takes us back to the nursery. He relates that when he was a little child and still indulged in the infantile amusement of riding on a stick, he was so profoundly impressed at hearing his elders say that the only way to acquire honor and true joy was by unswerving constancy in love, by choosing one true woman, beautiful and virtuous, and by cherishing her as his own soul, that he determined to devote body, wealth, courage, and life to this noble and knightly service. The first opportunity of putting this precocious resolution into execution presented itself when Ulrich had reached his twelfth year. It was then that, in accordance with the custom of the time, his father sent him as page to the court of a high-born princess. Her name is, with chivalrous discretion, kept a profound secret. Later commentators have endeavored to establish that it was a Princess of Meran, the last of her line, and the wife of Frederick of Austria. This most beautiful and accomplished woman at once became the object of Ulrich's boyish love. In summer he plucked the choicest flowers and brought them to her, and as she took them with her white hand, he thought to himself in his delight: "Where thou touchest them I have touched them too!" The water which, as her page, he poured over her dainty little fingers he carried away and preserved religiously until an opportunity occurred of drinking it—a new and strange elixir of love. This silent, childish homage lasted five years. At the end of that time, the enamoured page was transferred by his father from the loved one's court to that of Markgraf Heinrich of Austria, a noble lord rich in high virtues. A sad day it was for Ulrich that separated him from the object of his passion. He parted from her in the body, but his heart remained with her. Wherever he rode she was present to his mind, and the sheen of her eyes lighted up the night of his soul.

With Markgarf Heinrich young Liechtenstein perfected himself in the knightly accomplishments of riding and tilting. He was also taught how to speak of women, and how to address them in tender verse, and warned to



abstain from falsehood and flattery. He had not been long at the Markgraf's court when his father's sudden death obliged him to interrupt his training, and to return in haste to Liechtenstein. Three years later, he was raised to the dignity of knighthood, at a festival given by Leopold of Austria in celebration of his daughter's marriage with a Saxon prince. This was in 1222. On this occasion the noble duke gave the accolade to 250 esquires. He bestowed presents of gold and silver, of steeds and costly raiment to over a thousand counts and barons. Five thousand knights enjoyed his hospitality. There was such dancing and jousting as Ulrich had never seen. The gorgeous pageant was adorned by the presence of many noble dames, amongst whom the young knight noticed with delight his former mistress. For fear of indiscreet observers—the "prying watchers," those natural enemies of the minnesingers—he forebore to speak to her. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not been unnoticed. "I am glad that Herr Ulrich has been knighted," she observed to one of her admirer's friends; "I remember well when he left me; he was still quite a little boy at the time." The remark was duly reported by the friend to the person whom it most concerned. Common-place as it may appear to cooler minds, it threw Ulrich into an ecstasy of delight. The bold thought occurred to him that if she was glad he had received the sword and spurs it was perhaps because she was not unwilling to accept him for her knight. At no less than twelve tournaments did Ulrich parade his fresh knighthood, attributing the success which crowned his efforts to the great love that burned within him. Approaching winter, however, put an end to his spear-breaking. The enforced activity which it brought was all the more bitter, that he knew of no means of communicating his love to the mistress of his heart. But fortune seemed inclined to favor him. In his wanderings he came to a castle where he met a relative of his, a niece, who happened to be acquainted with the noble lady to whom he had secretly vowed homage and service. Such an opportunity was not to be neglected. After exacting the usual

promise of secrecy, Liechtenstein revealed to his niece his passion for her high-born friend, and solicited her assistance. With some reluctance, perhaps more apparent than real, and considerable misgivings as to the result, the good-natured niece consented to be the messenger of her uncle's love, and also to take to its destination a love-song which the knightly poet had composed in honor of the unutterable she. For five weeks Ulrich was kept in suspense. At the end of that time his messenger brought an answer to his love and to his lay. The verses had found favor, but the poet's suit had been but coldly received. His homage, it is true, was not altogether rejected, and the haughty dame condescended to say that it would please her well if she could inspire him to doughty deeds. But, at the same time, she gave him distinctly to understand that he was to hope for no favors from her; for even though his excellence should reach such a height as to make her forget his social inferiority—an event of the greatest improbability—she could never overlook the deformity of his mouth. Too prodigal nature had bestowed upon Ulrich three lips, and it was to this deformity that his princely mistress found objection. His mind was soon made up. The superfluous appendage was to be got rid of at any cost. Heedless of his niece's advice not to disfigure himself further, but to live as God had made him, Liechtenstein rode off toward Grätz in quest of a famous surgeon of whom he had heard. The Styrian Esculapius, however, refused to perform the operation in the winter time, and poor Ulrich was obliged to bear the deformity patiently till the month of May. As the knight was returning to Grätz at the appointed season, he chanced to meet with one of the princess's pages, whom he induced to accompany him. Together they proceeded to the house of the surgeon that was to remove the offending lip. The operator wished to bind his patient, but Ulrich, though greatly afraid, as he candidly confesses, promised to bear the knife unflinchingly. He was as good as his word. With pardonable pride, he boasts of having shown himself as great a master in submitting to pain as the doctor in inflicting it. Without reveal-

ing the name of the fair one for whose sake he had undergone the amputation, he bade the attendant who had witnessed it, tell his mistress that he was as ready to sacrifice an arm as he had been to get rid of a superfluous lip. For nearly six weeks after this Ulrich lay on a bed of suffering, tormented with hunger and thirst, but, in spite of bodily pain, cheerful and hopeful at heart. He found comfort in composing a minnelay, which the faithful niece again forwarded to her whose beauty it likened to the glorious day. On hearing all that the devoted knight had undergone for her sake, the princess relented so far as to consent to a meeting with him. But, lest he should feel too elated at this mark of favor, she was careful to state that her sole motive was curiosity to see how far the surgeon's skill had improved the objectionable mouth. Ulrich did not fail to ride to the trysting place; but, in the presence of the fair one, the courage which had borne him through so much physical pain completely forsook him. His heart whispered to him: Speak! speak! but his lips were mute. Before he could avail himself of the permission which he had so long desired and so earnestly prayed for, other knights came up and a golden opportunity was lost. All day he followed in the princess's train, and when the cavalcade arrived at a halting-place, Ulrich summoned up sufficient courage to help her from the saddle. As she alighted from her steed, the princely coquette, whispering into his ear that he had been praised for a courage which he did not possess, pulled out a lock of his hair, and sent him home cursing his faithless tongue and calling upon death to release him from the agony of despair into which her sneers had thrown him. Next morning, however, Ulrich's courage: having returned, he rode out to meet the princess, and, no longer abashed by her coquettish airs, he dared tell his love and implore the favor of being accepted as her knight. While assuring him that whether he devoted his life to her or not, he would never receive any special favors from her, she nevertheless so framed her reply as to leave her sanguine lover room for hope.

To while away the dreary months of the ensuing winter, Ulrich again had

recourse to poetry, and the services of his niece were again brought into requisition to convey a Büchlein—a poem which he threw into the form of a dialogue, and which he requested might be read at night, as it contained a "good prayer." Two days later the Büchlein was returned to the niece with the remark that its contents were already well known, and that although it certainly did contain a good prayer, it was to go back to the sender. The niece, however, noticed that the poem seemed longer than it was when she had taken it to the princess, and called Ulrich's attention to the addition. Here we learn to our intense astonishment that the poet, the author of several thousand elegant verses, could neither read nor write, but that he was entirely dependent on a secretary and amanuensis. It unfortunately happened that this important functionary was absent at the time, and Ulrich was obliged to exercise his patience during ten long days. The lady's reply, which he had carried next his heart whilst waiting for his secretary's return, brought but cold comfort to the love-lorn knight. It was couched in the shape of a couplet, and was to the effect that "he that wishes for what he can never get only shows his great folly."

A grand tournament given at Freisach by Leopold of Austria to celebrate the reconciliation of the Prince of Kärnthen with the Markgraf of Isterreich, afforded Ulrich a new opportunity of distinguishing himself in the lists. He modestly says of himself that he was neither the best nor the worst. But the niece, who was again sent to the princess with an account of the festivities, and with another love-song, was more glowing in her report. She assured the noble lady that Ulrich had broken more than a hundred spears. The princess in reply plainly expressed her belief that the report of the young knight's exploits had been too highly colored. Impartial judges, she said, were less enthusiastic in their praises of the lance-breaking minstrel. Piqued at this, Ulrich at once started off to break more spears and unhorse more knights, in the hope of persuading the incredulous beauty of his valor. But still greater disappointment was in store for him. On his

next meeting with his niece he was informed that the frequent messages between himself and the princess were exciting suspicion and would have to cease unless—for there was a saving clause—unless another messenger could be found. But, alas! Ulrich knew of none that he could trust. To solace himself he again rode forth in quest of knightly adventures, and tilted in innumerable tournaments at Kärnthen and Krain, Isterreich and Trieste, and finally at Brixen. At the latter place a sad misfortune befel him—at least, so it was looked upon by others—his finger was almost severed from his hand. Ulrich, however, considered this a high happiness, for it had happened to him whilst fighting for his lady, and was an irrefusable proof of his devotion to her. Six days after this occurrence, as the finger, badly dressed at first, was turning quite black, the poor knight was made happy by a message from the princess. Having heard of his misfortune, she sent to condole with him, and, apparently unconscious of his ignorance, recommended him to while away the time by the perusal of four Büchlein, which she forwarded by her messenger. Next day her attendant again called on the wounded knight, this time with a request that he should do into German an Italian song, which she could not understand in the original language. After having committed the verses to memory, Ulrich set to work with delight. He was rewarded for his willing labor not only by the gracious praises bestowed on his translation, but, in addition to this, by the present of a beautiful dog. Shortly after this the minstrel, as he was riding toward his mistress's country, chanced to meet a page who had already acted as a messenger between the princess and her friend, Ulrich's relative. The youth readily undertook the delicate task of pleading the poet's cause, and was intrusted with a new love-song which, much as it was admired, met with no better success than former productions. Poetical homage and knightly service were welcome enough to the haughty dame, but such reward as was expected for them was, she said, utterly preposterous, and would never be obtained from her.

To console himself for his repeated

disappointments, Ulrich now undertook a journey to Rome. After a stay of sixty days on the banks of the Tiber, he returned to Germany with further poetical appeals, which were again forwarded through the faithful page, who had accompanied the knightly pilgrim. On this occasion, however, the princess professed to be highly indignant at these repeated messages and solicitations. But above all, she expressed her scorn for the unknighly lie of which her suitor had been guilty, in assuring her that he had lost a finger in her service, and she could not be pacified by the explanation that, though not completely severed from his hand, it was quite useless. Ulrich, however, knew of an easy way out of this difficulty. He went to a trusted friend, Ulrich von Hasendorf, and prevailed upon him, though not without great difficulty, to cut off the offending member. The finger, enclosed in a gold case, lined with green velvet, and fashioned in the shape of two hands, was forwarded to the princess as proof positive that this time, at least, she had not been imposed upon. The strange present, accompanied by the inevitable Büchlein, was accepted by the princess, who, whilst condemning Ulrich's silly conduct in the matter, considerably qualified her censure by promising to place the casket where she should see it every day.

It was about this time that Ulrich resolved on an undertaking which was to eclipse all his former achievements, and to crown the extravagance of his knight-errantry. In order that no suspicion of his plan should get abroad, he assumed the staff and scallop-shell, and set out professedly on a pilgrimage to Rome. His real destination, however, was Venice, where he spent the winter in preparing for his expedition. For himself he ordered twelve complete suits of female apparel, of purest white, thirty-five pairs of fine white linen sleeves, three cloaks of white velvet, and two coronets of costly pearls. Twelve attendants, from whom he carefully concealed his name and condition, were likewise arrayed in white. White helmets and shields, a hundred white spears, white harness and trappings for the horses, completed the wonderful equipment. All these things being

ready, Ulrich sent a herald to make proclamation to all the knights of Lombardy, Friaul, Kärnthen, Steier, Austria, and Bohemia that, on the day after the feast of St. George, Queen Venus, the Goddess of Love, would rise from the waves, at Mestre, and thence proceed toward Bohemia. Every knight who broke a spear with her was to receive a golden ring, which, if sent to the lady of his love, was warranted to enhance her charms, and, more important still, to ensure her constancy. Those knights whom Venus should overthrow were to be required to bow toward the four corners of the earth, and do homage to a lady, whose name, however, was not to be revealed to them. Should any knight be so fortunate as to overcome the Goddess, he was to receive, as his reward, all the horses that were in her train. It is a significant mark of the exaggerated and almost burlesque chivalry of the age, that this proclamation, instead of being looked upon as the production of a maniac, was received with enthusiasm by all true knights.

On the appointed day—it was April 24th—Ulrich von Liechtenstein started on his expedition. Clad in white, thickly veiled, with costly head-gear, and two long tresses hanging to his waist, the knightly mummer followed a long procession of trumpeters and fiddlers, accompanied by esquires that bore his banner and his arms. Between Mestre and Nuenburg, where the strange progress was brought to a close by a grand tournament, Queen Venus broke no less than three hundred and seven spears. Though once wounded, she was never overthrown. The number of spears broken against her is given as two hundred and seventy-one, an equal number of rings being distributed to her opponents. An idea of Venus-Ulrich's knightly prowess and power of endurance may be formed from one single day's tilting. It lasted from early in the morning till late at night; indeed, it was brought to a close by torch-light, and resulted in forty-three broken spears.

Ulrich expresses his particular pleasure at the enthusiastic reception accorded him by the fair sex. In every town through which he passed the women crowded to meet him; at every

window beautiful faces smiled upon him, and fair hands waved a welcome. At Vienna he received quite an ovation. The lovely enthusiasts donned their costliest garments to do him honor. At this, the object of all this homage and admiration rather cynically remarks that every woman, young or old, is fond of dress, but only that she may excel her neighbors. She delights in beautiful garments, he says, even though she may not have an opportunity of wearing them; she can find comfort in the thought that, if she chose, she could array herself far better than this one or that other one.

At one of the stations appointed for a halting-place an ill-tempered official refused to allow the tournament to come off. But he found to his cost that, though the *bürgermeister* may propose, it is woman that disposes. To prevent a female insurrection, with all its terrible consequences, the unpleasant personage was obliged to recall his veto, and the spear-breaking took place as had been announced.

Ulrich gallantly attributes his uninterrupted success to the good wishes showered upon him by the fair spectators of his knightly encounters. Neither were special marks of favor wanting. These, however, were not so favorably received by the knight, who seems to have been gratified by general homage, but affects to consider that shown by single admirers an encroachment on the absolute and exclusive rights of the princess in whose honor the whole expedition was planned and carried out. On one occasion he received a present of an undergarment and a set of jewels, accompanied by a letter thanking Queen Venus in the name of the whole sex for having assumed female attire. Another time an indiscreet page brought a rich suit of clothes, together with costly ornaments of gold and jewels whilst Ulrich was in his bath. Instead of answering the knight's questions as to the sender of these gifts, the messenger, taking an unfair advantage of circumstances, buried him completely—"so that he could not be seen"—under a heap of rose-leaves.

Notwithstanding her reputed heathenism, Queen Venus showed herself a devout Catholic. She never failed to hear



mass, walking up the aisle mincingly, "with steps not more than a hand's breadth," in accordance with her sex and station, and sitting on that side of the church which was set apart for women. At Treviso a noble countess claimed the honor of bearing the Goddess's train. At the Agnus Dei, when the kiss of peace was passed around, the Queen of Love did not miss the opportunity of receiving the osculation from the fair lips of her neighbors to right and left. But when, encouraged by his experiences amongst the daughters of sunny Italy, the disguised knight attempted to obtain a similar salutation by the same false pretences from his own countrywomen, he found them less free of their kisses, and was politely reminded that there were liberties which his disguise did not justify.

It is not a little surprising to learn from the love-lorn knight-errant that, on the nineteenth day of his journey, having reached Glokeniz, he secretly rode away with one trusty attendant, and went to visit his wife! Up to this point the reader, amused by the strange story of a wild passion, is willing to make some allowance for Ulrich's vagaries. Madness and love are proverbially akin. But when the astounding discovery is made that there is at home in Liechtenstein a good lady, Ulrich's wedded wife, the mother of his children, "whom he loves so tenderly that she could not be dearer to him, though he has chosen another to be the mistress of his life," when it is revealed that all this amatory ardor is purely conventional, a mere thing of fashion, then a feeling of utter contempt for the high-flown harlequinade dispels the effect of the elegant verse, and the whole narrative appears a mere travesty.

Shortly before his arrival in Vienna, Ulrich was made happy by a message from the princess. On perceiving the well-known page, the knight's heart beat violently beneath his white dress. But, for fear of betraying himself, he passed on, as though he had not recognized the messenger. The latter, however, joined the cavalcade, and by singing one of Walther von der Vogelweide's minnelays—that in which the minstrel celebrates the praises of German women—gave Ulrich to understand that there was

good news for him. When at last an opportunity occurred for a secret interview in a meadow some distance from the road, the knight was required to kneel, and to receive his lady's congratulations in the attitude of a worshipper. The bearer of the relenting dame's kind message also brought with him a ring which she had worn on her white hand for more than ten years, and which she now bestowed on her knight as a reward for the expedition and the valiant deeds performed in her honor. Encouraged by these marks of high favor, Ulrich, immediately on his arrival in Vienna, sent his own messenger to assure the princess of his undying love, and to request that she would lend him a jewel of hers to wear in the final tourney at Neuburg. To his dismay, instead of granting this favor, she demanded the return of her former gift, alleging that she had been made aware of the knight's faithlessness. At this poor Ulrich broke out into the bitterest lamentation. Of what use to him, he cried, were now wealth, and courage, and life itself?

He would forsake the world, and wander about in poverty and obscurity. While he was thus bewailing his fate, weeping and wringing his hands, "so that they cracked with a noise of dried sticks," his friend the Dean of Regensburg chanced to call, and from very sympathy, without the least knowledge of the cause of all this distress, he likewise burst into tears, and wept as though his own father were dead. Whilst this edifying duet of sighs and sobs was at it height, Ulrich's brother-in-law, Heinrich von Wasserberg, came upon the two performers, and very sensibly reproved them for behaving more like weak children or sick women than like knights. The rebuke failed in producing the desired effect. Ulrich's grief rose to such a paroxysm that blood gushed from mouth and ears. Wasserberg was not proof against such manifestations of feeling, and was obliged to change his chiding for words of sympathy and comfort. With much persuasion, and after actually fastening on his armor for him, piece by piece, he succeeded in bringing his despairing brother-in-law to the tournament. A messenger was again despatched to the jealous princess, to inform her of the

sad state into which her suspicions and her anger had thrown her devoted knight, and to lay at her feet the homage of a new lay of which unalterable love and fidelity were naturally the burden. She had already been informed of Ulrich's bleeding fit by her own page, who had been sent to watch and report the effect of her angry message. Her heart was softened, or rather her coquetry flattered, by the knight's despair. She consented to grant him an interview on the following Sunday morning; but, she added, it was only to request him to desist from his useless suit, and to carry elsewhere his homage and service. As a precaution it was required that Ulrich should disguise himself as a leper, and approach the castle in the company of some thirty poor wretches—real lepers—who received their daily food from the princess. Circumstances having delayed the messenger, Ulrich was obliged to ride some hundred and twenty miles on the Saturday, killing two horses in the performance of the feat. At a village four miles distant from the princess's castle he stopped for the night, and there prepared his loathsome disguise. By means of a root, with the properties of which he was acquainted, he gave himself the sickly, diseased appearance of those amongst whom he was to mix. He clad himself, and an attendant who was to accompany him, in beggar's rags, and thus disguised, he rode another two miles in the early morning. The last two miles were performed on foot. On his arrival at the castle Ulrich learnt the unpleasant news that his lady was confined to her room and could not attend to her lepers. The maid to whom the charitable office was intrusted whispered to the knight that no interview could be granted him before the evening of the next day. To pass away the weary time Ulrich and his attendant amused themselves with the novel occupation of begging in the neighboring villages. Rather than stay amongst the lepers, they spent the night in a cornfield. To add to the discomfort of their position, a heavy storm broke over them, accompanied by a deluge of rain, which turned their hiding-place into a swamp and drenched their scanty clothing. After passing the whole of

the Monday in this sad plight the two adventurers again made their way to the Castle, where, after concealing themselves in a ditch to avoid being discovered by the warder as he went on his round, they were at length informed through the signal of a light at the window, that permission was granted them to appear. Communication between the fair inmates of the Castle and the love-lorn and shivering knight being established by means of a number of sheets tied together, the attempt at scaling the walls was begun. So long as the attendant could render unpoetical but material assistance from below, all went well with Ulrich. As soon, however, as he rose above the page's reach, his knightly weight was too much for the weak hands above; he fell back ignominiously, and not softly, to the ground, his thrice-repeated failure exciting more laughter than pity from those at the window. Then Ulrich bethought himself of the expedient of sending up the lighter page as a reinforcement to the willing but weak hands within the castle. The experiment met with success. The page reached the window, where he was greeted with a kiss, which one of the attendants—a niece of Ulrich's—ignorant of the substitution, intended for her uncle; the mistake, we are assured, causing the damsel much shame afterward. Without further mishap the knight at last succeeded in reaching the window, where the tender salutation was repeated. After laying aside his filthy, dripping rags for garments of gold and silk, Ulrich was introduced to the princess's presence. The noble lady, clothed in scarlet and ermine, and enveloped in a green mantle, was reclining on a beautiful bed covered with silk and velvet. Eight attendants in costly attire stood about her. Two large torches at the foot of the bed, and more than a hundred lights suspended from walls and ceiling, cast a dazzling light through the apartment. Ulrich, more disappointed than pleased at all this show, did not scruple to give the lady to understand that he had expected a very different reception. But the princess was obdurate. She assured her lover that the favor granted him as a reward for his devotion and his constancy was more than had yet been shown to

any man but her husband. And so, we learn to our amazement that she too was married! But now, Ulrich, seeing that his entreaties were vain, in his turn became obstinate, and declared, that come what might, he would remain till morning; it would cost him his life, that he knew, but it would also cost the lady her honor, and he would not be unavenged. In this emergency the princess was ready with a stratagem. She proposed to Ulrich that he should allow himself to be let down by his sheet, and then pulled up again; she promised to receive him as his niece had done, with a kiss, and this was to be the earnest of future favors. The knight, at first, was not disposed to put much faith in his mistress's word. He hesitated to put himself at her mercy. To show her sincerity, however, she consented to give him her hand, which he was to hold during the acrobatic performance. When she had him well out of the window, clinging to the sheet with one hand and to her own hand with the other, she spoke these flattering but deceitful words: "God is my witness that I have never seen a knight that was so dear to me as he who now holds me by the hand." Then putting her free hand under his chin: "Now kiss me, friend," she cunningly said. Delighted at this, the knight, who does not seem to have remembered the moral of *Æsop's* fables, loosened his hold of the fair flatterer's hand, and dropped down screaming, with considerable danger to his bones, and with such clatter, that the warder on the keep thought the evil one was abroad, and hastily made the sign of the cross for protection. With a pitiful: "Woe me, that I was ever born!" Ulrich, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his fall, ran off to the nearest pond, bent on ending his sorrow and his shame with his disappointed existence. But his attendant, who had been hastily sent after him, coming up just as he was preparing for the fatal plunge, persuaded him, by means of an ingenious lie, to abandon his rash design. In a fortnight's time, he said, Ulrich was again to be received, and to be kept ten days in the castle; that he had been so unceremoniously dismissed was owing to no ill-will and to no wish to deceive

him, but solely to the unexpected appearance of one of the maids of honor in whom no trust could be placed. Soothed in spirit by this plausible fabrication, the disappointed and bruised knight rode back to Liechtenstein, and sought to forget his troubles in jousting and spear-breaking. From Pölten he again sent his messenger to the princess to inquire of her when and how the appointed meeting was to be kept. Her answer, instead of settling this momentous question, conveyed to him a request that, for her sake, he should take the cross and join the next expedition to the Holy Land. Hereupon, in another Büchlein, the enthusiastic Ulrich, at once forgetting the supposed tryst, expressed his delight at being able to do something for the lady of his love, adding abundant thanks to God and to her for the high favor. In a song which accompanied the Büchlein, he prayed for the same reward as Isolde granted Tristram. After another summer had been spent in jousting and composing minnelays perhaps also in some kind of preparation for the Crusade for which, however, he had in the mean time been told not to start till word was sent him, Ulrich was summoned to his lady-love. "I shall not say more," he adds, "and from modesty keep many things secret." The Crusade was no more spoken of, and for two summers and two winters the love-lorn knight was, he says, happy. In what his happiness consisted, is not clear. If it was in the triumph of his love—though we scarcely think the sequel justified the assumption—this triumph was but short-lived. In the third summer his lady played him so outrageous a trick, that for very decency—*aus zucht*—he refrains from recording it. And so, when the autumn began to strip with his frosts the green woods of their foliage, Ulrich's song was heard in bitter lamentation. His verse was no longer devoted to love, but to reproaches and invectives against her who, like a murderess, had killed all his joy, whose humor was as changeable as April weather, whom for thirteen years he had served faithfully, and without reward. The Princess was greatly incensed at the hard things her former lover said and sung about her, but this was what Ulrich desired, and her anger did not

stay the flow of his taunting and sarcastic verse. Still, love, or at least the mummery to which he gave the name of love, was dearer to the knight's heart than even revenge. After a while he began to think that he could best spite the faithless one by choosing another mistress for his heart and homage. He selected the fairest, best, most beautiful, and most lovely in the land, and offered her knightly and poetic service. But mere love-songs and ordinary spear-breaking were not sufficient proof, he thought, of the ardor of his new passion. For his first mistress he had assumed the character of Queen Venus; for the second he undertook an expedition as King Arthur, the hero of the Round Table. A gap in the old manuscript deprives us of the details of the preparations for King Arthur's journey. We may suppose that they were similar to those made by Queen Venus. All loyal knights were challenged to meet the Monarch, and those that were able to break three spears with him were to be privileged to sit about the Round Table, and to bear the legendary names of Arthur's former companions. Thus a Gawain, a Parcival, a Lancelot, a Tristram soon swelled his train. Wherever he passed, or held his tournaments, he was received with the same enthusiasm that had accompanied Queen Venus's progress. No less a champion than Frederick of Austria announced his intention of measuring his prowess against that of the new Arthur. But the mimic warfare was interrupted by real bloodshed. Frederick was obliged to march against a more earnest and more dangerous enemy. He fell in battle near the Leitta, fighting against the fierce Hungarians. Ulrich, always happy at the prospect of hard blows, had brought his own expedition to an abrupt close, in order to accompany the Austrian prince. He escaped the dangers of the battlefield, only to fall a victim to the treachery of false friends. Two knights attacked him in his castle of Frauenburg, and took him prisoner. His attendants were driven out of the castle, his wife and children were obliged to flee from it. Only one son remained in captivity with him. For fifteen months he was kept chained in his own home, often threatened with death, and,

on one occasion, brought to the window with a rope around his neck and shown to his wife and a few retainers, who had gathered about her, with the assurance that the first attempt at rescue would be the signal of his immediate execution. At last, however, by the intervention of Count Meinhard von Görz, he was released. Neither captivity nor the loss of his estate—for he had to pay heavily for his ransom—could, as he boasts, daunt his spirit. In the midst of his troubles he found comfort in singing the praises of love. His poem closes with advice and instructions to women and to men, with warnings against too hasty love, and with exhortations to constancy. Of his book he says that it is dedicated to good women; many a sweet word has he spoken of them in it, and therefore its name shall be Woman's Service—*Frauendienst*.

But little is known of Ulrich von Liechtenstein's later life. It appears that about 1268 he was arrested on a charge of treason against King Ottocar, and, though released after six months' imprisonment, forfeited two of his castles. His death is supposed to have occurred between 1274 and 1277.

The adventures contained in Ulrich's remarkable book are undoubtedly genuine and worthy of credit, however extraordinary some of them may appear. The fact that, in the beginning of his poem, he professes to have undertaken to narrate nothing but the plain truth about himself, is not necessarily of great weight. Such assertions as this not infrequently preface the purest fiction. For the genuineness of the work we have stronger proof than the author's bare word in the accuracy of all his details, the exactness of all his descriptions, the correctness of his dates. Many of the facts which he relates and of the episodes which he introduces are of known historical authenticity, and their connection with the more personal incidents is so natural as to render all suspicion of imposture and fabrication impossible. Moreover, the very extravagance of the adventures is perhaps the best proof of their truth. They are such as no writer who wished to be believed and to keep up a semblance of truth would ever think of inventing; they are too improbable to be mythical.



As Uhland has justly remarked, that which gives an appearance of fiction to the whole poem is the influence which, at that time, poetry exercised on life itself, an influence, however, which no longer flourished in its natural strength,

but which had become in the highest degree affected and conventional. It is not Ulrich's narrative which is false, but it is the life which he faithfully pictures that is itself wanting in sincerity and in truth.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

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### THE FUTURE OF THE SOUDAN.

BY CAPT. F. A. DE COSSON.

AT great cost we are sending into the heart of the Soudan an important expedition. Though its ostensible object is the relief of General Gordon, public opinion may not improbably compel the English Government to do more than this, and measures may be taken to save the towns of Khartoum and Berber from being in the future completely closed to civilization and commerce. Whatever the task of the future, the moment is opportune for the consideration of the effect which the official recognition of the so-called rights of the slaveholder by our representative at Khartoum early in the year is likely to have on the condition of thousands of unhappy negroes from the upper regions of the Nile, who either are, or will in the future become, slaves. Let me first, however, say, that if I find it necessary to condemn General Gordon's policy, it is not with any wish to detract from the personal character of that gallant officer. At the time the policy I am reviewing was pursued, he was in telegraphic communication with England, and on the 19th February Lord Granville, speaking of him in the House of Lords, said, "We take the responsibility of everything he does. We have given him a very large discretion, and everything he does we approve, we have complete responsibility for." He may, therefore, be spoken of as carrying out a policy for which the Government of this country acknowledged itself responsible, and which in consequence is open to fair criticism. I may mention that I am not a member of the Anti-slavery Society, though I fully appreciate the good work done by that body in opening a home for freed female slaves at Cairo, and that my experience of the Soudan dates from 1873, before General Gordon went there, when I visited the

country for my own pleasure, and had some opportunity of judging the difficulties with which he had to contend. The horrors connected with the slave trade which then came under my personal observation alone were not only sufficient to justify my making the present protest, but to render it a duty for me to do so.

I am aware that the critic in this cause will be told by some, that when so devoted, able, and experienced an officer as General Gordon failed to stamp out slavery in the Soudan, it is presumptuous to say anything more on the subject; while others may point to the circumstance that everybody nowadays admits that slavery is bad in principle, and that it is, therefore, no use merely to declaim against it, unless you have a practical remedy to propose. To these it may be replied that the very fact that now, by the irony of events, General Gordon has undone with his own hand the work he devoted years of his life to accomplish, is the best proof that other methods must be sought to achieve the end we desire, than the exercise of one autocratic individual influence, such as he brought to bear on the Soudan. We often read in history how one great great predominating personality may effect wonders for a time, but the moment that personality is removed from the sphere of its action, the fabric it has founded on itself falls to the ground. Man is fallible, and should provide for the failure of his own schemes. When General Gordon, some years ago, bought black slaves and forced them into his army he foresaw that people would say, "By buying slaves you increase the demand, and indirectly encourage raids." "Yes," he replied, "I should do so, if, after buying them, I still

allowed the raids to continue, which of course I shall not do."\* He did not foresee that the day might come when the slave-hunters would revive in all their cruelty, and that the only lasting mark of his policy would be the desolate homes in many an African village, from which the slaves he had bought had been taken. The good it was intended to effect is even now passing away, while the evil remains irrevocable, written in tears on the sands of Africa.

And this brings me to the second question, the true remedy for the slave-trade. Livingstone pointed it out long ago; Stanley is working out the problem in Western Africa. It is to encourage the enterprise of Western commerce in every possible way, to open up communications, and establish centres of civilization governed by European principles of equity, not by Turkish despotism; the remedy should come from within, not from without. Had half the money that was spent by Egypt on the war against Abyssinia, been devoted to making a railway from Suakim to Berber, the Soudan would not be in its present condition. Communities, like nations, only become demoralized when they are stationary. As the population and prosperity of a colony increases, the God-fearing and law-abiding gain the ascendancy over the ill-disposed; barbaric customs die out like noxious weeds in a rich pasture, and slavery in time becomes an anomaly, as out of place as cold missionary on the sideboard would be in the present day at a New Zealand feast, or roast widow at an Indian funeral.

The soul-killing, emasculating and polygamous institutions of Mohametan-ism, cause moral and political death, and must, in the nature of things, pass away before the advance of Western civilization. The process may be slow, but it is sure, and every care should be taken not to retard it. Even in Turkey, where these monstrous institutions yet linger for a while, the signs of their approaching dissolution are evident to all thinking men. Within another half-century she will either have had to begin a new life more in conformity with Western ideas, or be swept back into

Asia. Lord Beaconsfield knew perfectly well the impossibility of supporting indefinitely a government like that of Turkey. Accordingly, he prepared a way for the extension of British influence on the banks of the Suez Canal, and in that great dark continent which borders our high-road to India, the future of which no one can forecast.

But, it may be urged, what use is it to talk of extending commerce and political influence in a district which it has been decided to abandon? Quite so. If we are going to abandon it, and are unable or unwilling at present to carry on the work of civilization, that makes it only the more imperative that we should do nothing which will tie the hands of future administrators of the country, or that will lead to the increase of barbaric customs during the time that we abandon it to its fate. Surely no one will venture to assert that slavery is an institution which will last forever, or that, in this age of progress, the internal condition of that vast territory lying between the Red Sea and the "Father of Waters," as Dr. Johnson termed the Nile, the highroad to the heart of Africa, will be entirely ignored. It will probably be found that the policy we have been pursuing will not only tie the hands of those who, in the future, may attempt to administer and civilize this great district, but it will also cause immediate misery to thousands of harmless folk dwelling in the equatorial provinces, who will be exposed to the inexpressible horrors of a revived slave trade.

The situation of those unfortunate creatures who are now slaves in the Soudan is all the more worthy of sympathy because, in 1889, they should, according to treaty, have completed the long period fixed for their servitude by ceasing to be marketable commodities. It is much to be regretted that the date when it was decided that slaves should no longer be legal property in the Soudan, was so long deferred. Surely seven years—the old Jewish term of servitude—is labor long enough to earn any man his liberty. It would have been no violation of the legitimate rights of property to declare every slave who has served that time, free *at once*, and entitled to the protection of the law; and further to decree that no property in

\* Col. Gordon in Central Africa.

slaves could thenceforward be acquired. Had this been done during General Gordon's administration of the Soudan, it might have caused a revolt, as he feared; but neither Arabi nor the Mahdi were then in a position to complicate the situation, and the European Powers, for very shame, would have had to support Egypt in suppressing it; nor would any one have ventured to propose the abandonment of the Soudan, with such a cause at stake. "Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished?" said William Pitt. "Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition? By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honorable friends weaken, do they not desert, their own argument of injustice? If, on the ground of injustice, it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now?" And pity it is this counsel did not prevail in 1877, when the convention was concluded which deferred the abolition of slavery in the Soudan till 1889.

It is not, however, my present object to discuss what might have been done in the past. I should not have referred to this convention, were it not that 1884 is the year fixed by it for rendering the possession of slave property illegal in Lower Egypt; and shame will it be to us, when our troops hold the land, and our Ministers direct its government, if we allow the year to pass without carrying this measure out. That it is possible to do so, the Prince of Wales demonstrated in his speech at the Jubilee of the Anti-Slavery Society. "Slavery," he said, "was abolished in India in 1845 by the simple passing of an Act destroying local statutes, and putting the free man and the slave on the same footing before the law. The natural result took place, and millions of slaves gratuitously procured freedom without any sudden dislocation of the rights claimed by their masters. A plan similar to this would be found a most effectual one in Egypt." Lord Granville on the same occasion spoke reprovingly of statesmen "who urged the miserable plea that slavery could not be abolished on the ground of the rights of property." And yet we find that, against his better judgment, he followed the advice of one who in his

published letters has urged that very plea as a reason why slavery could not be justly abolished in the Soudan,\* for in another part of his speech he said, "After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir I was most desirous of giving advice to the Egyptian Government of a very strong and drastic character, and I was rather deterred from proceeding to that by the invaluable advice of an earnest Christian and great enemy to the slave trade, and a great genius himself—I mean General Gordon." Now no one will wish to deny that General Gordon is an earnest Christian and a great genius, or that he has always declared himself an enemy to the slave trade; but we may be permitted to doubt whether the policy with which he is identified is either wise or just, for his advice to Lord Granville and his proclamation to the slaveholders of Khartoum both tend to show that he is inclined to temporize with an "injustice," as Pitt truly called it, which can only be adequately met by the most unflinching opposition. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is a good proverb in its way, but it is not advisable to go so far back that you cannot leap at all. The best means of carrying out the decree of 1877 as regards Lower Egypt is, however, a question which would require a paper to itself, and I can now only earnestly commend it to public attention. My present task is with the Soudan, in which unhappy district, as has been shown, even the protracted vision of emancipation in five years' time, which may have cheered the sinking heart of many a poor slave, has now vanished; and we Englishmen, I blush to say it, have confirmed the right of man to sell his brother man. Far better would it have been had Gordon never been sent to the Soudan, and the Soudanese garrisons left to make their own terms with the Mahdi, than that we should, by word or deed, have given our sanction to this great wrong.

It is true the proclamation published by General Gordon, stating that in future slave-owners will not be interfered with, has been explained to refer to domestic slavery. Let us look at this

\* "You must either pay compensation, or you must allow a term of years in order that slavery may die out."—Col. Gordon in Central Africa.

institution of domestic slavery. No doubt in some households it has the meaning its name implies—that is, the slaves act as servants and are well cared for; but it is a common practice in the East for men, with no means of their own to buy a slave or two on credit, and farm the poor creatures out, forcing them to earn enough to pay their own purchase-money and keep their master in idleness as well. The slave may earn by his industry many times the price his master gave for him, but he does not earn his freedom, and, if he dies possessed of any money, the master can take it and leave the widow and orphan of his bondsman destitute. Sad, indeed, is the condition of the slaves, male or female, who have such an owner. Hope may spring eternal in the human breast, but there is little hope for them; a life of incessant toil, and, in the case of women, often of infamy as well, is all they have to look forward to, till, when they have ceased to be longer able to gain the income their tyrant expects of them, death from starvation or ill-treatment puts an end to their miseries.

A great deal has been said about the compensation due to slave-owners, but to my less tender conscience it seems that compensation is due to the slave, who has spent the best years of his life in labor which his master never had any right to demand of him. However this may be, it is certain that if we sanction domestic slavery in *any* form, it creates a demand for slaves, and the market will be supplied by raiding; for in the East it is not the custom to breed slaves or a large scale, as we did in our West Indian colonies. The supply being so near at hand, it is cheaper to obtain them by raiding at an age when they are fit for work. Again, if General Gordon's mission was simply to arrange for the withdrawal of the Soudan garrisons, as was stated in Parliament, how could he possibly enforce any distinctions between domestic slavery and wholesale slave-dealing in a country that was about to be evacuated? And here it may be observed, that exactly in proportion to the vigilance our cruisers display in watching for slave-dhows crossing the Red Sea, will the sufferings of slaves whom it is intended to smuggle over become more intense; because they have

often to be conveyed by out-of-the-way routes, where food and water cannot be obtained, in order that they may not be discovered. Lastly, does any one who knows the East seriously believe that a proclamation, emanating from the British Government, and sanctioning the possession and sale of slaves, however ingeniously it may be worded, will be understood by the majority of Orientals to be limited to domestic slavery alone? Certainly not. All they will understand is that the power which has invariably used her utmost efforts to suppress slavery in every part of the globe, has suddenly reversed the policy of a century and proclaimed openly in favor of slave-holders, lest they should be subject to "regret," as the proclamation quaintly puts it. What will they care about fine distinctions drawn in Parliament? They will simply see that a good time has come for the slave-merchant, and be prompt to take advantage of it.

Now it is within the range of probability that the rebellion, and in fact the whole prestige of the Mahdi, may collapse before the advance of a powerful English force at Khartoum. King Theodore's power crumbled to pieces the moment we approached his stronghold of Magdala, and he discovered that he could not retire beyond our reach. Just as Mahomet Ali's presence at Khartoum completed the conquest of the Soudan, it is quite possible that our arrival there will insure the submission of the Arab tribes, and that Lord Wolseley will find himself able to appoint governors chosen from among the native chiefs, who, having a wholesome dread of English power, will undertake to keep the trade routes open. In such an event it is important that England should make it clearly understood that she will give no recognition whatever to any right the slave-owner may attempt to claim over his fellow-beings, and that she will not allow governors appointed with her sanction to quote General Gordon's proclamation as an excuse for conniving at an illicit slave trade.

It has been urged that as we are powerless to emancipate the slaves, General Gordon's proclamation can do no harm. This is a grave error. By officially declaring the legality of slave



property, we, in the first place, make it a safe investment which will encourage its acquisition, and in the second place, we put the whole power of the law at the disposal of the slave-owner. If a slave escapes from his master and appeals to a local governor for protection, the representative of the law will have no choice but to give him back; the master can claim the assistance of the Government to recover his property, while the slave, the weaker party, has no redress. If, on the contrary, the possession of slave property were steadily ignored, a slave-owner applying to a local official to assist him in recapturing a slave would be told that he could receive no assistance, as the slave was not recognized as legal property. This might not put an end to slavery, but it would make it the interest of the master to treat his slaves kindly in order that they should not run away from him, and would act as a direct deterrent to the investment of capital in slaves. It will be seen, therefore, that even though it may not now be possible to take measures to suppress slavery in the Soudan, the official recognition of the rights of the slave-owner must seriously affect the condition of the existing slaves, and tend to stimulate the traffic.

It is true that this monstrous proclamation procured the safe arrival of Gordon at Khartoum. I do not hesitate to say it would have procured the safe arrival of anybody, very much as it would be safe for a member of Parliament to visit a den of thieves and murderers, if he went provided with a message from the Home Secretary to the effect that the police of a paternal Government, fearing they "might regret" severe measures, would in future regard their operations with indifference; for the worst scoundrel would be so delighted at the good news that he could hardly wish to harm the messenger. But was not the price too great to pay, and where was the use of Gordon's undoubted personal prestige if it was thought necessary to send such a message before him? If the only object of General Gordon's mission had been to get the garrison of Khartoum down to Berber at once, he could easily have effected that object under cover of this proclamation. But, most unwisely, it

was not only decided that the garrisons of Senaar and Kassala should be relieved from Khartoum instead of from Abyssinia, but that Gordon should be empowered to settle the nomination of the future native administrators of the country, thus keeping up a semblance of Egyptian authority which there was no power to support, instead of frankly withdrawing from the place, as we did in the case of Abyssinia, and leaving the tribes to settle their government among themselves.

There were only two really feasible policies applicable to the Soudan: one to establish an equitable administration supported by British arms; the other to abandon the country absolutely, and leave the native chiefs to themselves, even at the risk of there being a period of anarchy. The third course, adopted by the Government—the expression of a hope that General Gordon would remain at Khartoum for some time, was least likely to produce good results, because, without any physical force to back it, it attempted to continue an Egyptian control hateful to the natives. It was enough to undermine General Gordon's chances of success that he held a commission from the Khedive, and, the idea that, as an agent of Egypt, he could settle the local government without troops, was impractical.

The reason why General Gordon should not have held a commission from the Khedive, is a point which appears never to have been properly understood. The Soudanese have been so horribly ground down and oppressed by members of the Turkish governing class appointed from Egypt, that they abhor Egyptian officials with the bitter rancor begot of accumulated wrongs; the influence of the Mahdi, indeed the whole rebellion, is nothing but the natural outcome of this feeling among a people who, after being oppressed for generations, have suddenly discovered that they are stronger than their tyrants. It should not be forgotten that it was principally to the cupidity of the Egyptian governors that the East African slave trade owed its development. The old native sultans of Darfur exported one slave caravan yearly, but Zebahr soon made the slave traffic the staple commerce of the province, and though some

men grew rich, the people of the interior suffered in proportion. True, General Gordon proposed to appoint the descendants of former sultans as governors to the different districts of the Soudan, but they were to receive their appointments through him as Egyptian Governor-General; and the natives only saw a change of name with no prospect of shaking off the old tyranny. So long as Egyptian officials appointed the governors of the Soudan, what guarantee had they that when General Gordon departed they would not be harassed as before? Nay, they had the certainty of it, when such a King Stork as Zebahr was proposed as his successor. Thus if any attempt is made, as most certainly it should be made, to leave a government behind us when our troops retire from the Eastern Soudan, the appointment of the governors should not again be placed in the hands of Egypt. An English resident should be appointed at Suakim, until such time as it might be found safe to establish him at Khartoum. To him the chiefs of the Arab tribes should be instructed to come for advice. By him alone, the appointment of such governors as may be best able to perform their duties should be sanctioned. The people should be taught that England does not wish them to be again oppressed by Egyptian rulers, and that they have everything to gain from friendly relations with this country. In short the old blunder of attempting to keep up a semblance of Egyptian power in the Soudan, when we have practically forced Egypt to abandon that country, must not be committed again.

We have only to glance at events to see how disastrous was the policy we tried to pursue. General Gordon's efforts to retain for Egypt a sort of suzerainty over the Soudan, while he had no sufficient force to support him, soon produced a crop of troubles, notwithstanding the famous slave proclamation which was to have done so much. Then our Commissioner, who went on a purely peaceful mission, suddenly developed into a belligerent, and said in another proclamation dated February 26th—

"My advice has not been listened to, and I am therefore forced against my will to send for British troops, who are

now on the road and will arrive in a few days. I shall severely punish all who will not change their conduct."

In reply to a question in Parliament, Lord E. Fitzmaurice did not deny that such a proclamation had been issued, but he did deny that British troops had been ordered to Khartoum or were on their way thither. Supposing, therefore, that the version of the proclamation published in the papers be correct, can any one imagine a more rash announcement or one less likely to stimulate respect for English authority? The Orientals, who are themselves past-masters in the art of vaunting, must have wondered to see the plenipotentiary of a great nation issue a statement which a few days alone were sufficient to contradict, and it is no wonder if things went from bad to worse at Khartoum. There must have been sad equivocation somewhere; either General Gordon did order troops to be sent to him or he did not.

Meanwhile, in the same spirit as our peaceful agent's warlike threats, we killed a few thousand Arabs, many of them fathers of families, on the Red Sea shore, not because they were slave-traders and refused to give up their horrible traffic, but because they refused to disperse when we ordered them to do so, though we were careful to tell them that we were not at war with them, and even went so far as to place a letter on a flagstaff to apprise them of the fact. These poor people were fighting for their religious convictions and to shake off the burdensome yoke of Egyptian rule, under which they had groaned for many generations. Had a European people been fighting under similar conditions, perhaps we should have been told that it was a struggle for faith and freedom. How can these ignorant Arabs be supposed to have understood that we were not at war with them, when they saw our flag floating side by side with that of Egypt? However, our troops killed them by thousands, and we may have succeeded in striking terror into our adversaries; but, bravely as our men fought, we can scarcely be said to have won anything but barren laurels in the Soudan. The roads to Berber and Khartoum still remain closed, and we are very much in the same position we were before General

Graham took the field ; while the only lasting piece of work we have done is to slay a large number of the population, and inform the slave-dealers that we officially recognize their horrible industry. Surely, if we had not the power to put down slavery in the Soudan, we might at least have refrained from sanctioning it.

Slavery in the West Indian colonies was terrible, but this East African trade has yet another element of horror which did not exist there : I allude to the mutilation of those hideous black monsters who guard Eastern harems, and are the outcome of unspeakable barbarities. Yet though with virtuous indignation we made Admiral Hewett withdraw a proclamation which threatened the life of *one* man, no cry of national indignation has arisen for the recall of the proclamation which, because it gives a direct stimulus to slave-dealing and sanctions the possession of slaves in the future, will be virtually the death-warrant of hundreds of innocent creatures, male and female, children and old persons, who will in the next few years perish by famine and thirst, exposure and cruelty : now shot by their captors or exposed to the most awful violence ; now sinking exhausted and fever-stricken in the burning sands of the desert, strewing the dreary route to the shores of the Red Sea with their bones, or only reaching their journey's end to find a fresh instalment of hard blows and harder work appointed them by their unfeeling taskmasters, to whom, should they dare to run away, it appears, as matters now stand, that they will be handed back under the very folds of the British flag.

In reviewing our past action in the Soudan, I have endeavored to show that neither the policy of conciliation with which we commenced, nor that of intimidation with which we continued, has produced any practical result. It is not now necessary to enter into the question of the proposed appointment of Zebehr Pasha as a successor to Gordon, because the Government have decided that they cannot sanction the proposal ; nor could they have come to any other decision. You may not wish your sheep to stray, but clearly it is neither right nor safe to give them a wolf as a shepherd ; better far that they should

run wild. With regard to the appointment of the Mahdi to the Sultanate of Kordofan, if, as Lord Hartington stated on April 3d, it was General Gordon's conviction that "To secure the quiet of Egypt and settled government in the Soudan, it was necessary that the Mahdi and the rebellion of which the Mahdi was the head should be completely subdued and crushed," the dignity of England would perhaps have been better maintained had such an appointment never been offered to the false prophet. However, the appointment was cancelled, the Mahdi having shown himself sufficiently consistent to scruple about accepting office from unbelievers, though the unbelievers did not scruple to offer it to him. But General Gordon has not been able, as he had hoped, to "subdue and crush" the Mahdi with the resources he found at Khartoum. Lord Hartington said, "He left this country with the most distinct and clear understanding, repeated over and over again by myself, that the mission which he was going to undertake was one to be undertaken with such resources as he might find on the spot, and that there should be no British expedition for the relief of Khartoum or any garrison in the Soudan."

The dispatch of the present expedition is a sufficient proof that General Gordon overrated his powers. Even had General Gordon succeeded in establishing such a government as he designed, it would have been stamped with an official recognition of slavery as unworthy of England as it would have been cruelly unjust ; and when General Gordon withdrew from the Soudan, that country would either have relapsed again into anarchy, or the reins of power would have had to be placed in the grasp of some iron-handed tyrant like Zebehr. It is useless to suppose that the people will ever again submit themselves willingly to Egyptian rule.

What then is to be done ? There is only one answer. The Soudan must be honestly severed from Egypt, as we originally declared it should be. If she is unable to retain it by her own arms, it is clearly not our duty to reconquer it for her and to force the people again into the power of her corrupt Pachas. We have already slain far too many of

the Soudanese without any clear object, and it is now time that we should propose to ourselves a definite line of action. There is no reason why we should allow the Soudan to sink back into barbarism. Common humanity, the interests of civilization, indeed our own interest, which is great, in the future commercial development of Africa, and the lives that have been and may yet be sacrificed in the Soudan, all demand that something more than a march up to Khartoum with a mighty force and then a march back again should be accomplished. Our greatest military authority has decided that the direct advance on Khartoum up the valley of the Nile is the best; and even those who do not agree with him must admit that so able a soldier would hardly have staked his military reputation on following this route unless he had serious grounds for his decision. But, even though our generals have reason to believe that the Nile route will be the best for the troops to follow, the railway from Suakim to Berber will yet have to be constructed, if we wish to keep open the road to Khartoum and to command access to the heart of Africa, for it is by this route that fuel can be more easily conveyed to the steamers that ply on the Nile. The existence of such a railway alone will give us control over the tribes inhabiting the desert on the eastern side of the river. Even from a strategical point of view the Suakim line would be valuable, as threatening the flank of any movement the Mahdi might wish to make on Lower Egypt. Had this railway between Suakim and Berber been constructed some years ago, it would have saved us from our present troubles in the Soudan. Mr. Stanley has already shown that it is possible to establish communication between the Congo and Khartoum. Join Khartoum with the Red Sea by means of steam, and what a dazzling prospect is opened to the eyes of the philanthropist and the pioneer.

It will, I believe, be found that Wady Half is the most convenient military and political frontier of Egypt; and the most satisfactory arrangement would be for the territory east of the Nile lying between that point and latitude N. 15° to be rendered independent and gov-

erned by native chiefs under English protection. That the principal Arab tribes would be willing to place themselves under such protection there is little doubt, and the road would thus be kept clear to the regions of the Upper Nile, and a door left open for the advance of civilization. It would be a noble thing, indeed, if this British expedition to save one man were to become the turning-point in the development of that great continent which is destined to be one of the future granaries of Europe; but it would be worse than a crime if our presence in and retirement from the country were only to give a date to the epoch when it was flung back into barbarism and closed to civilization.

The question may now be asked, what will be the future of the Soudan if our troops and General Gordon depart, and leave the people to themselves? Will it remain a scene of anarchy and bloodshed? I think not. When General Gordon's relief has been accomplished by an English force, the Arabs, like the Abyssinians, will acquire a wholesome respect for the far-reaching arm of British power, and when the last Egyptian troops have departed and there is no longer a common foe to fight, the nomad tribes will be only too glad to return to the more peaceful occupations of camel breeding and commerce, from which they derive the greater part of their wealth. Only there must be no corrupt Turkish officials appointed over them by Egyptian influence to stir them up to fresh revolt, nor must there be any official recognition by British officers of the rights of the slaveowner. If we cannot abolish slavery in the Soudan, we must at least not sanction it in any form; a great nation like England, even if it were supposed politically expedient to do so, must never countenance cruelty and injustice by word or deed.

And when this wave of fanaticism has passed, as pass it will, I trust it may be our part to initiate a new conquest of the Soudan more glorious than that of Mahomet Ali, not by slaying the people, or by annexing distant provinces, like Ismail Pasha, before we have developed the resources of those nearer home; but by proceeding step by step on the



path of civilization,—making railways, opening communications, encouraging colonization, and establishing fair and friendly intercourse with the people of the soil. Thus shall our work prosper, and good arise out of evil. Egypt has lost the Soudan by the sword as of old she won it. Let it be for England to teach the blessings of peace, industry, and justice to the inhabitants of this

long-oppressed country, by the power, and example of her commerce. And above all let it be known through the length and breadth of Africa that where Englishmen go there justice and mercy follow, and that the poor slave flying from persecution shall never fail to find protection and kindness beneath the Union-Jack.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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"DE MORTUIS."

BY W. W. S.

"Manibus date lilia plenis  
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque . . .  
His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani munere."

Oh come let us haste to his grave, let us scatter rich garlands of flowers !  
We gave him scant honor while living, faint reticent praises were ours  
For his genius, his virtues, his courage,—but now his quick spirit hath fled :  
O'er his tomb wreaths of roses and laurels and bays let us strew to him dead.  
Ay, now, when all weeping and praising are utterly vain, let us weep !  
Let us praise him ungrudgingly now that, unconscious, he sleeps his last sleep.

Will he heed what we say ?—Will he hear us and see us ? Ah no ! 'tis too late !  
We are always too late with our praises and pæans,—delaying, we wait,  
Till Death shrouds the windows and darkens life's warm breathing house with its  
pall,  
And in vain to the tenant departed, Love, Friendship, or Calumny call.  
Ah then we arouse in our griefs, ah then, and then only, the meed  
That was due to the warm living spirit, we give to the cold senseless dead.

For our brother while here he is striving and moving along the world's ways,  
We have only harsh judgments, stern counsel, half-uttered affections, cold praise..  
Our cheer of full-hearted approval, our frank quick applause we deny ;  
Envy, Malice, and Jealousy, Calumny, all the world's hounds in full cry  
Unrelenting pursue him—while Friendship barks low in the rear of the race,  
Reluctant, perhaps, at his faults and his frailties till Death ends the chase.

Ah then all his virtues, his merits shine forth, all the charms that he owned,  
Rise up unobscured in their beauty, all frailties and faults are atoned.  
All the good is remembered and pondered, the bad swept away out of sight,  
And in death we behold him transfigured, and robed in memorial light.  
We lament when lamenting is useless, we praise when all praises are vain,  
And then, turning back and forgetting, begin the same sad work again.

Ah ! why did we stint to him living our gift ? Were we poor ? Had we naught,—  
Not a wreath, not a flower for our friend to whose grave we such tribute have  
brought ?

Ah no ! the largess of the heart that had strengthened and gladdened his soul  
We refused him, and proffered him only the critic's poor miserly dole.  
Still we meant to be just, so we claim, though the judgment was cold that we  
gave.

Was our justice then better than love ?—Come, say ! as you stand by his grave.

## COMING INTO PORT.

BY W. W. S.

I HAVE weathered the turbulent cape of storms  
Where the winds of passion blow ;  
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam  
The shallows they lurk below ;  
I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,  
And the wild strong stress of the gale,  
As my brave barque quivered and leaped, alive,  
To the strain of its crowded sail.  
Then the masterful spirit was on me,  
And with Nature I wrestled glad ;  
And danger was like a passionate bride,  
And Love was itself half mad.  
Then Life was a storm that blew me on,  
And flew as the wild winds fly ;  
And Hope was a pennon streaming out  
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh the golden days, the glorious days  
That so lavish of life we spent !  
Oh the dreaming nights with the silent stars  
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent !  
Oh the light, light heart and the strong desire,  
And the pulse's quickening thrill,  
When Joy lived with us, and Beauty smiled,  
And Youth had its free, full will !  
The whole wide world was before us then,  
And never our spirits failed,  
And we never looked back, but onward, onward  
Into the Future we sailed.  
Ever before us the far horizon  
Whose dim and exquisite line  
Alone divided our Earth from Heaven,  
Our Life from a Life divine.

Now my voyage is wellnigh over,  
And my stanchest spars are gone ;  
And my sails are rent, and my barnacled barque  
Drags slowly and heavily on.  
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore  
With its odors dim and sweet,  
And soon in the silent harbor of peace  
Long-parted friends I shall greet.  
The voyage is wellnigh over,  
Though at times a capful of wind  
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails,  
And furrow a wake behind.  
But the sea has become a weariness,  
And glad into port I shall come  
With my sails all furled, and my anchor dropped,  
And my cargo carried home.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## NEWSPAPERS AND ENGLISH: A DIALOGUE.

BY H. D. T.

*Garniston.* What, Warnford! corrupting your style by studying a newspaper? Didn't I understand you to say that you were composing a paper to be read this evening before the Eclectic Society?

*Warnford.* How do you know I am not studying one of my own leaders?

*G.* How do you know that that is not exactly what I am assuming?

*W.* Oh! then you believe that a man whose style would not otherwise be vicious, may demoralise it by reading his own writings.

*G.* Many a man could have no worse model. But you know very well what I mean, Warnford. What you are reading in that newspaper is not your own writing, in the sense of being your own thoughts expressed in your own language. It is the thoughts of your political party expressed in the language of—well, in the language of your guild. I can't describe it otherwise. It is essentially a language of itself: English, of course, or at any rate for the most part, in its vocabulary; English, too, in its accidentance and syntax, and differing, therefore, in the first of these two respects from a "patter," and in the second from a *patois*—from the cant or *argot* of a class, on the one hand, and from the dialect of a tribe, on the other. And in both respects—but perhaps I offend you by my freedom.

*W.* Not at all. I am admiring the accuracy of your philological criticism. The peculiar diction of journalism has never, I think, been better described. I recognize at once the elements both of its weakness and its strength, the sources alike of its power and its limitations. All I fail to perceive is its corrupting influence. If it is neither *argot* nor *patois*, where is the mischief of using it?

*G.* Where? Why, my dear fellow, in the very fact on which you seem to rely. No one is the worse for possessing a knowledge of slang, or acquiring the mastery of a dialect; for neither pretends to be more than an accretion upon, or a corruption of, the language

to which it belongs. It is not the medal or the token that debases a currency, it is the spurious coin—and the more mischievously in proportion to the closeness of the imitation. If the journalistic "lingo" had either a little more of the metal, or a little less of the semblance of genuine English, its enormously wide circulation in these days would no doubt do comparatively little harm.

*W.* Whereas?

*G.* Eh? what? Oh, come, Warnford, these dialectical thrustings of a naturally polite man into the corner of incivility are really in bad taste. Well, then, if you will have it—whereas its circulation produces, as it is, an effect which I could not correctly describe without comparing a most excellent man, and my very good friend, to a professional manufacturer of bad half-crowns.

*W.* Good. And now let me express my extreme surprise, Garniston, that a man of your independent judgment and force of character should have permitted yourself to become the mouth-piece of so false and silly a cry as that which I have now for the first time heard you echo. Have you ever really examined the grounds of the charge which you are making against the newspapers?

*G.* Well, of course I have not scrutinised it as jealously as though it were a tribute to their merits. You are always demanding some impossibilities of self-mortifying rigor, Warnford.

*W.* If you have not examined it, let me do so for you.

*G.* Do; and put the results of your inquiries into a "social" leader, as I understand you and your fellow-craftsmen describe every disquisition you give us on any subject at all broader or of more permanent interest than last night's Parliamentary debate, whether it be an excursion into the Philosophy of the Unconscious, or a thoughtful essay on the true method of disposing of the metropolitan sewage.

*W.* Well, I conceive that both are

subjects with which society is more or less concerned.

G. Undoubtedly—more or less; but so, after all, it is supposed to be with politics. To divide all subjects of human interest into political and social, and to lump together as "social" all that infinite variety of matters which lie outside the range, as I say, of last night's Parliamentary debate, does strike one as a somewhat rough and ready method of classification. But perhaps you do not go so far as to maintain that journalism actually tends to promote philosophic accuracy in the use of language.

W. I don't know what I may find myself contending for when we once get fairly in dispute: it is that, I think, which constitutes one of the most pleasing features of familiar controversy, and—

G. Stop! I beg your pardon! One moment just to take down the phrase you have last let fall. All right, go on!

W. I see what is preparing for me, and I defy you. But to finish what I was saying. I do not propose to maintain, at least for the present, that journalism "tends"—I had better repeat your exact words—"to promote philosophic accuracy in the use of language." When an unfortunate gentleman is brought up on a charge of coining, the first thing for him to do is to rebut the accusation. It will be time enough for him to attempt to show that he is a public benefactor when he has satisfied his judge that he is not a public malefactor. So here. I shall be quite content, at any rate, for the present, with acquitting myself and my fellows of the charge of debasing or defacing the verbal coinage of my country without claiming to have purified or brightened it. Enough if we do not clip or alloy the money of the English tongue; it is too much to expect of us, or for us to claim for ourselves, that the coins come out of our hands with more gold in them to the ounce, and with a sharper and cleaner cut device and legend upon their face. The second position I cannot hope to establish; the first I can and will.

G. "To't" then! as our friend the Danish gravedigger says. "To't."

W. I am quite ready! What is the charge?

G. Eh? the charge? Well, upon my word I thought I had expressed it with great precision.

W. What, by a metaphor! A pretty situation if a man's life is to depend upon his accuser's possessing a just appreciation of analogy and a nice discrimination in the employment of rhetorical figures.

G. 'Ation! 'ation! 'ation! I shall have something to say about that presently.

W. With all my heart; and in the meantime I will meet your accusation in the form it took at the very opening of this colloquy. You made, or you implied, the charge against newspaper writers of corrupting the English prose style. That is a little different, of course, from the charge of debasing the English language, and as, being much the more vague, it is the easier to sustain and the harder to refute, I dare say you will prefer that form of the accusation to the other.

G. I think, if you don't mind, I should like to avail myself of both, though not, of course, at the same time.

W. I am obliged to you for that last concession at any rate. It is by no means a common form of forbearance, I assure you.

G. Well, then, as to debasing the language—

W. Yes, as to debasing the language. I shall be happy to save you as much trouble as possible in establishing that part of your case. Allow me to read you a list of admissions which I have at various times committed to paper with a view to the discussion of this particular subject. I admit that when events "transpire," in correct English it does not mean that they happen, and it does not mean that having happened they get abroad; whereas by transpiring in newspaper English, they do not get abroad but only happen. I admit that when we call a man "reliable," we neither strengthen nor adorn the English language, and I may here add that I have tried not to smile when I have heard, as I actually have, a purist object to the word on the ground that as long as "trustworthy" was available to express the idea, "reliable" could not be indis-



*pensable.* In other words, I recognise a mysterious guilt in burking the preposition "on" which does not attach to the suppression of the particles "of" and "with." I admit further that the words—

*G.* There, that will do, Warnford. You need not give us the whole string of pearls. I know it is a long one. But since you admit the solecisms—

*W.* Ah! Unfortunate people of Soli! Do you believe they really spoke worse Greek than their neighbors—that they were really sinners against grammar above all men that dwelt in Cilicia? O Soli! O Siloam! It is the way of the world, however. Those unlucky colonists, and we unlucky journalists, are simply the "eighteen upon whom the tower fell."

*G.* Oh, nonsense! You are evading the gist of the charge. The accusation against you is not that you use worse English than other people—

*W.* Members of Parliament, for instance. Why, they owe the only grammar they can boast of to those who have least of it to spare among ourselves. Our most indigent class contrives to give of its superfluity to the destitute senator: and out of the scanty grammatical wardrobe of the reporter is his nakedness clothed. Nay, the figure is not strong enough. The debt of the parliamentary orator to the parliamentary reporter is not for clothing alone but for surgery—for the splints upon the fractures of his sentences, and for the sutures of their gaping wounds.

*G.* My dear Warnford, you give yourself a vast amount of unnecessary trouble. No one has ventured upon anything so audacious as to compare the grammar of debate, or even of completed legislation, with that of the newspaper.

*W.* The bar, then? or the pulpit? Even in the ablest of those forensic speeches which decide the issue of a law suit how many nominatives remain "pending!" How often will the changes of heart among a congregation compare either in suddenness or completeness with the changes of construction in their preacher's sentences!

*G.* You seem to forget that grammatical errors are somewhat more pardonable in spoken than in written dis-

course: but I repeat that the charge against you is not that newspapers use worse English—and please to observe that it is you who are now mixing up questions of syntax with those of vocabulary—than other people, but that owing to the enormous audiences whom they address daily they infect the largest of possible number of people with their own habits of inaccuracy.

*W.* And I have really lived to hear that parrot cry from lips so accustomed to utter sense as yours. What man capable of being so "infected," as you call it, can have any health in him? Take the score or so of solecisms—if there be so many—for which the newspapers have obtained currency. By whom pray among their readers are they picked up and made use of? By those who have otherwise any purity of speech to be contaminated? or by those—the uneducated—who learn more genuine words of their mother-tongue from the newspaper than from any other printed matter, and who daily commit ten times as many sins against the language and its grammar than the newspaper is guilty of in a year?

*G.* The more ignorant the reader, the easier, of course, to corrupt him; but I am far from admitting that newspapers have not taught tricks of incorrect speech to people whom education might otherwise have enabled to avoid them.

*W.* Then enumerate these tricks, I beg of you, and let us see how many they amount to. Do not trust to your "transpire" and your "reliable," and the one or two other stale examples of inaccuracies which the journalist was either not the first to commit, or has done more than any one else to expose and ridicule. Let us hear the whole list. I shall be much surprised if the number of such offences which can fairly be brought home to the newspaper-writer are found to exceed a dozen.

*G.* Be it so, my dear Warnford, be it so. Moreover, the charge of corrupting our vocabulary is not one on which I am personally much disposed to rely. The number of questionable additions which the language has received from the newspapers must necessarily be small: for if we except the lendings of recognized slang, the total number of such additions which have been made

from any source during the present age is itself not considerable.

*W.* Now that last is a proposition which I should have been inclined to dispute. But proceed: I dare say I shall have an opportunity of disputing it later on.

*G.* I have known you go so far as to create one. I don't know, however, that I had much more to say when you interposed, except this: that the much more plausible charge against you and your fellow-penmen is that of depraving English style. I should like to hear you on that point, I confess.

*W.* Would you? Then you must give me something to answer. What is to "deprave" a style? What is English style? Nay, what is style itself?

*G.* Why stop there, my dear fellow? Pray go on. By all means let us thresh the whole matter thoroughly out. What is the origin of language? What are the causal relations and what the order of succession in time between the class-name and the concept? By what process—

*W.* You are wasting your satire upon me, Garniston. My question was a simple one enough from the experimental side, and not requiring any profound researches into the metaphysics of philology in order to answer it. One need not know the chemistry of either pure or muddy water to be able to say when one has been contaminated by the other. The eye will tell you that the liquid has become turbid. But I think that when you are asserting, not the fact of contamination but the process, you are bound to give some intelligible account of the pure water, and some rational description of the mud.

*G.* Well, there is no great difficulty in that if you will allow me to confine myself to it. But do you know I have for some unaccountable reason—

*W.* Some "unaccountable-for" reason you would say, if you were a reliable-on grammarian.

*G.* Conceived a strong desire to attempt the task you offer to excuse me from. I should like to define "style" in language.

*W.* Meaning, I suppose, the correct, the "best style"?

*G.* Exactly.

*W.* Then you believe there is only one to which that description applies?

*G.* You shall see. Style, then, as I should define it, consists in such a choice and collocation of words, combined with such individual structure and collective arrangement of sentences, as may, while giving the clearest, briefest, and most forcible expression to the thought, assist at the same time the most powerfully to maintain in the reader the state of feeling most appropriate to the subject-matter.

*W.* Allow me, my dear Garniston, to congratulate you.

*G.* On my definition?

*W.* On your wind. If I remember rightly you won the mile race in our school athletics; but I had no idea you still kept yourself in such excellent training in middle age.

*G.* Your ironical compliment, if you only knew it, is genuinely flattering. Length of wind is most valuable to those who have a long distance to travel, and I maintain that my definition is not to be shortened by a single stage. Choice of words and order of words we all admit to be points of first importance to style; nor less so, the arrangement of sentences. Nor will you deny that clearness, brevity, and force in the expression of thought are three qualities of equivalent necessity to whosoever lays claims to the mastery of a good style. The first suffices only for the equipment of a Parliamentary draftsman. Acts of Parliament convey their meaning clearly.

*W.* Do they?

*G.* The ideal Act of Parliament does. All legal documents express, or are supposed to express, the meaning embodied in them with clearness, and some few do so with brevity—that is without superabundance of words, but none of them study to do so with force. Of two words equally unambiguous, of two constructions equally apt, of two sentences equally short, the lawyer and the Parliamentary draftsman do not of design select that word which is the most telling, that construction or sentence which drives most smartly home the nail of meaning with the hammer of emphasis. And lastly, having neither of them any particular state of feeling in their readers—nothing but a purely in-

intellectual condition—to take account of, neither of them are of course in the least degree solicitous about the existence of any corresponding quality in their work. It is only where to clearness, brevity, and force of expression a writer adds that tact and sensibility which keeps the tone of his diction in harmony with the feelings suggested by his thought that he becomes master, in my judgment at least, of the gift of style.

*W.* You say nothing of simplicity.

*G.* Why should I? How can the clearest and briefest expression be other than the simplest?

*W.* Nor of grace.

*G.* Fulfil the commandment I have given you and grace shall be added unto you. Grace is only symmetry and symmetry only the perfect balance and mutual adaptation of component parts. Let thought but wed itself to expression, as my canon, I believe, unites them, and grace will be born.

*W.* H'm: the parentage seems a little commonplace, but highly respectable. Much, however, that passes for grace in literature is not I fear, the offspring of any lawful union whatever. However, I am extremely obliged to you for permitting me to hear your views on the subject. And now shall we resume our discussion?

*G.* By all means: but I am not without hopes of exhibiting a certain remote connection between what I have been saying and the matter in hand.

*W.* What! All that highly abstract and to my intelligence, if you will excuse its weakness, that decidedly hazy stuff about adapting the tone of the writer to the feeling of the reader—stuff which if it had, as of course it has, meaning—

*G.* Thank you! Your faith is touching.

*W.* Can only mean that there is no such thing as style in the singular number, but as many different styles as there are differences of subject-matter.

*G.* And suppose that is what I mean to maintain? What if style should be, in the ultimate analysis, not an objective quality of language but a certain subjective relation between the mode of the writer as affected by his theme and an objective—

*W.* Exactly! What if it should be?

*G.* Scoff not, O professional scoffer! Even the words "objective" and "subjective" may conceal a definite meaning. Perhaps I shall put it in words less open to the jests of the irreverent if I say concretely that the writer who possesses style must possess in more or less near approach to perfection the power of fitting all varieties of matter to corresponding varieties of manner, and that the writers, great as many of them, immortal as some of them are, are nothing else—I shrink, in speaking of them, from saying nothing more—so far as regards the vehicle of expression, than magnificent mannerists. What else was Gibbon? What else was Macaulay? What else Carlyle? If fitness is a condition of excellence, what can be less excellent in their ridiculous disparity with their subject-matter than some of Gibbon's stately periods when the historian of the Roman Empire is engaged upon a mean or commonplace portion of his subject. Or what, by the same test, can be less excellent than Macaulay's jerky sentences in a passage of pure narrative; or than Carlyle's violently elliptical manner where he has a "case to state?" Give Gibbon a great event to describe, or even a "solemn creed to sap," and his constant solemnity is well enough. Give Macaulay an interesting individuality—a Tory statesman's for choice—to analyse, and his crisp antithetic manner is the perfection of style, whatever historic truth may have to say to it, in relation to that particular subject-matter. Give Carlyle a dramatic incident to relate, or a picturesque figure to sketch, and his triumphs in the qualities of vividness and beauty will make us forget everything else in his writings that has ever repelled us, and pronounce him, here at any rate, the greatest stylist that ever lived. But except in those kinds of writing wherein each excels does style exist for any one of the three?

*W.* Perhaps not. You are victoriously achieving the victory which your definitions have prepared for you. Style, then, is nothing but the natural outcome of a plastic intelligence quickly responsive to every change of mood.

*G.* Well! Is that so very unworthy an account of it?

*W.* No, indeed. But I am forced to admit that it is beyond the reach of the humble writer in the newspapers. Circumstances are not so kind as to provide him with many of those changes of mood whereby alone he could test the elasticity and adaptability of his style. He is usually obliged to take the moods the gods provide.

*G.* Let us go back, then, by all means to a simpler matter. Let us begin with the element of simplicity itself. Will you say that your beloved newspapers—

*W.* My beloved newspapers!

*G.* Yes, confectioner, I repeat the word. Your beloved tarts! Come! the earlier nausea of surfeit is not perpetual, and for the materials of his trade the honest man contracts an affection above the vulgarity of relish. Will you say that your newspapers have not done much to destroy, at any rate, the simplicity of English written Speech?

*W.* Will you say that they have?

*G.* I will: I do. With the proviso, of course, that I do not guarantee the soundness of every separate count in the indictment. I will take the gravest first. You are accused of neglecting and despising the Saxon element in our language, and of displaying an undue and pedantic preference for Latin forms.

*W.* What that old friend! I know now, Garniston, why you said you would not guarantee the soundness of every separate count in the indictment. It was, indeed, a prudent precaution. I don't expect to find *you* pronouncing an educated approval of that vulgar and ignorant charge.

*G.* Since when has the advocate been bound to back up his professional with his private opinion? You are called upon to plead, not to cross-examine.

*W.* I plead, then, to the jurisdiction. I have never yet met a man of those who assume to sit in judgment on newspapers upon that charge, who was philologically qualified for a seat on the bench. I have the gravest doubts whether many of those who pretend to one are able to distinguish between a Saxon and a Latin word.

*G.* Oh! come, Warnford!

*W.* I have certainly often heard some of them descanting upon the beauties of "plain Saxon English," in what was

evidently a most happy unconsciousness that one of the three words they were using, and that the shortest and simplest was Latin.

*G.* Yes; that, no doubt, was unfortunate. But you hardly propose to contend, do you, that none of those who repeat this charge possess any safer test of the distinction between Saxon and Latin than these worthy admirers of plainness were content with?

*W.* I do not propose to commit myself to any sweeping contentions: but I verily believe that if the number of our censors who go by no other rule than that monosyllables are Saxon and polysyllables Latin or French, could be computed, the result would a little weaken their force of the censures. Did I ever tell you of an experiment which I once tried upon one of these gentlemen with the view of ascertaining how far his zeal for Saxon English was according to knowledge?

*G.* No, I think not.

*W.* Well, it was on this wise. In illustration of the superiority of the Saxon to the Latin element in our language, I quoted to him the following imaginary extract from an essay on the subject, and invited him to note how the very style of the passage confirmed the truth of its contents. "Our English," said the supposed essayist, "shall be plain, clear, pure: we will be brief; we will be simple; we will use no long words. Yet in English of this sort there need be nothing common or vulgar. I have known it to be noble, to be even grand." My friend was delighted with this specimen of homely Saxon, as he called it—so delighted, indeed, that I had not the heart to deceive him: and in a moment of false humanity, I did him the cruel kindness of allowing him to go away and quote it to more erudite persons as a justification of his preferences in the matter of English. "English," indeed, is one of the few words after his own heart—which it *really* contains. "Words" is another, and "nothing" is another. But you, of course, don't need to be told, that deducting what I may call the mere bolts and rivets of the sentences—the prepositions, pronouns, auxiliaries, etc.,—my piece of homely Saxon does not contain another purely Saxon word.



Plain, clear, pure, simple English, as it is, there is not one other word in it which we do not either get straight from the Latin, or jointly derive, Teutonic and Latin together, from one common root.

G. Your trap was cunningly set, I grant; or would you rather I should say it was ingeniously constructed? I concede. Come, Warnford, you must allow, I think, that it is possible to weaken a phrase by translating it from the Teutonic into the Latin, and that those who have better means of distinguishing between the two than by mere counting of syllables—though, mind, I don't altogether admit that that is so very unsafe a test in the majority of cases—are right as a rule in preferring the former to the latter.

W. They are right of course in preferring it when it is the stronger: and provided also that—

G. But is it not generally the stronger?

W. Wait a moment. And provided also that it satisfies your own condition of superior clearness as well as of superior force. But it is in conciliating these two requirements that the difficulty of choosing between the Teutonic and the Latin is mainly felt. Yet of this difficulty our Saxon-loving friends, who are more often men whose pleasure it is to read rather than men whose business it is to write, are sublimely unconscious. Suppose I allow that the shorter, simpler, homlier words, are usually Teutonic and not Latin, and that these words, by reason, as I believe, of certain associations which for the moment I need not stop to notice, convey the more vivid impression of the act or the thing described—what then? Vividness of presentment to the imagination is not all that language has to provide for, though doubtless it is all that many writers think about; it has to provide for accuracy of presentment to the thought. The instance you just now selected—or rather created—is one upon which no difficulty could arise; for the phrase you prefer has as much the advantage in accuracy as in vigor. None but the penniest of penny-a-liners would hesitate for an instant between “cunningly setting” and “ingeniously adjusting,” a trap, not only because the

former phrase more impresses the imagination, but because the latter fails even to put the mind in full possession of the thought. The artfulness of a trapper is not fully expressed by the neutral word ingenuity; it is ingenuity directed to the capture of his prey; and while the word ingeniously contains no suggestion of the sinister *purpose* of his act, so the word insidious, had you chosen that, would have contained no adequate suggestion of its technical *quality*. But the word “cunningly” imports both. Parenthetically, however, please to remember, in abatement of your pride of Saxonism, that its moral association is not inherited but acquired. The instance you have chosen is, as I have said, an instance in which no difficulty of selection could possibly arise. And so, to do only justice to their dexterity in illustration, are most of the examples cited to prove the superiority of plain Saxon.

G. Is that so?

W. Well, is it not so? What do these gentlemen ever try their Saxon hands upon by way of showing their command of monosyllables, unless it be the description of some daily scene, the account of some most commonplace act, the expression of some most familiar thought of life—scene, act, and thought, for which the simple vocabulary of a child suffices, and which no sensible adult would think of describing in any other than the child's terms. Pass beyond the sphere of mere sensuous impression and of the most elementary processes of thought—enter that of conception, and still more that of ratiocination, and see how far your Saxon will carry you.

G. A very little way, it would indeed seem. Ratiocination is not a pretty word is it? not so neat and compact as one could wish.

W. It is certainly not a word for the waistcoat pocket. As a word four syllables shorter, I should much have preferred “reasoning”; but then, I used the longer word to illustrate my own point. Where absolute exactitude is required “reasoning” will not supply the place of “ratiocination.” The former is both a process and a product; the latter is a process alone. Depend upon it that most of the men who protest

against the use of Greek words, Latin words, and generally of every word over two syllables in places where they contend that shorter synonyms "will do," are in fact ignorant of what will "do," and what will not. They may have some taste in language as a vehicle of sense, impression and association, but they are mostly quite incapable of considering it as an instrument for the precise expression of thought. Long words in great numbers have an ugly and affected look; no man who cares for appearances in writing would string together more of them than he could help. But the high and mighty censor who strides up and down your sentences with a pen in his hand scoring out polysyllables wherever he meets them is as often as not a mere presumptuous—

G. Stop! He won't insist on any monosyllable here, I'll be bound.

W. Then I will end the sentence with *ignoramus*. As a quadrisyllable, and Latin after a fashion, it may annoy him even more than the tri-literal Saxon. For no doubt he would regard "ass" as "plain" Saxon, though it isn't.

G. Well, go on. A presumptuous *ignoramus*.

W. Yes; as much so as the man who thinks that if *he* were a parliamentary draftsman or a conveyancer he could get a complex act of Parliament into a score of clauses, and a declaration of trust into as many lines. Our law, fortunately for the public, does not permit him to try his hand at condensation in the former case; in the latter case, fortunately for the lawyers, it does.

G. Your defence of the newspapers, Warnford, appears a curious one. So far as I can see it tends to show, not that they are free from the faults alleged against them, but that those faults are unavoidable. We are to understand, according to you, it seems, that the newspaper-writer is neither brief nor simple, and having to express such mightily complex ideas, cannot be expected to be either. Is that any reason, however, why his sentences should see-saw forever, pivoted on an "and" or a "but," across the trunk of a semicolon till monotony itself cries out upon them? Is that any reason why he should never

make a direct statement or a direct denial, only "venturing to believe" this, and "permitting himself to doubt" the other? Does it justify his perpetual formalities of "with reference to," "with respect to," "with regard to," "in connection with"—vile phrases, however excusable to men who seldom write "about" a subject, but only "about and about" it? And do the needs of this marvellous logical accuracy which he endeavors to compass warrant him in *always* rejecting the out-door name of a thing for that which seems to smell of the very leather of the library? in *never* preferring that word which still retains the sharpness of its stamp and milling, to the worn counter of language, as smooth, no doubt, and as polished, but as lustreless and edgeless as an old shilling?

W. Bravo, Garniston! You have actually condescended upon particulars at last, have you? The charge, it is true, is getting slightly altered. The coiner, it seems, is guilty of nothing worse than a preference for coins which have seen most service. And as to all your complaints of the monotony, the circumlocution, the "common form" of newspapers, why, faults of that kind seem hardly worth denouncing as depavourations of English style. They are traceable, one and all, to defect in the journalist's material. If the public have a fancy for huge doses of politics daily, whether there is anything fresh to say about them or not, how can those who gratify this fancy avoid these faults? How can he avoid them who has to repeat what he has said a score of times before? and how dispense with circumlocution who has to eke out even that stale material? As to "common form," pray consider its labor-saving value, and don't forbid its use to men who have to write in a hurry.

G. I really cannot see how all this differs from confession. We both seem to agree that the style of the newspaper-writer is monotonous, cumbersome, conventional, full of unmeaning stock phrases, a foe to brevity and simplicity, unvarying in its preference of the tamer to the more spirited word. We may account for it in different manners, but we agree as to the fact; and how you can dispute, therefore, that a newspaper

is one huge repertory of the vices which writers should avoid, and so a widely circulating medium of literary demoralisation, I fail to see.

*W.* Suppose I were to convince you that the faults which you complain of in the newspaper are but the symptoms, exaggerated no doubt, but still unmistakable of one of those changes which languages at certain periods of their history are bound to undergo, would you withdraw your charges then?

*G.* But do you really contemplate so vast an undertaking?

*W.* I do.

*G.* Then, my dear Warnford, I must really wish you good morning. Some other day—some 21st of June for choice—I should be only too delighted; but for the present I must forego the pleasure, and with your leave we will regard the present discussion as a drawn game.  
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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GOETHE.

BY PROF. J. R. SEELEY.

II.

THERE has always been, and there is to this day, in spite of the Biography of Lewes, a certain vagueness in the English mind with respect to the literary career of Goethe. His name and fame were familiar to us for an unusually long time before we made any close acquaintance with his personality. Though he lived almost sixty years after his "Werther" created a rage all over Europe, yet our public scarcely formed a distinct notion of him till after he was dead. In English books of poetical criticism, even those which we are only just ceasing to regard as authorities, his name is strangely absent where we might most expect to find it. Macaulay and Hallam must have known how it was regarded abroad, and certainly Macaulay had read "Wilhelm Meister" and "Faust," but both these critics are on very distant bowing terms with Goethe. When they make those solemn critical awards in which that school delighted, arranging the poets of all ages in order of merit, it is to be observed that they silently exclude Goethe from the competition. Thus, when Hallam pronounces of Spencer that he is the third name among the poets of England, and has been surpassed by Dante alone among those of the Continent, we are clearly not to understand that Hallam means to put the author of the "Faery Queen" above the author of "Faust." Evidently for some reason Goethe is not in Hallam's mind when he passes

this judgment. In like manner Macaulay, who in literature drew such a rigid line between the present, to which he was indifferent, and the past, to which he was devoted, draws the line so as to exclude Goethe. He does not deny his merit; he simply refuses either to think or to write about him. More remarkable than the silence of Macaulay and Hallam is the silence of Coleridge, which was in fact the main hindrance to Goethe's reputation in England. In all the writings of Coleridge, I know only of a single passage in which the merits of Goethe are discussed. This is puzzling. It was the peculiar mission of Coleridge to make England acquainted with German genius and thought. We can scarcely suppose that he overlooked Goethe. At the time when he first attended to German literature, he must have become acquainted with Goethe's writings. In 1798, when Coleridge was in Germany, a large fragment of "Faust" had been before the public for several years, and "Götz" and "Werther" were already a quarter of a century old; nor was that one of the moments in which Goethe was inactive, or had suffered his name to pass out of the public mind. On the contrary, at the very time when the young Englishman was curiously watching from Göttingen one of the most singular fermentations recorded in literary history, Goethe was reaching his zenith. His alliance with Schiller had lately been formed. "Wilhelm Meister" and "Hermann und Dorothea" were just

launched or being launched into the world. But even if by some accident the phenomenon escaped Coleridge's notice at the time, yet, in the thirty years that followed, did he never become alive to the imposing greatness of it? In the mirror which he holds up to Germany, Goethe's figure is not to be seen. We see there Lessing, Kant, Schiller and Schelling, but not Goethe. And yet several of Coleridge's contemporaries outside Germany had seen what Coleridge could not see. Mme. de Staël had pronounced Goethe "*le poète de l'Allemagne, le philosophe, l'homme de lettres vivant dont l'originalité et l'imagination sont les plus remarquables.*" Scott had translated "*Götz v. Berlichingen,*" and he habitually spoke of Goethe as his master. Shelley translated the "*Prolog im Himmel.*" Byron paid him homage, "as a vassal to his liege lord." Only Coleridge, the professed literary critic, the recognized authority on German literature, knows nothing of him! He brings to us information about several interesting and remarkable writers; he can tell of the clear style and masterly logic of Lessing, of the glowing poetical eloquence of Schiller, of the great philosophic genius of Kant. Has it escaped his notice that in this throng of new writers there is one to whom almost all the others look up as to their *Musæus*, one "whose fame over his living head like heaven was bent"—a man of unique personality, belonging not to Germany only, but to the world?

Certainly it did not escape his notice. It would have been strange indeed if a Coleridge had failed to appreciate our songs of Goethe, or if he, of all our poets the most familiar with the dangers of philosophic speculation, if he who wrote "*Dejection,*" had been unable to appreciate "*Faust.*" But the one passage in which he does speak his mind about Goethe betrays in every line that he thought of him what he could not but think. It has the character of an apology, and is expressed in a constrained style which marks embarrassment. "The style of '*Wilhelm Meister*' is excellent; the songs in '*Faust*' and the characters of *Mephistopheles* and *Gretchen* are excellent. He has been advised to translate '*Faust,*' but

has had reasons for not doing so. One is that he doubted whether it became his moral character to translate what in parts is vulgar and blasphemous. Moreover, he has himself planned a poem on a similar subject. Michael Scott was to have been his *Faust*, and he had had ideas and inventions, better, he thinks, than anything in '*Faust.*'" Probably Coleridge did really feel that kind of dread which the *Stolbergs* in Germany felt of the so-called heathenism of Goethe. Probably he shrank from the responsibility of introducing into England an influence at once so powerful and so questionable. Goethe's thoughts had been dropped into a soil ploughed up by scepticism both religious and moral, and Coleridge might reasonably consider them ill adapted for England, where the current was at that very time setting strongly toward a positive system of belief. But a profound admiration, and almost awe, curiously mixed with a kind of envy, breaks through his reticence.

Had Coleridge translated "*Faust,*" "*Hermann und Dorothea,*" and the songs; had he seen his way to bring Goethe's works as a whole before the English public, which he could have done with more subtlety and discrimination than *Carlyle*, and twenty years earlier, we should have been further advanced in the knowledge of Goethe now than we actually are. In particular, we should have escaped an illusion which is caused by the fact that his writings were first studied by us so long after they were written. It was near the centenary of his birth when we first fell under his influence. Not only did we see his works, as we see all foreign works, divorced from the circumstances which produced them, but we listened to him for the first time almost in the middle of the nineteenth century, and scarcely remarked that the voice to which we listened spoke to us from the eighteenth. The speaker seemed to be the old man of *Weimar*, the old man who had so lately occupied the literary throne. It was in the forties and fifties that we studied him, and then it was fresh in our remembrance that he had noticed *Carlyle*, and written verses to *Mrs. Carlyle*, that he had flattered *Scott*, and translated passages from *Byron*. His



name was associated with the literary celebrities of the time of our George IV. He seemed almost a later poet than Byron, since he not only outlived Byron, but in his poetical philosophy was held to have gone beyond him, so that those who suffered from the Byronic fever were advised to take Goethe as an antidote. Moreover, the Second Part of *Faust*, in mere compass the greatest of his poems, and not so manifestly a failure that it could not be represented by some critics as the greatest also in importance, was actually not finished till 1831, and not published till later still, so that Goethe appeared, in some sense, as an active contemporary of Tennyson, Bulwer, and Macaulay.

This was an illusion. Goethe was not really a writer of that age, nor even of the age before. He is not properly a contemporary even of Scott, much less of Tennyson. The roll of his really important works was almost made up before that of Scott was begun. He is in fact, properly speaking, a writer of the eighteenth century. But even this statement is not strong enough. It is not easy quite to realize at once the great length of his career and the great influence and fame of his earliest works. As I have said, Goethe was not at his commencement, but about at his zenith, when Coleridge was in Germany, and that was earlier by seven years than the first great success of Scott. If his zenith was so far back, how far must we travel to find his commencement? We must go beyond the first appearance of Cowper and Crabbe, beyond the publication of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" (1781), or Miss Burney's "Evelina" (1778). This brings us to the age of Goldsmith, and it is in this period that we find the first astonishing successes of Goethe. Goldsmith died in 1774, which is the year in which all Germany was shedding tears over "Werther." But "Götz" had appeared the year before that, and reached a second edition in the month before Goldsmith's death. Even "Werther" and "Götz" are not absolutely the earliest writings of Goethe; they are only the writings which first made his name celebrated. His essay on German architecture had appeared in 1772, and among the poems now included in his

works some were written as early as 1765.

It excites astonishment that a writer who finished a great and imposing poetical work three years after Lord Tennyson's name came before the public, should have written the most successful book of the year which witnessed the death of Goldsmith. But of this long period, if Goethe's fame belongs principally to the latter half, his character and genius belong principally to the former. He has influenced the nineteenth century and is influencing it, but he belongs to the eighteenth. And not even to the last years of the eighteenth. He is not one of those great men whom we often suppose, rather mistakenly, perhaps, to have been inspired and formed by the impulse of the French Revolution. The French Revolution fell in the middle of his career, when his apprenticeship (*Lehrjahre*) was over, when his principal works were planned and half written. It disturbed instead of inspiring him. As a subject for poetry, he could never handle it successfully, except when in "Hermann und Dorothea" he uses, as it were, the remote thunder of it to heighten the idyllic serenity of the scene. Of the successful works which he published in the nineteenth century, the chief—viz., the First Part of *Faust*—was not only planned and in great part written in the eighteenth, but in conception it is one of the earliest of his works, almost as early as "Götz." We sometimes hear "Faust" spoken of as the great characteristic poem of the nineteenth century, but it has nothing of the nineteenth century in it. Goethe himself, in the impressive dedication, describes the effort which he made in completing "Faust" to revive the feelings and fancies of his earliest youth. That effort carried him back to days when the French Revolution was undreamed of, far back into the old *régime* of Europe, the days of Maria Theresa, Frederick, and Louis XV., the days when Voltaire and Rousseau were still reigning in the world of literature. And generally in his later works, with the exception of "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," the peculiar spirit of the nineteenth century is studiously excluded, and the train of thought is im-

perturbably pursued which would have been natural to us all if no French Revolution and no nationality movement had occurred to throw everything into confusion.

Thus our conception of Goethe is distorted by the illusion which makes him seem to us more modern than he is. But it is also rendered indistinct by our imperfect knowledge of the development which his genius underwent. Few writers passed through so many phases. He did not write in his old age as he had written in the Napoleonic time, nor in the Napoleonic time as he had written at the close of the eighteenth century, nor after his visit to Italy as he had written before it, nor after he settled at Weimar as he had written in his native city of Frankfurt. Of his succession of phases we have no doubt some notion—we know that the *Second Part of "Faust"* belongs to the old age and "*Werther*" to the period of immaturity—but our notion is not sufficiently distinct. Yet Goethe is an artist, and to say this is to say that a true knowledge of him, as of other artists, consists mainly in an accurate discrimination of the phases or periods of his genius.

Let us begin this discrimination of periods by marking off the period of old age. A collected edition of his works appeared between 1806 and 1808, and this collection caused the want of a biography of the poet to be felt. He undertook to be his own biographer, and the chief part of "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" appeared between the years 1811 and 1814. We may regard this as the winding up of his literary life, since the works which appeared later, with the exception of the "*West-östlicher Divan*," contained little that was valuable which had not been composed at an earlier time. When a period of nearly twenty years has thus been assigned to the old age, there remain about forty years for the period of active genius. It is this period which it is important properly to subdivide.

There is this difference between the periods of a painter and of a writer such as Goethe was, that the painter is always painting, whereas the writer is often otherwise employed, and may even for long years abandon writing altogether. Goethe to be sure was almost always

producing, but he was by no means always publishing; he was not dependent on his authorship. He began life as Doctor Goethe, an advocate at the Frankfurt bar, where he actually practised for about three years. Afterward he became an official in the service of the Duke of Weimar, and may be said to have been for about ten years his Prime Minister. In 1786, when he was thirty-seven years old, he obtained a long leave of absence and spent two years in Italy. On his return to Weimar he did not resume general administrative business, but reserved to himself the department of culture, and was from this time forward Education Minister. These cares were enough to fill the life of an ordinary man, even of an ordinary able man. It was, as it were, out of office hours that he played the part of the greatest, most original, most various, and most consummate writer of his time. Accordingly his literary life falls into short periods of activity separated by longer periods of comparative inaction, reappearances, as it were, after intervals of retirement. The plan of it is less simple than that of Shakespeare or Scott. We have to deal not with an uninterrupted series of plays, as in the case of Shakespeare, nor with a series of poems followed by a series of romances and novels, as in the case of Scott. Goethe makes several pauses and several new departures; there are, as it were, several Goethes, who are separated from each other by intervals of time.

Perhaps we may distinguish three appearances of Goethe in German literature.

First, there is that early appearance, now more than a century behind us, when he wrote "*Götz*" and "*Werther*." This appearance comes to an end when he is summoned in 1775 to Weimar, when he passes into a new world, and undertakes new duties.

For about a dozen years from this time he is comparatively inactive in literature, and might seem to have lost ground. At least he had not followed up, as a bookseller would have advised him to do, the astonishing hits he had made at the beginning of his career. But about the year 1788, at the time when he was in Italy, he began a new

period of activity and success, which may be said to have lasted till the end of the eighteenth century. This second Goethe is extremely different from the first. He does not now take the public by storm. He is called artificial, and cold; sometimes he is called by even worse names; only one of the works of this period, "*Hermann und Dorothea*," was received with general enthusiasm. But upon thinking men this second Goethe produces gradually an effect more profound than was perhaps ever produced in any age by a contemporary poet.

Just at the close of the eighteenth century he falls once more into the background. Schiller steps forward, and for some years occupies the stage in such a striking manner as to draw attention away from every other actor. There is at this time no rivalry, but the most intimate accord, between him and Goethe; but in these years he pours forth his dramas in such rapid succession, and these dramas are so imposing, so much more calculated to impress the general public than the works of the second Goethe had been, that he could not but have, and had a right to have, the stage to himself for a time. When he passed away, in 1805, much was altered. Under a number of powerful influences which all worked together, the influences of Kant and Fichte, and those of Goethe and Schiller themselves, new literary movements had begun, and the fashion of literature was changing. Romanticism had set in, which, though it had started with a great profession of reverence for Goethe, yet led the public taste away from the severe principles of his second period. He becomes aware of a certain degree of reaction against his influence.

Goethe, however, was able in some measure to reconcile himself to this reaction. He now makes a third appearance, and this time in some sense as a romanticist writer. To this period belong the "*Elective Affinities*," the "*West-östlicher Divan*," and another work more important than either. There was a certain resemblance between Romanticism and that earlier movement in which the first Goethe had taken the lead. To become a Romanticist, therefore, Goethe had only to go

back to his youth. It happened that of the designs which had occupied him in that now remote period, one had never been completed. It was mediæval, like "*Götz*," and as mystically, as awfully sombre as any of those plays of Calderon which the new school was now reviving. This was "*Faust*." And when thus he returned for a moment to the style of his youth, he had again the astonishing success that had hailed his youthful efforts. "*Faust*" stood out at once as the great work of Goethe, and the fame of it went round the world.

We may almost consider the autobiography, which followed so soon, as belonging in some degree to Goethe's romanticist works; for it tells only of the first Goethe. It does not describe the austere, cold, second period, but only the enthusiastic days which Romanticism seemed to have brought back again, the days in which he wrote "*Götz*" and planned "*Faust*."

Such, roughly, are the three Goethes. The first is best described as a Shakespearian, for Goethe in the seventies of the eighteenth century was mainly under the influence of Shakespeare, and appeared to his countrymen as the leader of the Shakespearian school. The second is a rigid classicist, writes plays on the Greek model, narrative poems in hexameters, and elegiacs after Propertius and Martial. The third is, to some extent, a romanticist. He has dropped his classical models and wanders after Calderon and Hafiz. He adapts to the romanticist fashion the Shakespearian sketches of his youth.

But though in this latter period there was some concession to a reigning fashion, yet it is not to be supposed that Goethe abandoned that devotion to the Greek ideal upon which, in the second period, he had based his art. "*Faust*" itself proves his fidelity to it, if we bear in mind how that work may probably have been regarded by Goethe himself. We think almost exclusively of the first part, and because we take little interest in the second part, which strikes us as prolix and fantastic, we unconsciously assume that in Goethe's mind, too, it was of secondary interest; one of those after-thoughts by which an artist, who has had a happy idea, hopes to make it serve him a second time.

But the old story which Goethe had undertaken to dramatize said that Faust's compact with the fiend was for Helen of Greece. Now, as Helen does not appear in the first part, and does appear in the second; moreover, as the second part is more than half as long again as the first, and is a regular play in five acts, whereas the first is only a series of scenes; it would seem that to Goethe the first part appeared rather as the introduction to a work than as the work itself. And if we think of the two parts together, as Goethe thought of them, we see that Helena is intended to be, as it were, the central figure, the Beatrice of this new Divine Comedy. Now Helena is none other than the Greek ideal, and thus we see that the whole work treats of the return of the modern mind to ancient classical ways of thinking. Even in his third period then, though he appeared as a romanticist, Goethe is at heart a classicist. In this instance, indeed, it was not any compromise that made him appear otherwise, but only the accident that the introduction to his work was infinitely more successful than the work itself. The introduction, that is, the First Part, contains some of the brightest inventions of his youth, and is throughout the work of his vigorous period, while at the same time it spoke to the popular mind. The Second Part is a compound of the languor of his old age with the coldness of his second period, and thus speaks in a drowsy tone of things which only the few understand.

As I have remarked, Goethe sometimes kept designs so long by him that when the work appeared it was difficult to say to what period it belonged, since it bore the marks of several periods. This remark applies especially to "Faust." Of this play some scenes were written in 1775, but the whole was not completed till the middle of 1831. In other words, he had this poem in hand at least fifty-seven years. Even the First Part took him thirty-three years. In "Faust," therefore, every phase of Goethe is to be traced somewhere. It is only in general and roughly that we can say that the First Part belongs to the first and third periods, and the Second Part to the second period and to the old age.

"Wilhelm Meister" is another work to which the same remark applies. He kept it by him (I speak only of the *Lehrjahre*) more than twenty years. By observing this fact we discover how to place it in our classification. By the date of its publication it belongs to the second period, of which, indeed, it is the principal work. And yet it is not in classical form. The truth is, it is the work of transition, the work in which Goethe records in what way and through what stages he passed out of his first into his second period. The earlier part of the novel may almost be said to belong to the first period, and throughout the prominence which is given to Shakespeare is a note of the first period. But Mignon's figure and Mignon's song draw our thoughts more and more toward Italy; Greek statues float before us; and at last, in the eighth book, we are introduced to the Hall of the Past, where Goethe himself, disguised as the Uncle, stands in the midst of a world of Greek art. Here we are in the midst of the classicism of the second period. Here is preached to us the culture-gospel, of which the principal maxim is *gedenke zu leben*—study to live, instead of *memento mori*—study to die.

Thus, "Wilhelm Meister" runs parallel to "Faust," if we think of the two Fausts together. Wilhelm's apprenticeship corresponds in prose to the course of Faust as depicted in poetry. Both move out of what is described as a Gothic confusion into the Hellenic world. The one rests in the culture-gospel, the other marries Helen of Greece. We have here a sort of clue to the vast and various labyrinth of Goethe's writings. What may be the value of this fundamental Goethian maxim I do not inquire in this article, which deals with the classification of Goethe's writings, not with the substance of them.

So far, then, Goethe's progress appears to consist in a gradual estrangement from everything Gothic, or, as he expresses it, northern, and in a conversion to classicism. It is a progress which causes him to part company with the public for which he writes. They like what is Gothic, and are cold to what is Hellenic. They receive with enthusiasm his youthful works, but are cold to



"Tasso," and not more than respectful to "Iphigenie;" they like "Faust" so far as it is Gothic, but turn away from it when it begins to become Hellenic. But is this a complete account of the matter? We know that Goethe in his later life smiled at "Werther." Did he simply and merely repent of all that he had written in his first period, and wish it unwritten? Or did he only modify his early views, and perhaps add something to them? It is the more important to arrive at a clear view on this head, because the first period of Goethe, upon which he would seem to have afterward turned his back, is in its effect upon the literature both of Germany and the world almost greater and more striking than the second.

When we speak of Goethe as having created the literature of Germany, do we mean that he brought it back from wildness to Greek shapeliness and decorum? And in the general movement of European literature does Goethe stand among the correct and cold, and not rather among the audacious and inspiring masters? There is surely much confusion in the ordinary view which is taken of him outside Germany. He is commonly named among the great literary leaders who exploded the classicism of the stage, who wrote the name of Shakespeare on their flag, and conquering under that sign, introduced a richer, bolder, more imaginative style of literature. As a specimen of this new style we point to "Faust." The best proof that Goethe really had this kind of influence is afforded by the career of Scott. Though English writers in general were slow to feel the influence of Goethe, as I have remarked especially in the case of Coleridge, yet there was one exception. "Scott, the very incarnation of Romanticism—Scott, of all great modern poets the most completely a stranger to the whole Hellenic world—read and imitated Goethe when as yet no other Englishman did. He translated "Götz v. Berlichingen" in 1799, and the influence of that play is traceable in "Ivanhoe," as "Mignon" is imitated in "Peveril of the Peak," and perhaps also the harper of "Wilhelm Meister" in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He spoke of Goethe as his master, and does not this naturally lead us to think

of Goethe as a great light of the romantic school? Scott's biographer thinks that but for "Götz" the idea might never have flashed upon Scott's mind that his own legendary lore might be worked up into poems and romances. Thereupon he takes occasion to speak of Goethe as if he were undoubtedly a writer of the same order as Scott, and of "Götz" he says that it is "the first-fruits of that passionate admiration for Shakespeare to which all that is excellent in the recent imaginative literature of Germany must be traced."

How are these undoubted facts, that Goethe wrote romantic works which had a powerful influence all over Europe, that he appeared before Germany as an enthusiastic Shakesperian, that a great part of "Wilhelm Meister," not one of his earlier works, is occupied with the praise of Shakespeare, and that "Faust" is Shakesperian, to be reconciled with another set of facts equally undoubted—viz., that Goethe was a decided classicist, who was censured for his coldness, and has to defend himself against the charge that he "refused to leave the ancients behind him," that he writes plays in antique form, and ceases to imitate Shakespeare (except in the single case of "Faust"), and that he represents the abandonment of Gothic for Greek models as all-important, as no mere matter of taste, but as a kind of moral conversion or salvation.

This is partly explained by the distinction I have marked between the first and the second Goethe. It was the first Goethe, the contemporary of Goldsmith, who was Scott's master; of the second Goethe Scott knew nothing, nor apparently, did Scott's biographer. If "Faust" is Shakesperian, this is because the plan of it was conceived by the first Goethe, and because it was finally executed, not by the second Goethe, but by a third, who was in some degree an echo of the first. If "Wilhelm Meister," a work of the second period, is full of the name of Shakespeare, this is because it was begun in the first period, and has many characteristics of the first period, especially in its earlier parts. But when we have recognized so much, we must still crave to understand more distinctly the nature of the difference between the first and second Goethe.

For it is rather shocking to find the young genius who at four-and-twenty warmed German literature into life by the fire of his first writings, and by the same writings later inspired Scott, disowning in a manner those writings, becoming as remarkable for coldness as he had been for warmth, and going over, as it might seem, to the very school over which he had triumphed. It is perplexing as well as shocking; for to say simply that Goethe missed his way, and, having begun well, yielded, as many others have done, to the seductions of a conventional art, is easy, but it is almost equivalent to pronouncing his whole career a failure. This change of opinion is the great occurrence of his life—it is the great subject of his writings. If we treat it as an unfortunate bewilderment, we reduce Goethe's rank and importance incalculably. He is regarded by his countrymen as one who through a long life struggled victoriously forward to the light; whose clearness and instinct for truth were almost more remarkable than his imagination. It is for this reason that they are never weary of contemplating and studying him. But all his reputation for wisdom is involved with his change of opinion. If that be treated as an aberration, we have before us quite another sort of Goethe. It is the Goethe we meet with in many French and English criticisms—a brilliant poet of the same family as Byron, Moore, and Scott, and having some of the qualities of each of these. It is the author who, in "Götz" and the "Erlkönig," led the way for Scott; in "Faust," gave Byron the model for "Cain;" while in his "West-östlicher Divan" he ran a race with the poet of "Lalla Rookh." But this Goethe must be conceived as dying young, like Byron, not literally, but in the sense that we must deny him all qualities but those of youth, sensibility, imagination and passion.

Let us look then a little closer at this change of opinion. The first Goethe, as has been said, is best described as a Shakesperian. Just when Lessing had brought the French plays into discredit, and had called attention to Shakespeare, appeared "Götz v. Berlichingen," and the whole nation felt that they had in the young Goethe the man who could realize all that Lessing

had taught them to desire. For some time Goethe himself took the same view of his vocation. With what enthusiasm at this time he regarded Shakespeare we may read in "Wilhelm Meister." Of all the testimonies to Shakespeare's genius which have been rendered by great judges, perhaps this of Goethe's is the most striking:—

"These precious pieces seem to be the work of some heavenly genius who mixes with mankind to give it in the gentlest manner the knowledge of itself. They are not poems! I seem to stand before the monstrous books of fate thrown wide open, a whirlwind of restless life rushing through them and flapping the leaves now this way, now that. The strength and tenderness, the power and repose, astonish me so, they disturb me with such agitation, that I can only wait longingly for the time when I may find myself in a situation to read further."

It might have been expected that he who felt thus, and who had already written "Götz," would now proceed to write many other plays in the same taste. He does proceed to write "Egmont," but even in this play the inspiration seems on the ebb, and after this he writes no Shakesperian play until, thirty-five years after "Götz," he launches "Faust" into the world.

We do not find him ceasing to admire Shakespeare, still less beginning to see merit in those French pieces which had reigned on the stage before Shakespeare came into vogue. He does not precisely change any opinion. Still it appears that before what I have called his second appearance, Shakespeare has ceased to have an active influence over him. He has passed under the influence of another set of writers, and these, it so happens, are the classics. From this time he begins to stand before the public in a new character, no longer as the darling and idol of the reading world, but as an unpopular, unappreciated writer, appealing to the Muses in the approved fashion against the unjust judgment of the world. His manifesto is the preface to "Hermann und Dorothea," written in elegiacs, where he begins thus: "So it is a sin that I am inspired by Propertius, and that the rogue Martial keeps company with me, that I did not leave the ancients behind me in the school, but took them with me to Latium," etc., etc.

And then he goes on to put his new poem under the protection of two of the great classicists—F. A. Wolf, whose "Prolegomena" were just then occupying the learned world, and Voss, the great authority on German hexameters. It is to be observed that during this second period, as a sort of badge of adhesion to classicism, he adopts classical metres or a highly classical form of blank verse.

This change looks superficially like reaction, like a sort of apostasy, but it is in reality something much less and something much more. There is in it, indeed, a certain element of reaction. The disappearance of the French conventional rules had introduced confusion. Both Goethe, and in the later years of his life Schiller, were impatient of the formlessness which had begun to reign in literature. It was not enough that Germany should throw off the foreign style, she was now to substitute a style of her own. Having breathed life into the literature of his country twenty years before, it now devolved on Goethe to give it form. Warmth and good feeling it had in abundance, but it wanted character. Canons were needed, standards had to be set up; for Goethe perceived with distress how readily the Teutonic genius reconciles itself to a certain vague rich confusion, how lightly it dispenses with outlines, how tolerant and helplessly good-natured is its taste. It is the burden of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller that the public have no judgment, no character; and both alike see the only remedy in giving greater regularity, greater firmness of outline to literary work. That they should agree so decidedly on this head is a great proof that they were right in relation to their time and country, however in the abstract we may be surprised to find poets of that order laying so much stress on form. Both alike, too, agree in going to the antique for models; it may surprise those who regard modern German literature as founded on Shakespeare to observe how seldom in this correspondence Shakespeare, and how continually the antique, is referred to. Moreover, though the charge of coldness, of artificiality, has fallen principally upon Goethe, yet we

see that Schiller is quite as much open to it, nay is, in literary criticism, even more rigorously classicist than Goethe.

So far then Goethe, in his second period, may be called a reactionist, though we can easily imagine that the reaction in which he led the way was wise and necessary. There are times when liberty is the good cause, but there are other times when law, or restriction of liberty, is the thing most urgently needed. In Germany, at that moment, scarcely anything in the art of literary composition was fixed. We find Goethe himself anxiously studying books on prosody in order to find out how to write verses. To him, too, the hexameter, which he now adopts, and which he strangely uses even where, as in "Reineke Fuchs," both the fable and the tone of thought are Teutonic, is no mere exotic which he takes a pedantic pleasure in naturalizing. German literature had no recognized metre for long narrative poems; but Klopstock's "Messiah" was in hexameters; the conservative course, therefore, on the whole, was to write in hexameters, and all that remained for decision was how to write good ones.

But, after all, this formal and technical aspect of Goethe's classicism is only one side of it. The great change of opinion of which he makes so much, the initiation of Wilhelm, the marriage of Faust to Helen of Greece, is not a mere literary change, not a mere recognition of the importance of rules in literature. Goethe professes to have undergone a complete transformation, a sort of regeneration, through his visit to Italy. The sight of Greek sculpture and Italian life under an Italian sky suggests to his mind, not merely certain new rules of composition and versification, but a new conception of life. It transforms in the first instance his opinions about literature, in the next his opinions about art in general, but also his whole manner of regarding human life, and therefore his morality and his religion. A visit to Italy has often produced some such effect upon painters and sculptors, but they have been only half conscious of it, or have but inarticulately striven to communicate it to others. A great event happened, when the southern

world of art was reflected for the first time in the mirror of a mind large enough to contain it all, and clear enough to give it back faithfully. A great event, and an event which would have been unique, if Goethe had not had a precursor in Winckelmann.

Goethe becomes a classicist in the sense that he begins to see the world with the eyes of an ancient artist, and therefore begins to have the instincts and to adopt the views of an ancient artist. Classicism in this sense is widely different from the classicism of the French period, against which this same Goethe led the rebellion. It might be an illusion, or illusion might mix with it, or the notion that it was possible or desirable to revive an obsolete view of the world, might be erroneous; in any case, it was wholly different from French classicism. That was a conventional classicism. It rested on a blind reverence for the ancient world as superior to the modern, or, if on reason, on a cold prosaic reason. Against it every warm feeling, every fresh recognition of the truth of Nature, every new movement of the human heart, every stirring of genius, was always in rebellion. This, on the other hand, was a natural classicism. It was all on the side of genius and Nature; but it affirmed, at the same time, that genius and Nature were on the side of the ancients. It began, we are to remark, by altering somewhat the terms of the discussion, for instead of merely the drama or merely literature, it spoke of art in general. By this means it brought Greek sculpture, architecture, and painting to the help of Greek poetry. Phidias and Apelles were called in to help Euripides. Then it went on to affirm that art, the name of the comprehensive conception to which so much importance was now for the first time attached, was the result of a peculiar view of the universe and of human life which had prevailed among the ancients, but had been for the most part lost among the moderns. In the modern world, indeed, there had been germs of art, impulses towards it—nay, exceptionally, there had been great and striking artistic creations. But, on the whole, the antique was the school, not only of sculpture, as every one admitted,

but of art as such, and therefore of every art, including poetry and literature. Nay, culture itself (*Bildung*, the word which is repeated with such iteration in "Wilhelm Meister"), a conception more comprehensive still than art, is in the main only a journey southward. It begins in the yearning cry, "Kennst du das Land?" It proceeds by purging the mind of "northern phantoms," northern bewilderments, and making it clear, cheerful and sunny, as was the mind of an ancient Greek.

This view was not gradually excogitated by Goethe, but came upon him as a revelation while he lived in Italy. Under that sun, in that climate, so it seemed to him, art was natural, inevitable. On the northern side of the Alps it was not so natural, and if it was to thrive there, it must thrive as an exotic. Thirty years after his Italian journey, when he had been half-disenchanted by a second tour, when he had witnessed the partial failure of his classicizing experiments, and had made large concessions to the opposite school, he still says that he takes courage when he thinks that he too "has lived and loved in the sun-bright land" (*Hab' doch auch im sonnenhellen Land gelebt, geliebt*).

This theory, it is to be observed, does not break with Shakespeare; rather, it classes Shakespeare along with the ancients. For it lays stress upon that one feature in which Shakespeare is so remarkably an ancient—his naturalism, his enjoyment of the world as it is, his freedom from the disease which has been called other-worldliness.

But why, it may be asked, should Goethe look to models at all? Had not he, above all other men, shown that genius can depend on its own inherent powers? He had found a nation of richly imaginative, but somewhat too passive, temperament, slavishly devoted to foreign models. He had broken the yoke, flung aside conventions, and produced in "Götz" an original work, full of warmth, vigor, and genuine German feeling. How disappointing to find this Prometheus, before twenty years have expired, dangling in Roman studios, talking the cant of the dilettante, and vainly endeavoring to force the con-



sonantal syllables of his native German into the frame of the hexameter and the pentameter!

"So hab' ich von Herzen  
Rothstrumpf immer gehasst und Violetstrumpf  
dazu."

If the shade of Virgil read this line, would it treat Goethe as affectionately as it did Dante? Would it not remark that in that last dactyl the second syllable, which should be short, is assuredly long, if ever a syllable was long, by position? Indeed, it does not seem certain that so much trouble bestowed on the naturalization of classical metres was well spent. Heinrich Heine, it has been observed, would never use them, and I find a very recent critic of "Hermann und Dorothea" remarking that the poem is not really so popular in Germany as might be supposed, and that the obstacle to its popularity is its metre, which the multitude do not understand, so that they read the verses as prose. But when we blame Goethe for wandering after foreign models, perhaps we do not rightly understand his position, and perhaps also we err when we suppose that even the greatest poet can dispense with models. At any rate, Goethe's early works cannot be cited in proof of such a position. In several of those early works he had shown himself unable to rise out of the element that surrounded him. "Stella" is as false, "Clavigo" as poor and mean, as other German works of that time. "Werther" is superior in force only; it has certainly no advantage in healthiness of tone. Of all those compositions of the first Goethe only "Götz" can be called healthy. Only of "Götz" can we say that, after a century has passed over it, it may still be read with delight. And to what does "Götz" owe this superiority? To the fact that here Goethe had models, by the contemplation of which he could raise himself above and out of his time. He had the ancient memoir, and for dramatic style and tone he had Shakespeare. So far in fact from leaning only on himself, the peculiar characteristic of the young Goethe is that he lives in the writings of the great primitive poets. Thus his Werther always carries a Homer, and in his last despair reads Ossian. Here, as usual, Goethe's fiction is only fact slightly disguised. The classical models which

he followed in his second period were not really more foreign than the Homer, the Ossian, and the Shakespeare who were his models in the first.

It must be confessed that he could not do without models of some kind, but if he looked abroad and not at home for models, this was not from perverseness or pedantry, but simply because they were not to be found at home. Germany had indeed the popular song, and no one will deny that Goethe did full justice to this. But what had Germany besides? There was the old puppet-show, and there were the rough-hewn verses of honest Hans Sachs. Goethe does not neglect these. He makes far more out of them than would have been thought possible. He almost revived the fame of Hans Sachs by that most delightful poetical sketch of him. And he wrote in his first period a great quantity of popular doggerel (*Knittelverse*), in which satire, humor and pathos, the grave and the gay, are freely blended together. Such hearty enjoyment had he of the popular element in poetry! In this free-and-easy popular style the First Part of "Faust" itself is for the most part written.

But Germany could furnish no more. It was not from pedantry that Goethe turned his back on the German literature of recent generations. There were no German Miltons and Shakespeares against whose examples it would have been an impiety to rebel. But could he not have gone back to the Minnesänger? He answers us himself: "The Minnesänger lay too far from us; we should have had to begin by learning their language; and that was not in our way; we wanted to live, not to learn." These then were the circumstances which drove Goethe to seek for foreign models. He could not find at home poets who could teach him how to speak in the great style. He was forced to look abroad. Shakespeare attracted him first; there he found, even in the heart of the cold north, the vigor, freshness, freedom, natural passion and natural grace, of which he was in search. But later he thought he saw that what was to be found in Shakespeare alone among the moderns was to be found everywhere among the ancients, and that the true home of the artist is not where an exceptional genius

triumphs over the gloom of Nature, but where Nature itself is sunny and where men have a religion of joy. It is to be observed that this discovery of Goethe's was not made quite so suddenly, and was not quite such an original discovery, as we might be inclined to suppose. His father had made a tour in Italy, which he regarded as the great event of his life and which he recorded in Italian, so that the feelings of Mignon's song, the vague yearning towards Italy, were natural to the young Goethe. Thus predisposed, he watched in the most impressive years of his life the career of Winckelmann; he has described it in language which shows how deeply it had interested him. The transformation he himself underwent in Italy was after all, we discover, the same transformation that Winckelmann had undergone in Italy twenty years earlier. Goethe went to Italy prepared to undergo it, and he underwent it accordingly. The feelings he describes were no doubt real, but he would scarcely have experienced them had not Winckelmann experienced and described them a few years before. Out of this transformation there came forth a new Goethe, the author of "Iphigenie," "Tasso," "Hermann und Dorothea," the Roman Elegiacs, and a multitude of less striking compositions, all alike antique in form. Here was a Goethe whom assuredly Scott would never have called his master; indeed it is difficult to imagine Scott reading any of these poems with patience. It was a Goethe whom the German public itself could not at first recognize. They became estranged from their old idol. They said he was altered, that he had become cold, a sensualist, a heathen. They thought that his court-life must have spoiled him. This was a Goethe clad in soft raiment, and living in kings' courts; it was not the Goethe they had gone out into the wilderness to see. He was deeply hurt, and began to fall into despondency, he was in a fair way to abandon poetry, when Schiller came to the rescue. Schiller had succeeded to something of the popularity of the first Goethe; his "Robbers" and "Don Carlos" were now what "Götz" and "Werther" had been twenty years earlier. To him men pointed in triumph when they spoke of the melancholy decline of Goethe's genius, for in him

they found still all the warmth, the glowing sentiments, the enthusiastic eloquence which Goethe had had before he sank into sensualism. It was therefore an extraordinary surprise, and almost the beginning of a new life for Goethe, when this Schiller, whom he had for some time avoided as a rival, showed himself a devoted disciple. In his letters to Goethe, especially those in which he reviews "Wilhelm Meister," he uses such language of admiration as perhaps no man of equal mark ever used to a contemporary; and, what was more surprising, he did not, even by the faintest hint, allege any of the objections that were fashionable against Goethe's new style. His admiration is unqualified and unbounded. Thus encouraged, Goethe remained a poet, and fought the battle of classicism manfully as long as Schiller lived. By Schiller's help, by the help of the rising Schlegels, and by the support of Rahel's *salon*, Goethe retains in this second period, in spite of all opposition, his pre-eminent place, which is further assured to him by the concessions he makes and the new successes he wins in the third period.

Thus, there are two Goethes, one of world-wide popularity, the great sentimentalist and romancer, the poet of Gretchen, Clärchen, Mignon, and Zuleikha; the other, little known to the multitude either in Germany or abroad, but the master of a school, the great practical philosopher of culture and the artistic life. In the first character Goethe stands by the side of Byron and Scott, or at some point between them and Shakespeare. In particular, his songs are unrivalled, and no one has surpassed him in the delineation of female character.

But he is also, above and beyond Scott and Byron, a great mover of modern thought, one of the principal makers of modern opinion. That Hellenic view of life, which passed from Winckelmann to him, does not now appear, as we approach the centenary of his Italian tour, to have been a mere illusion, a mere passing crochets. Goethe's adhesion to classicism appears now as a leading event in the later stages of the Renaissance. In the main the nineteenth century has been moved by impulses in which he had little share. He is in the main a man of the

old *régime*, without sympathy either for popular or for national movements. Occasionally we are startled at the obsolescence of the opinions he expresses, as when he told a young admirer of Dante at Rome that "he had never been able to conceive how a man could choose to busy himself with such poems." That certainly is the true voice of the eighteenth century! And, in like manner, a recent worshipper of Goethe (Friedrich Vischer) detects the old *régime* in the moral laxity of "Wilhelm Meister," and declares that on this account the German nation has never cared for or understood "Wilhelm Meister." Nevertheless, the Renaissance of the nine-

teenth century, which is not less victorious than that of the fifteenth and sixteenth, has taken, on the whole, the form which it assumed in Goethe's mind. We do not regard the ancients now with any superstitious veneration; we do not dream of contrasting them either favorably or unfavorably with Shakespeare; but we do homage to the Hellenic genius, because we find in it the same clearness and health, the same cheerful enjoyment and bold grasp of Nature, that we find in Shakespeare. This latest Renaissance is a doctrine that has a deep and wide application, and Goethe is the greatest teacher of it. —*Contemporary Review*.

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THOMAS CARLYLE'S LIFE IN LONDON.—1834-1881.

A BIOGRAPHY. BY MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

THE interest excited by the two previous instalments of Mr. Froude's biographical study of Mr. Carlyle is sustained, and more than sustained, to the close of the two bulky volumes which tell the story of Mr. Carlyle's "Life in London" from 1834 to 1881.\* We have now Mr. Froude's picture of his friend and master as a whole, rendered with such fidelity as is possible to the biographer. "Mr. Froude," said Mr. Carlyle to the present writer, on the last occasion he was privileged to visit the aged philosopher, "Mr. Froude, he is a good man is Mr. Froude," and notwithstanding the outcry that has been raised against the "good man's" conception of his duties as a biographer, Mr. Carlyle, could he return to earth and peruse the painstaking volumes in which his life story is set forth, would not modify the brief emphatic eulogy which he pronounced upon Mr. Froude. Not that Mr. Carlyle would be entirely satisfied with all that Mr. Froude has said and has left unsaid—that is impossible; but he would recognize in no grudging terms that his friend has done his best to portray him as he knew him and as he loved him, and that he has put a severe re-

straint upon the promptings of the "natural man" in order to be loyal to truth in his presentation of the life and character of the most singular and impressive man of letters of our time.

No more interesting volumes have been issued, or are likely to be issued, for many a long year. Even in the mere apparatus of book-making they have all the excellence which characterizes the work of so practised a master of the craft as Mr. Froude, and they are replete with every kind of literary charm. Carlyle lived for forty years in the very heart of all that was best and most enduring in English society. He saw or was seen by every one, from the Queen to the ploughman. For nearly thirty years he was one of the acknowledged chiefs of English letters, and at no time was he without the enjoyment of more or less close and confidential intercourse with the leading men of his time. Even if Mr. Carlyle had been other than Mr. Carlyle, and his biographer had been a less skilful literateur than Mr. Froude, the story of his life could not fail to have attracted universal interest. As it is, the genius of the great teacher and his eminent disciple have combined to produce a work which in every page bears unmistakable trace of the master's hand. It is like a long gallery of notable Englishmen, by the

\* "Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London from 1834 to 1881." By James Anthony Froude, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1884.)

greatest portrait painter among English penmen. Some chapters might almost be entitled Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century—a series of character sketches by the author of the "French Revolution," while others are Contributions to the History of Our Own Time by the man who made Cromwell once more visible after the lapse of centuries. Apart from its biographical and historical interest the book abounds with letters, which for vivid painting of life and landscape are unrivalled by anything even in the collected writings of Thomas Carlyle. But all these attractions of the "Life in London" are thrown into the shade by the transcendent and consuming interest of the story itself. That story is a tragedy—a tragedy terrible and cruel—the tragedy of two lives. There is none of the horror that was excited by the first revelation of his domestic troubles: we have grown accustomed to that. But it is very sad. The whole life story is pervaded by an atmosphere of gloom, deepening into anguish, that never abated until the release of death. No doubt the beneficent powers acted not blindly in scourging, as with the whip of the Eumenides, this richly-gifted son of genius; and it was perhaps impossible for mankind to have profited by all the talents of Carlyle if Carlyle himself had not had to pass through the furnace of affliction and to spend his life crushed by the pressure of many sorrows. The whole story is one of deep pathos—sometimes a very tragic pathos indeed—nor does it lessen the sympathy of those who watch its unfolding page by page to know that it was largely self-inflicted. That in itself adds greatly to the pity of it. That others should make one suffer—that might be borne, but that the aching wound incurable should have been the work of your own hand, that makes it intolerable indeed.

Carlyle's life in London passes through three stages. The first, when on the whole he seems to have approached more nearly to happiness than at any subsequent period, was when he was struggling manfully with an ever-diminishing store of funds against indifference and neglect. It opens with a lament that "the future looks too black to me, the present too doleful, un-

friendly. I am too sick at heart, wearied, wasted in body, to complain even to myself;" and year after year he was haunted by the seldom absent spectre of approaching beggary. That passed, and for a brief space it seemed as if Carlyle were to emerge from his troubles, and to bear life's burden without more trouble than that which falls to the lot of men with keen spiritual insight and a dyspeptic constitution. But even as he seemed to be entering smoother waters, something far worse than the blackest forebodings of beggary overtook him. If the first chapter of "Life in London" may be called Penury, then the second must be called Jealousy. It is pitiful to read, even as Mr. Froude tells it with the utmost delicacy and tender sympathy, the story of the tragedy of that married life. Here was a man, perhaps the noblest and most useful man of his time, laboring in the throes of authorship, making past centuries bright and luminous to the eyes of his contemporaries, and irradiating, as by a gleam of heaven's lightning, the social and political problems which were the despair of the generation in which he lived. And yet this prophet of his day, whose burning accents still thrill the hearts of millions, and will inspire and nerve to ever-renewed struggles against falsehood and wrong successive generations of men, was stretched as on a rack by the woman whom he tenderly loved, and tortured and tormented to the last days of his long life by remorse at having almost unwittingly awakened the unfounded jealousy of his wife. Carlyle was not an ideal husband. He was as Mr. Froude frequently admits, not a particularly easy person to live with. But neither was his wife, and it was not Carlyle's dyspepsia that made shipwreck of his domestic peace but her jealousy, followed after her death by bitter years of savage remorse. It is sad indeed to think that a man who did so much for men should have been so tortured by the woman whose power to curse arose solely from his capacity to love, and who might well have esteemed herself one of the most honored of her sex in being allowed to minister to the efficiency and the usefulness of her husband had he been ten times more awkward than he was. For it never went



beyond awkwardness. Of the sincerity of his affection for his wife no one can doubt. Nor can it now be said that he delayed till after death to give expression to his emotions. Tenderer love letters than those which he constantly wrote to his wife were never penned by mortal man. But all was of no avail. The demon of jealousy possessed the woman's heart, and for the man henceforth the sun had gone out in mid-heaven, to shine again no more. Penury, Jealousy, Remorse, that is the grim trilogy of Carlyle's life.

When Mr. Froude begins his narrative, in 1834, Carlyle, then thirty-nine years of age, had just come up to London from Craigenputtock to Cheyne-row with £200 as the sum of his worldly possessions to make his way in the world of letters. "Sartor Resartus" had just been published, and Carlyle hoped to find some employment that would leave him free to follow the bent of his genius. But he was "impracticable, impermeable, unmalleable, as independent and wilful as if he were an eldest son and the heir of a peerage." His hopes of an opening were disappointed. He half expected to be offered the editorship of Molesworth's *Radical Review*, but the offer was not made, and the offer of a post on the *Times*, which was made by the elder Sterling, was declined by Carlyle—not a surprising resolution for one who had come to the decided conviction that "wealth and progress, and improvement were but Moloch and Astarte in a new disguise," and that his mission in life was to redeliver the message of the Hebrew prophets. To him, reared as he was in the tradition of the Covenanters, there was for the sick body and sick soul of modern Europe but one remedy, the old remedy of the Jewish prophets—repentance and moral amendment. The wicked shall be turned into Hell and all nations that forget God. That was the burden of his soul and he applied himself in the midst of his discouragement and gloom, to the writing of the story of "God's Revenge" in his prose poem of the French Revolution.

#### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"May God grant me strength!" he cries on January 1, 1835. Nor is he

unconscious that he has "honestly more force and faculty in him than belongs to the most that he can see." Yet after he finished the first volume of "The French Revolution" he finds that for three-and-twenty months he has not earned one penny by the craft of literature. He will not even ask able editors to employ him, feeling like a spinster waiting to be married, and meditating more than once quitting periodical literature altogether. His prospects brighten not, but "the longer I live among this people, the deeper grows my feeling (not a vain one—a sad one) of natural superiority over them, of being able (were the tools in my hand) to do a hundred things better than the hundred I see paid for doing them." But no pay came, and Providence seemed to warn him off from literature, which "will never yield thee bread, nor stomach to digest bread." To make matters worse, there came the stunning blow of the burning of the completed MSS. of the first volume of the "French Revolution." Mr. Froude tells this well-known episode, and heightens our sense of its horror by saying that before Mill's servant burned his MSS. Carlyle had destroyed all the notes from which he had constructed it. After Mill had left the house, having delivered his tidings.

He left us (Carlyle writes the next day in his journal) in a relapsed state, one of the pitiablest. My dear wife has been very kind, and has become dearer to me. The night has been full of emotion, occasionally of sharp pain (something cutting or hard grasping me round the heart), occasionally of sweet consolation. I dreamt of my father and sister Margaret alive; yet all defaced with the sleepy stagnancy, swollen hebetude of the grave, and again dying as in some strange rude country: a horrid dream, the painfullest, too, when you wake first. Oh, that I had faith! Oh that I had! Then were there nothing too hard or heavy for me. Cry silently to thy inmost heart to God for it. Surely He will give it thee. At all events, it is as if my invisible schoolmaster had torn my copy-book when I showed it, and said, "No, boy! Thou must write it better."

The first shock over, Carlyle set to work to rewrite the volume, merely accepting £100 from Mill as payment for the five months' work which had perished in lighting the family fire. Hope revived. "With health and peace for one year," he writes to his brother, "it seems to me often as if I could write a better

book than any there has been in this country for generations." The acquaintance of Sterling brought him into contact with Maurice, whose "amalgam of Christian verities and modern critical philosophy," Mr. Froude declares, "was and could be nothing else but poisonous insincerity," an *obiter dictum* of the kind dear to Mr. Froude, whose frequent references to Christianity show that he at least is conspicuously free from the pious reverence for the faith of Cromwell and the Covenanters which distinguished his master.

#### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

It was a long time before Carlyle could rouse himself up to working pitch. When he did begin the work possessed him, and the world became quite spectral, sometimes quite hideous, discordant, almost infernal. Through the thin cobwebs he sees "Death and Eternity sit glaring," and he is consumed by a desire to get through with his book and be done with it. His "still death defiance is not unblended with a great fire of hope unquenchable, which glows up silent, steady, brighter and brighter." At last the heavy task was accomplished, and Carlyle started for Scotland to rest. After his return he thought once more of abandoning literature. He refused the editorship of a Lichfield newspaper—fancy Thomas Carlyle as the "we" of a provincial journal—and a clerkship patronizingly offered by Basil Montagu. It was hard to find a place for Carlyle. As Mr. Froude remarks concerning his failure to secure an appointment in some yet to be created national education department, "Governments do not look out for servants among men who are speculating about the nature of the universe." "Providence," said he, with that faith which seldom failed him, "is leading me through dark, burning, hideous ways toward new heights and developments." While a sojourner in Meshech he was often cheered by the loving, hopeful, trusty letters of his mother, with whom he appears to have lived in singularly happy relations to the last, but his hours of gloom were frequent. "I am weary and heavy laden," he writes in his journal, June 1, 1836, "weary of all things, almost of life itself—yet not altogether. It is fearful

and wonderful to me. Often it seems as if the only grand and beautiful and desirable thing in this dusty, fuliginous chaos were to die."

Meanwhile the last volume of "The French Revolution" had got itself into type, and of his finished work Carlyle says, "You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Well, I do know of it that it has come hot out of my own soul, born in blackness, whirlwind, and sorrow"—which indeed was most true. Mr. Froude himself, speaking of the style of this spectral "History of the French Revolution," says it was the best possible to convey thoughts which were often like the sparks of volcanic fire, but it was inharmonious, roughhewn, and savage."

#### MRS. CARLYLE.

It is about this time that the first trace of trouble begins to show in his letters to his wife, although Lady Ashburnham was still unseen, and the great grief was undreamed of by either. In August he writes to her "Du armes Kind. . . . Be peaceable, my poor, wearied, shattered bairn. Harden not thy heart but soften it. Open it to hope and me. Addio Carissima. God be with thee, my wee Goody!" Again, in the same month, he writes:—

If a Goody were well, and a *good*, ach Gott, why should we not be happy enough in spite of twenty poverties? Patience, lassie, let us take it quietly. . . . Oh my poor bairn, be not faithless but believing. Do not fling life away as insupportable, despicable, but let us work it out and rest it out together, like a true *two*, though under sore obstructions. Fools in all circumstances, short of Tophet, very probably in Tophet itself, have one way of doing; wise men have a different, infinitely better. I say 'infinitely,' for that also is a fact; and so God direct and help us! God send thee soon and safe back again; and so ends my sermon.

Mr. Froude, commenting on this, says:—"It was not easy to live with a husband subject to strange fits of passion and depression: often as unreasonable as a child, and with a Titanesque power of making mountains out of molehills. But she might have seen more clearly than she did in these deliberate expressions of his feelings the soundness of his judgment and the genuine simple truth and loyalty of his heart."

Carlyle, feeling and writing with such exquisite tenderness, and Carlyle a fortnight later, when he was in Cheyne-row, making a domestic earthquake and driving his wife distracted because a piano sounded too loud in the adjoining house, are beings so different that it seemed as if his soul was divided, like the Dioscuri, as if one part of it was in heaven, and the other in the place opposite to heaven. But the misery had its origin in the same sensitiveness of nature which was so tremulously alive to soft and delicate emotion. Men of genius have acuter feelings than common men; they are like the wind harp, which answers to the breath that touches it—now low and sweet, now rising into wild swell or angry scream, as the strings are swept by some passing gust.

Mr. Froude makes the following plea for Mr. Carlyle's excessive irritability:—

As to outward annoyances, the world is so made that there will be such things, but they do not destroy the peace of our lives. We express our opinion on such nuisances perhaps with imprecatory emphasis, but we bear them and forget them. Why could not Carlyle, with fame and honor and troops of friends, and the gates of a great career flung open before him, and a great intellect and a conscience unharassed by a single act which he need regret, bear and forget, too? Why, indeed! The only answer is that Carlyle was Carlyle; and a man to whom the figures he met in the streets looked suddenly like spectres, who felt like a spectre himself, and in the green flowery earth, with the sky bending over it, could see "Tartarus and the gloomy realms of Dis," was not to be expected to think and act like any other human being.

Alas! it is not only men of genius who are given to feel like spectres, and to many other human beings for whom no excuses are made, Tartarus and the gloomy realms of Dis are only too familiar sights. After his wife's death Mr. Carlyle pours out his soul in bitter lamentations, of which we only make a single extract:—

A kind of leaden weight of sorrow has come over all my universe, with sharp poignancy of memory every now and then. I cannot weep; no relief yet, or almost none—of tears. God enable me to live out my poor remnant of days in a manner she would have applauded. Hers—as known to me only—were all very noble, a life of hidden beauty, all given to me as part of my own. How had I deserved it? I, unworthy! Beautiful, exceedingly! Oh, how mournfully beautiful now! I called her and thought her my Schätzen; but my word was shallow as compared to the fact, and I never thought of losing her. Vaguely, always, I reckoned that I as the elder should be the first, such a vivacity and brightness of life I noticed in her, in spite of her perpetual burden of infirmities and sufferings day by day.

Twice, perhaps thrice, during her horrible illness of 1864, the thought rose in me, ghastly and terrible, that I was about to lose her; but always my hope soon revived into a strange kind of confidence: and very rarely was my work interrupted, but went on steadily up in the garret, as the one thing salvatory to both of us. And oh, her looks as she sate in the balcony at St. Leonards! Never, never shall I forget that tenderness of love, and that depth as of misery and despair.

#### HIS LECTURES.

After finishing his "French Revolution," Harriett Martineau, whom he afterward condemns as one of the greatest bores he ever met, rescued him from his financial difficulties by suggesting and promoting the course of lectures at Willis's Rooms. "German literature" brought in £135, which to Carlyle was not only financial safety for a year, but wealth and luxury. He wrote an article in 1837 on Sir Walter Scott for Mill's Review, returning, as he said, to writing, "not like a warrior to his battlefield, but like a galley-slave scourged back by the whip of necessity. Oh, literature! oh, that literature had never been devised!" Then Thomas Carlyle, we suppose, would have gone "knapping stones," as he frequently talked of doing, and the world would have been so much the poorer, and it is questionable whether Thomas Carlyle would have been much happier. His second series of lectures brought him £300, and the first use he made of his money was to send £5 to his mother to buy her and his sister bonnets or any other piece of finery, and call them "the lecture." By the third series he netted nearly £200. After his lecture on Heroes he would lecture no more—the practice of public speaking being, in Mr. Froude's opinion, detrimental to the spiritual life.

#### CROMWELL.

The first suggestion which led him to study Cromwell and the Commonwealth came, curiously enough, from John Stuart Mill, who subsequently lamented much what he considered the evil influence exerted by Carlyle's rehabilitation of, or revelation rather, of the character of the great Puritan. Mill asked him to write on Cromwell for the *London and Westminster*. Mill then went abroad, and one Robertson, who managed the review in his absence, wrote to Carlyle

saying that he need not go on, for "he meant to do Cromwell himself!" Poor Robertson! Carlyle was very angry, but that incident led him to study Cromwell seriously, but it was several years before his studies bore any fruit. After four years of it he wrote:—

Dead heroes, buried under two centuries of atheism, seem to whimper pitifully, "Deliver us; canst thou not deliver us?" And, alas! what am I, or what is my father's house. Confound it! I have lost four years of good labor in the business, and still the more I expend on it, it is like throwing good labor after bad.

The work of production was interrupted also, first by "Chartism," then by "Past and Present," but at last the work was accomplished, and Cromwell stood revealed "one of the greatest tragic souls we have ever had in this kindred of ours." But of this, and of his other literary work, we shall have more to say hereafter.

#### CARLYLE'S POLITICS.

This is Mr. Froude's account of the effect which the study of Cromwell had upon Carlyle:—

Carlyle was satisfied that Cromwell was right, and he drew, from it a general inference of the incapacity of a popular assembly to guide successfully and permanently the destinies of this or any other country. No such body of men was ever seen gathered together in national council as those who constituted the Long Parliament. . . . If they failed, if they had to be prevented by armed force from destroying themselves and the interests committed to them, no other Parliament here or anywhere was likely to do better. . . . This was one inference which Carlyle drew. Another was on the rights of so-called "majorities." . . . But the world was also so constructed, owing to the nature of the Maker of it, that superior strength was found in the long run to lie with those who had the right on their side. . . . The strong thing, in the main, was the right thing, because the world was not the devil's and the final issue would be found to prove it whenever the question was raised. . . . He was never a Conservative, for he recognized that, unless, there was a change, impossible except by miracle, in the habits and character of the wealthy classes, the gods themselves could not save them. But the Radical creed of liberty, equality, and government by majority of votes, he considered the most absurd superstition which had ever bewitched the human imagination—at least outside Africa.

#### WORK FOR LORD WOLSELEY.

It is not surprising, therefore, to read the following account of Carlyle's interview with Lord Wolseley. Mr. Froude writes—

Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet, went with me once to call in Cheyne-row, Carlyle having expressed a wish to see him. He was much struck with Sir Garnet, and talked freely with him on many subjects. He described the House of Commons as "six hundred talking asses, set to make the laws and administer the concerns of the greatest empire the world had ever seen;" with other uncomplimentary phrases. When we rose to go, he said, "Well, sir, I am glad to have made your acquaintance, and I wish you well. There is one duty which I hope may be laid upon you before you leave this world—to lock the door of yonder place, and turn them all about their business."

#### RELIGION.

Of Carlyle's religion Mr. Froude naturally has a good deal to say. In 1838 Carlyle says:—

As to the people I see, the best class of all are the religious people, certain of whom have taken, very strangely, a kind of affection for me, in spite of my contradictions of them. It teaches me again that the best of this class is the best one will find in any class whatsoever.

Thomas Erskine was even heard to say that very few men at bottom are as orthodox as Carlyle, which saying was more true than Mr. Erskine dreamed of.

Carlyle in 1848 meditated writing a work to be called "The Exodus from Houndsditch," a Carlylean mode of describing the slipping off of "Hebrew old clothes." Mr. Froude says that Carlyle knew that "since science had made known to us the real relation between this globe of ours and the stupendous universe no man whose mind and heart were sound could any longer sincerely believe in the Christian creed"; but that is Mr. Froude's phrase, not Carlyle's. Carlyle himself shrunk from writing the Exodus, because, as he said, "They that came out hitherto came in a state of brutal nakedness, scandalous mutilation, and impartial bystanders say sorrowfully, 'Return thither, it is better even to return.'" Of all men Carlyle would have found the Exodus from Houndsditch most impossible. For whatever he said in scorn of Hebrew old clothes, the spirit of the Hebrew prophet was the vital essence of his soul."

#### CARLYLE'S CREED.

Writing in 1835, to Sterling, who had "insisted on the defects of Carlyle's spiritual belief," Carlyle says:—

Finally assure yourself that I am neither Pagan nor Turk, nor circumcised Jew; but an



unfortunate Christian individual resident at Chelsea in *this* year of grace, neither Pantheist nor Pot-theist, nor any Theist or Ist whatsoever, having a decided contempt for all such manner of system-builders or sect-founders—as far as contempt may be compatible with so mild a nature—feeling well beforehand (taught by long experience) that all such are and ever must be wrong. By God's blessing we have got two eyes to look with, also a mind capable of learning, of believing. That is all the creed I will at this time insist on.

#### CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

Mr. Froude says that while in London Carlyle belonged to no recognized body of believers, regarding all such as system-mongers, with whom he could have nothing to do. He had attended the Presbyterian Church in Annandale, for it was the communion in which he was born; he had read the Bible to his household at Craigenputtock. But the Kirk in Scotland was not the Kirk of Scotland. He made one or two experiments to find something not entirely unworthy.

I tried various chapels (he said to me); I found in each some vulgar illiterate man declaiming about matters of which he knew nothing. I tried the Church of England. I found there a decent educated gentleman reading out of a book, words very beautiful which had expressed once the sincere thoughts of pious, admirable souls. I decidedly preferred the Church of England man, but I had to say to him, "I perceive, sir, that at bottom you know as little about the matter as the other fellow."

"Thus," adds Mr. Froude, "with the Church of England, too, he had not been able to connect himself, and as it was the rule of his life not only never to profess what he did not believe, but never by his actions to seem to believe it, he stayed away, and went to no place of worship except accidentally."

#### GOETHE—CARLYLE'S "FORTIETH CHURCH ARTICLE."

December, 1837.—Writing in December, 1837, to defend Goethe from John Sterling's depreciatory criticism, Carlyle says:—

As to Goethe, no man whatever, as I say always, has yet ascertained what Christianity is to us, and what Paganity is, and all manner of other anities, and been alive at all points in his own year of grace with the life appropriate to that. This, in brief, is the definition I have always given of the man since I first knew him. The sight of such a man was to me a gospel of gospels, and did literally, I believe, save me

from destruction outward and inward. We are far parted now, but the memory of him shall be ever blessed to me as that of a deliverer from death. But on the whole—oh, John!—what a belief thou hast in the devil. I declare myself an entire sceptic in that faith. Was there, is there, or will there be a great intellect ever heard tell of without first a true and great heart to begin with! Never, in my experience and faith in this God's world have taught me anything at all. Think it not, suspect it not. Worse blasphemy I could not readily utter. Nay, look into your own heart, and consider if the devil's name is *darkness*, and that only—*Eigendunkel*: the blackest kind of darkness. Fear no seeing man, therefore. Know that *he* is in heaven, whoever else be not; that the arch-enemy, as I say, is the arch-stupid. I call this my fortieth Church Article, which absorbs into it and covers up in silence all the other thirty-nine.

It is impossible for us to continue any further to-day the analysis of this remarkable work. We content ourselves, therefore, with appending some extracts of the passages which will naturally attract universal attention. Here, for instance, are a few of the pen-and-ink portraits which abound in the book taken at random:—

#### WORDSWORTH.

Have seen Wordsworth, an old, very loquacious, indeed quite prosing man, with a tint of naturalness, of immense insight nevertheless. . . . A genuine kind of man, but intrinsically and extrinsically a small one, let them sing or say what they will. The languid way in which he gives you a handful of numb, unresponsive fingers is very significant. It seems also rather to grieve him that you have any admiration for anybody but him. . . . May peace be with him, and a happy evening to his, on the whole, respectable life.

#### SOUTHEY.

February 26, 1835.—Went last night, in wet, bad weather, to Taylor's to meet Southey, who received me kindly. A lean, grey, white-headed man of dusky complexion, unexpectedly tall when he rises, and still leaner then—the shallowest chin, prominent snubbed Roman nose, small care-line brow, huge bush of white-grey hair on high crown and projecting on all sides, the most vehement pair of faint hazel eyes I have seen—a well-read, honest, limited (strait-laced even), kindly-hearted, most irritable man. We parted kindly, with no great purpose on either side, I imagine, to meet again. Southey believes in the Church of England. This is notable—notable and honorable that he has made such belief serve him so well.

#### CHARLES DICKENS.

Writing to Dr. Carlyle, from Chelsea, March 17, 1840, Thomas Carlyle thus

describes Charles Dickens, whom he met at a dinner party. He writes :—

Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner party, though they do not seem to heed him over-much. He is a fine little fellow—Boz, I think. Clear blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common-colored hair, and set on it a small, compact figure, very small, and dressed à la D'Orsay\* rather than well—this is Pickwick. For the rest a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are.

#### GROTE.

In the evening a Bullerian rout. Dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female, and Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male. Radical Grote was the only novelty, for I have never noticed him before—a man with straight upper lip, large chin and open mouth (spout mouth); for the rest, a tall man, with dull, thoughtful brows and lank, dishevelled hair, greatly the look of a prosperous dissenting minister.

#### ROEBUCK.

Met Radicals, &c., at Mrs. Buller's a week ago. Roebuck Robespierre was there, an acrid sandy barren character, dissonant speaking, dogmatic trivial, with a singular exasperation; restlessness of disease vanity, written over his face when, of course, near it. Sir William Molesworth, with the air of a good roystering schoolboy, pleases me considerably more.

#### MR. BRIGHT.

"I will tell you," Carlyle writes to his wife, "about Bright, and Brightdom, and the Rochdale Bright mill some other day. Jacob Bright, the younger man, and actual manager at Rochdale, rather pleased me—a kind of delicacy in his features when you saw them by daylight—at all events, a decided element of 'hero-worship,' which, of course, went for much. But John Bright, the Anti-Corn Law member, who had come across to meet me, with his cock nose and pugnacious eyes and Barclay-Fox-Quaker collar—John and I discorded in our views not a little. And, in fact, the result was that I got to talking occasionally in the Annandale accent, and communicated large masses of my views to the Brights and Brightesses, and shook peaceful Brightdom as with a passing earthquake; and, I doubt, left a very questionable impression of myself there."

#### MR. GLADSTONE.

Gladstone appears to me one of the contemptiblest men I ever looked on. A poor Ritualist, almost spectral kind of phantasm of a man. Nothing in him but forms and ceremonies and outside wappages; incapable of seeing veritably any fact whatever, but seeing, crediting, and laying to heart the mere clothes of the fact, and fancying that all the rest does not exist. Let him fight his own battle in the

name of Beelzebub, the god of Ekron, who seems to be his god. Poor phantasm!

#### SIR R. PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel was "one of the few men in England whom Carlyle had any curiosity to see." Carlyle had given him a copy of his "Cromwell," and he subsequently met him at a dinner at Bath House. Of this meeting Mr. Carlyle made the following entry in his journal :—

March 27.—Went to the Peel enterprise; sate next Sir Robert—an evening not unpleasant to remember. Peel is a finely made man, of strong, not heavy, rather of elegant, stature; stands straight, head slightly thrown back, and eyelids modestly drooping; every way mild and gentle, yet with less of that fixed smile than the portraits give him. He is toward sixty, and, though not broken at all, carries, especially in his complexion, when you are near him, marks of that age; clear, strong blue eyes which kindle on occasion, voice extremely good, low-toned, something of cooing in it, rustic, affectionate, honest, mildly persuasive. Spoke about French Revolutions new and old; well read in all that; had seen General Dumas; reserved seemingly by nature, obtrudes nothing of diplomatic reserve. On the contrary a vein of mild fun in him, real sensibility to the ludicrous, which feature I liked best of all.

#### TENNYSON.

A fine, large featured, dim eyed, bronze colored, shaggy headed man is Alfred: dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge—a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man.

#### THACKERAY.

One Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London.

#### BABBAGE.

A mixture of craven terror and venomous-looking vehemence, with no cheer, too—a cross between a frog and a viper, as somebody called him.

#### MR. DISRAELI.

Mr. Froude's account of Carlyle's estimate of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone is colored by Mr. Froude's own prejudice. He says :—

Mr. Disraeli, however, had, he admitted, some good qualities. He could see facts—a supreme merit in Carlyle's eyes. He was good-natured. He bore no malice. If he was without any lofty virtues, he affected no virtuous airs. Mr. Gladstone Carlyle considered to be equally incapable of high or sincere pur-

pose, but with this difference—that he supposed himself to have what he had not.

#### THE QUEEN AND WINDSOR.

The following is Carlyle's account of his visit to Windsor Castle:—

The Castle and outside are very beautiful indeed, and sufficient to lodge a much larger figure than poor little Queen Victoria. The Kings hang there all in rows, with their gauderies about them, poor old King William the last, like so many shadows of a dream. Each hovers there for a year or two, and then eternity swallows him, and he is as straight as old Wull Moor, the Galloway Hushel. (Hushel: an old worn-out person or implement.)

In 1838 he thus records his first sight of her Majesty:—

Going through the Green Park yesterday I saw her little Majesty taking her bit of departure for Windsor. I had seen her another day at Hyde Park-corner coming in from the daily ride. She is decidedly a pretty looking little creature; health, clearness, graceful timidity looking out from her young face, frail cockle on the black, bottomless deluges. One could not help some interest in her, situated as mortal seldom was.

After the death of his wife, in 1866, the Queen sent him a kind message of sympathy, and "the assurance of her sorrowful understanding of a grief which she herself, alas! knows too well." Carlyle replied, graciously expressing his profound sense of her great goodness to him, "in this the day of my calamity."

Here is one extract from Carlyle's diary, describing his meeting with the Queen at the Deanery, Westminster:—

The Queen was really very gracious and pretty in her demeanor throughout, rose greatly in my esteem by everything that happened; did not fail in any point. The interview was quietly, very mournful tone, the one point of real interest, a sombre thought. Alas! how would it have cheered her bright soul for my sake, had she been there!

#### HIS REFUSAL OF THE GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH.

The following is the letter in which Mr. Disraeli's offer to him of the Grand Cross of the Bath was made:—

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq. (Confidential.) Bournemouth, December 27, 1874. Sir.—A Government should recognize intellect. It elevates and sustains the tone of a nation. But it is an office which, adequately to fulfil, requires both courage and discrimination, as there is a chance of falling into favoritism and patronizing mediocrity, which, instead of elevating the national feeling, would eventually

degrade or debase it. In recommending her Majesty to fit out an Arctic Expedition, and in suggesting other measures of that class, her Government have shown their sympathy with science: and they wish that the position of high letters should be equally acknowledged; but this is not so easy, because it is in the necessity of things that the test of merit cannot be so precise in literature as in science. When I consider the literary world, I see only two living names which I would fain believe will be remembered, and they stand out in uncontested superiority. One is that of a poet—if not a great poet, a real one; the other is your own.

I have advised the Queen to offer to confer a baronetcy on Mr. Tennyson, and the same distinction should be at your command if you liked it; but I have remembered that, like myself, you are childless, and may not care for hereditary honors. I have therefore made up my mind, if agreeable to yourself, to recommend to her Majesty to confer on you the highest distinction for merit at her command, and which, I believe, has never yet been conferred by her except for direct services to the State, and that is the Grand Cross of the Bath.

I will speak with frankness on another point. It is not well that in the sunset of your life you should be disturbed by common cares. I see no reason why a great author should not receive from the nation a pension, as well as a lawyer or statesman. Unfortunately, the personal power of her Majesty in this respect is limited; but still it is in the Queen's capacity to settle on an individual an amount equal to a good fellowship; and which was cheerfully accepted and enjoyed by the great spirit of Johnson and the pure integrity of Southey.

Have the goodness to let me know your feelings on these subjects.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

B. DISRAELI.

The following is Carlyle's reply:—

To the Right Hon. B. Disraeli.

5, Cheyne-row, Chelsea, Dec. 29, 1874.

Sir,—Yesterday, to my great surprise, I had the honor to receive your letter containing a magnificent proposal for my benefit, which will be memorable to me for the rest of my life. Allow me to say that the letter, both in purport and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble, that it is without example in my own poor history; and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons towards men of letters at the present, as at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart. A real treasure or benefit *it*, independent of all results from it.

This said to yourself, and repositing with many feelings in my own grateful mind, I have only to add that your splendid and generous proposals for my practical behoof must not any of them take effect; that titles of honor are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenor of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an incumbance, not a furtherance to me; that as to

money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also (thank God, and those that are gone before me) not degrading poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even superabundant; more of it, too, now a hindrance, not a help to me; so that Royal or other bounty would be more than thrown away in my case; and in brief, that except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occa-

sion, which is a real and permanent possession, there cannot anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure.

With thanks more than usually sincere,

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

T. CARLYLE.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## BALZAC'S DREAMS.

BY J. W. SHERER.

MEN sit by the fire overnight, and, peering into the glowing coals, build up strange hopes and fancies; but very few rise the next morning, in the cold grey light, to set about realizing what their imagination suggested. It has been remarked of Honoré de Balzac, that he romanced for himself as well as for the public; and it may be added that, whilst dreaming of the most fantastical projects, he had the peculiarity also of deliberately attempting to carry some of them into execution.

There is no wish here to present a complete list of these schemes, nor to put the ones noticed even into chronological sequence; but merely to jot down an anecdote or two illustrative of Balzac's power of dreaming, and the enthusiasm with which he sometimes endeavored to turn fancy into fact.

It is not easy to follow men like Théophile Gautier or Léon Gozlan in telling a story; but the subject matter will, perhaps, effect something for itself.

### AU CHEVAL ROUGE.

BALZAC was always greatly impressed with the notion of what a combination of wills and a co-operation of movements might effect. He thought, by such means, circumstances might be constrained to produce certain events. Gautier tells us that the friendship of Pierre and Jaffier in the "Venice Preserved" of our English Otway struck Balzac's fancy immensely. Two souls, two courages, two intelligences dominated by the same determination!

The "Histoire de Treize" sufficiently shows that the conception was one early entertained by the novelist; for "Ferragus" was, we think, appearing in the *Revue de Paris* in the spring

of 1833. The book is extraordinarily fascinating, though the incidents are some of them altogether at variance with our national taste, and, we may hope, will always continue to be so. But Balzac was not content with getting his dream down on paper; he must also form a society of real flesh-and-blood people, who were to exercise a mysterious influence, and compass certain desired ends. The association was called the Cheval Rouge, from the name of a tavern where their first symposium was held. Although the principal object of the undertaking was the promotion of individual interests through the influence of the press, yet Balzac had a great difficulty in bringing himself to invite the necessary men to enroll themselves, owing to his dislike of journalists. But, whatever his personal feeling, he was fully alive to the growing power of the newspaper press. He said to Gozlan one day, with his usual emphasis, "I do not love journalism; I may say even that I detest it. It is a blind force, deaf, too, mischievous, insubordinate; without morality, without traditions, without earnest end or aim. It is like the butchers; it kills overnight, that it may support itself the next morning on what it has slaughtered. But, after all, we must concede, it is a force, nay, the force of the age. This power leads to everything, conducts to every point of the compass: it is the only one nowadays which has sufficient energy to overthrow, and, as a natural result, to replace that which is overthrown. Look you what the *Débats*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Presse*, even the *Siècle*, can effect in their different degrees of influence. I defy the Government to nominate a minister, a receiver—public or private—



an admiral, or a garde-champêtre, without carefully considering previously the impression—be it considerable or be it nugatory—which these respective appointments will make on the sensitive skin of the public press !”

Holding these views, then, the founder of the new society had to get over his antipathies, and to solicit the co-operation of those who were essential to any chance of success ; and though this was done with infinite mystery and elaborate precautions, it was at last arranged that a meeting of the social conspirators should take place.

On a Saturday, about four in the afternoon, and, as Gozlan relates, lovely weather, a melodramatic party gradually assembled in the Grande Allée du Museum at the Jardin des Plantes, with furtive gestures, like bandits on the stage. There were Granier de Cassagnac, Théophile Gautier, Louis Desnoyers, Alphonse Karr, T. Merle, Gozlan himself, Balzac in the character of host, and one or two others. The names mentioned are all familiar probably, unless it be that of Merle, but in truth he was then, perhaps, the most popular of all. He was editor of the *Quotidienne*, and a man of great beauty of form and face, though older than the rest. Full of the brightness of the South, pregnant with witty anecdotes, which he related with an extraordinary charm of manner ; he possessed further, what is by no means a despicable gift in the life of the world, a great knowledge of edible substances, and an amazing power of consuming them. Although a delightful writer, he produced nothing which remains, and a few lines are devoted to him the more willingly, in that there is something touching in the complete oblivion falling often on those whose celebrity has been chiefly social. Balzac, full of the magnetic attraction he could wield at will, led the way out of the Jardin des Plantes, and, passing the Rue de Poissy, advanced almost in front of the Pont de la Tournelle, when, turning round, he exclaimed : “ Gentlemen, here we are !”

There was nothing that looked at all like a restaurant or *café*, but a dreary, faded house rose before them, that recalled the ordinary wine-shop of the suburbs. From the second story, a

misshapen sign was seen hanging, in a crooked, perilous way, on which a huge carrier's horse, *rubricé pictus*, reared on his hind legs, with wonderful mane and tail. whilst beneath was written “ Au Cheval Rouge.” The dining-hall was in a kind of outhouse at the bottom of a court, between a well and a shed for empty casks, and the cooking, as may be supposed, was not Lucullian. However, the bandits kept themselves going somehow, what with wine and what with Balzac's contagious influence of enthusiasm ; but it was voted on all hands that the next meeting should be held elsewhere. The statutes were read out, which Gozlan thought might have been condensed into “ Chacun sera à tous, et tous seront à chacun.” And Merle was prevailed upon to accept the office of librarian ; the library existing only in the brain of Balzac himself.

The next entertainment was at the Vendanges de Bourgogne, a large and celebrated restaurant of that day, situated on the bank of the Canal St. Martin, just at the entry of the Faubourg du Temple. Each member was called a *cheval*, and the letters announcing the meetings displayed a small red horse, with the notification : “ Écurie, tel jour, tel endroit.” The restaurant was often changed, as Balzac considered that the secret of the existence of such an association should be kept a profound mystery, and occasionally went so far as to pretend, when a *cheval* was met in society, that he had never seen him before.

The aim of the society may be described in the amusingly exaggerated language of its founder.

Each member was to be connected with a newspaper, which journal was to bring its forces at command to bear upon the fulfilment of some social event in the world.

“ I intend,” said Balzac, “ that when we designate amongst ourselves a public librarian—he shall be appointed ; when we name a *député*—he shall be appointed ; an *academician*—he shall be appointed ; a professor—he shall be appointed. I assure you,” he added, “ that this is really the way in which the world is governed ; it seems to go freely, of its own accord, beneath its rider ; but, in truth, it has to yield to the

rein, to the spur, to the whip, or the pressure of the knees."

Of course the members were to take care of each other: hostility to one was to insure undying retribution from all the others. The Cheval Rouge was never to pardon. An offender was forthwith to be handed over to the saws, pulleys, thumbscrews, and boots—familiar to the lower journalism.

Alas! this grand scheme came to nothing. Gautier humorously says the reason was that the horses could not pay for their oats; and an association which was to possess itself of all things, fell to pieces because fifteen francs was considered too much for a dinner.

But Gozlan—more truly, perhaps—points out as the cause of collapse, that the members were never especially cordial with one another; and that none but Balzac himself possessed a robust faith in the possibility of the idea being carried out. Merle put off his hope of a library till another world; and beyond a few newspaper articles, nothing remained to show traces of a combination which was to have dominated literary Paris.

"The sign-board indeed," wrote Gozlan, "perhaps remains, braving time and revolutions, the damp of the Seine and the dryness of the summer. The stallion may still paw the air, and splash with vermilion the delighted eyes of those who travel from the La Tournelle Bridge to the Jardin des Plantes."

So taking, however, is the idea of an association of the kind, that we believe we are not wrong in saying that an attempt to revive the Cheval Rouge, though not under that name, was made a short time ago in London itself.

#### THE PROPHET'S RING.

LÉON GOZLAN has given a amusing account of a scheme of Balzac's for raising prodigious sums of money by a ring; and we cannot do better than reproduce the substance of his narrative.

It was a winter night, quite in the small hours—between one and two—when Laurent Jan, playwright and man of letters, who lived in the Rue de Navarin, was woke up by an amazing ringing of the bell. This was succeeded by a great storm of imprecations from the various lodgers, above which rose

the high-pitched interrogations of the concierge; and amidst this tumult Balzac hurriedly entered the chamber of his friend.

"Who is it?" cried Laurent Jan, leaping from his bed.

"It is I. Dress at once; we must be off."

"Be off?"

"Yes—be off."

"But, before I get ready, I must know where you would take me."

"We start at once—to visit the Mogul."

"Are you mad?"

"The object of our journey is to enable us to become rich, imperially rich—rich as the ancient Indian empire!"

"Well but, look here, dear friend, before packing up my things," timidly objected Laurent Jan, "I must know more precisely what we are to do, when we get to the Mogul?"

"Oh, pray be quick," cried Balzac; "we have already lost a million francs, whilst you have been hesitating. Time presses, and we have got to fetch Léon Gozlan."

Laurent Jan dressed himself with resignation, consenting, somewhat languidly, thus to become a Cræsus, but urged at last:

"Now that I have agreed to come, it is more than ever necessary I should know what we are going to do with the Mogul."

Balzac fenced with the question for some minutes, and then, taking Laurent Jan mysteriously by the arm, he led him near the lamp.

"Inspect this ring on my finger," he said impressively.

"Well, I see it. It seems to me worth four sous."

"Restrain yourself; look more closely."

"Perhaps six sous."

"Learn that this ring," declared Balzac, "was given me at Vienna by the celebrated Orientalist, Von Hammer, on the last occasion of my visiting Germany."

"And then?"

"And then! Why, the scholar smiled and said, 'A day will come when you will know the value of this little present I have made you.' I took the

ring without heeding the prophecy; I had no idea a common green stone had such——"

"Such what?"

"Such what!—why, first look at the Arabic characters engraved on it—but hold, I must not anticipate. Last night, then, at a party given by the Neapolitan ambassador, it occurred to me I might as well ask the representative of the Porte what the signification of this mysterious inscription might be. I showed him my ring. He was so agitated at beholding it, that he gave vent to a cry which startled the assembly.

"'You possess a ring,' he said, bowing reverently toward the earth, 'which comes direct from the Prophet (on whom be peace!), was worn by him, and carries his sacred name. A hundred years ago, this gem was stolen from the Great Mogul by the English, and was then sold to a German prince——'

"'It was given me at Vienna,' I interrupted eagerly, 'by the noted Von Hammer!'

"'Start at once,' cried the envoy, 'for the home of the Mogul. He has offered tons of gold and diamonds for the recovery of that ring, and you will return with the tons!'

"I leapt at the idea, as you may suppose. And now, I have come to fetch you, my dear friend, that we may travel together, and restore to the Mogul the Prophet's ring, which he will receive with ecstasies of delight. Think of the tons which await us!"

"And for this," cried Laurent Jan, "you have really disturbed me in the middle of the night! It is too bad of you!"

"What! you think the prize insignificant?" replied Balzac, altogether unable to understand the indifference of his friend.

"I adhere to the offer I have already made," said the other, beginning to undress: "if you choose to take four sous for the ring of the Prophet, they are at your disposal."

Balzac was like a lion given up to the transports of rage: abuse, ridicule, satire poured in torrents from his lips, till at last, bent and broken with his own violence, he stretched himself on the carpet, and with his plethoric facility

of slumber was soon far away in the East, amidst those historic halls where was inscribed on high, "If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this!"

#### THE SCORIE OF SARDINIA.

THE anecdote of the ring has been purposely put just before the present one because it reads like a mere hallucination or even a practical joke. Whether in this particular instance Von Hammer gave such a trinket, whether the Ottoman envoy said what he is represented to have said, no one can tell; but that Balzac was quite capable of making a real journey to visit the Mogul other evidence shows. Gautier relates in sober earnest that he and Jules Sandeau were actually induced by Balzac to think of a voyage to Guadeloupe. The object of the expedition was to search for certain treasure, of which Balzac declared he had received reliable information. It had been buried, according to him, near the mole of Pointe-à-Pitre by Toussaint-L'Ouverture, who, immediately after he had hidden it, caused the negroes engaged in its transport to be all shot.

Balzac would describe the spot with a fulness so rich in details and so subtle in ingenious deductions, that the elect themselves might have been excused for being deceived. These particulars he stated himself to have obtained from a magnetic sleeper. The attractive mysteries of the *Golden Bug* were to be represented in real action.

The scheme failed, as many human projects have failed, for want of money. The combined resources of the three friends were insufficient for passage-money, let alone the spades, pickaxes, and mattocks necessary for the undertaking.

In the year 1838, however, another project reached a point where some sort of realisation may be said to have been within measurable distance. Balzac has himself given an interesting account of the adventure in some letters to Madame Hanska, which will be found in the first volume of the "Correspondance." It seems that in the spring of 1837 a merchant at Genoa informed him that, so great was the neglect of the Government of Sardinia, there were vast heaps

of scorix lying near the disused silver mines, formerly worked by the Romans and others, full of the lead in combination with which the silver had been found, the lead also being believed itself to contain a remunerative quantity of the more precious metal. The idea at once struck Balzac that, with the advanced chemistry of the day, these metals might be easily extracted from the refuse, and he engaged his merchant friend to send him some specimens of the scorix, that he might submit them to scientific people in Paris, and if their report was favorable, he and the merchant were to apply for a concession to the Government, and undertake the extraction of whatever was valuable in the scorix. Balzac kept the project steadily in view; but the merchant never sent the specimens, and, indeed, privately obtained a concession for himself. Moreover, a house at Marseilles had the lead and refuse at Cagliari examined, and at once applied for a second concession. An expert who tried the scorix for this house found that they yielded 10 per cent of lead, and that the lead, again, yielded 10 per cent of silver, and therefore the scheme was in no way devoid of feasibility. A French chemist had promised to confide to Balzac a new method of extracting metal from ore at a less expense than by the usual processes; so that, when the time came for him to join in partnership with the Genoese merchant, he considered himself prepared for operations, though the non-arrival of the specimens kept the plan in complete uncertainty. A full year had passed, and in April 1838 he started for the South, being determined to examine the locality himself. Then he found that he had been deceived. Of course the world put this failure down as the bursting of one more rainbow colored soap-bubble blown by the romancer's fancy; but, except that to undertake any commercial speculation without capital is to a certain extent chimerical, the project was ingenious and well-contrived, and, as the result showed, not wholly unremunerative. The letters to Madame Hanska which have been mentioned contain amusing accounts of this exploration. He observed everything, though, as Maxime

Ducamp has remarked, he seemed to look at nothing.

We see the Parisian celebrity on a five days' voyage from Ajaccio to Alghiero, in Sardinia, eating a terrible fish soup, sleeping on deck, and anathematising the mosquitoes. Nay, we find him in a virgin forest, descending on horseback through the bed of a mountain torrent, confessedly poised on the neck of the animal.

But, perhaps, for us, a weary day at Ajaccio is most full of interest, when in a library devoid of books to his taste, he at last came on Richardson's works. "Clarissa Harlowe" he was well acquainted with, but he now opened "Grandison" and "Pamela" for the first time. He pronounced them fearfully tedious and stupid; and, to the man who was then in hopes of extending the canvas of the "Comédie Humaine" to panoramic proportions, it seemed a sad fate indeed that Richardson should have to be classed with Cervantes and Sterne as the author of one book!

#### THE PINE-APPLES OF LES JARDIES.

THE little estate of Les Jardies has acquired a new and tragical interest since the time of Balzac. It has sometimes been said that Gambetta occupied the house of Balzac. This is, however, not quite correct. When Balzac first bought the ground, there was a small house already standing on it; and he built for himself the perpendicular fabric of three rooms, one above the other, which he termed in the "Correspondance," "le bâton de perroquet sur lequel je suis perché." Léon Gozlan writes: "La véritable habitation des Jardies était celle qui existait dans le même enclos, à vingt ou trente pas de la sienne." And it was in this house (a good deal altered and improved, we believe) that the dramatic occurrence took place which created such a profound sensation throughout France.

The account given in the *Événement* newspaper was not contradicted, and, as it is by far the most intelligible, it may perhaps be received. According to that journal, the lady who had been so anxious that her son should be publicly acknowledged by his father was



sitting by the sofa of the sick man, urging the too familiar request. As, on the other side, delay was still sought for and immediate urgency deprecated, the lady, in a transport of disappointment, drew a pistol from under her dress, and directed it against her own bosom. Gambetta caught her intent, and seized the barrel of the weapon to divert its aim. In the struggle the pistol exploded, and the ball passed up Gambetta's arm, who was in too bad a state of blood to bear up against the wound, and finally died from its effects.

It was a passage in the "*Mémoires de Saint-Simon*" which induced Balzac to choose the locality fixed upon. When Louis XIV. occupied Versailles, the different courtiers took up quarters in the neighborhood near Saint-Cloud, Meudon, Sèvres, etc.; but in the evil days of the French monarchy these country seats—most of them—disappeared, and amongst them Les Jardies. The small estate that Balzac purchased at Ville d'Avray he chose to identify with the Jardies, but proof on this point was not satisfactory, and the communes of Sèvres and Ville d'Avray never admitted the title. But Balzac would have it so, and caused a black marble slab to be inserted in the wall adjoining the gates, on which was inscribed in gold letters "*LES JARDIES.*" The ground was very steep and uneven, and a solitary walnut tree (which, moreover, the commune of Sèvres claimed as their property) was the only representative of the magnificent vegetation which the new purchaser had already realised in his imagination. He was anxious that the estate should be completely walled in, but this was by no means easy; for the gradient was so severe that the walls he erected were in the habit of falling bodily into his neighbor's garden, and creating both legal disputes and, as may be imagined, a great deal of good-tempered banter from his friends. The great Frédéric Lemaitre, calling to discuss "*Vautrin*" with its author, and standing with him on one of the walks, humorously put small pieces of brick on one side under his boots, as you put paper under a chest of drawers on and uneven floor, that equilibrium might be more easily obtained. But, notwithstanding all difficulties, Balzac was fully

persuaded that the soil of Les Jardies was of a rich and luxuriant character, and the situation on the hill-side in open sunshine he considered tropical. He declared that in former days there grew there a grape of extraordinary excellence, and that the exposed situation gave the vines such advantages as, according to him, the hill-sides of Bohemia did to those of Tokay.\* He did not, however, propose to devote the space to vines. He had another project. A hundred thousand plants of pine-apple were to be put into the ground enclosed by the walls, and this enclosure, again, was to be turned into hothouses by covering in certain portions with glass. The position on the hill-side was so warm that only moderate artificial heating would be necessary. The pine-apples were to be sold at five francs each, instead of the fancy price of a louis d'or then obtainable in the markets. A sum would thus be produced of five hundred thousand francs, from which would have to be deducted one hundred thousand francs for cultivation, enframing, heating, etc., leaving the still handsome balance of four hundred thousand francs, which would supply the happy proprietor with a comfortable income; "and all this," Balzac jocularly added, "without a single line of copy."

It was necessary to make a beginning in so important an undertaking, and the one Balzac thought of, as the turning of the first turf, so to speak, of this new road to riches, was to select a shop for the sale of the pine-apples. He took a walk, therefore, with Théophile Gautier on the boulevard Montmartre, to choose a suitable situation. The shop was to be painted black, picked out with lines of gold, and there was to be a sign marked in huge letters "*ANANAS DES JARDIES.*" "As for Balzac," says Gautier, "he already saw the hundred thousand pine-apples growing with their rigid, channelled leaves and their amber cones under the roomy frames of glass; he dilated in the high temperature of the hothouse; he took in the tropical fragrance with his nostrils, passionately expanded to enjoy it; and even when, caged in his little retreat, he leaned

\* So Balzac: but is not Tokay in Hungary?

against the window, and watched the snow descend noiselessly on the impoverished slopes, he found great difficulty in dismissing the delusion."

#### LE COLLABORATEUR.

CERTAINLY one of the most whimsical ideas Balzac ever entertained was his project for providing himself with a fellow-worker. It was at the time that the novelist was bitten with an immense desire to succeed in drama. Curiously enough, the man who was so self-dependent in romance, who thought no trouble too great, no toil too protracted, in the elaboration of his stories, took a wholly different view of the obligations weighing on the dramatist.

He regarded the stage less as an opportunity for artistic development, than as a means of rapidly amassing large sums of money. It was on meeting Henri Monnier on the Place de la Bourse (save the mark!) one day, and pouring into his ear a dramatic project destined to bring in many millions, that the quaint caricaturist drily remarked, "I say, my dear man, lend me five francs on the speculation." Balzac thought little of the originality of plays, and did not consider that any particularly careful literary workmanship was necessary in the dialogue. Incidents, situations, pointed hits, telling effects might all be gathered from any one willing to contribute them; several pens might well enough be employed in the composition. Only a master mind was required to mould the materials into a consistent whole, and to give the *cachet* of his personality to the completed work.

With such opinions, it was natural enough that Balzac should look about him for some one who would work in dramatic co-operation. The selection, however, which he made caused general surprise. He called to his aid an amiable, hysterical young man, of the name of Lassailly, who dabbled a little in small verse, and was generally available in miscellaneous literature of the feeble sort. He wrote the sonnet on the *Camelia* attributed to Lucien Rubempré in the "Illusions Perdues," and it was, perhaps, a specimen of his best.

His health was weak, and he had, like Augustus Moddle, a tendency to washy

sentiment, with an easy effusion of tears. This mild creature was duly domiciled in Les Jardies, where he was to be boarded, lodged, and have fire, lights, and washing provided, and it was hoped would thus fatten into a ready, docile, and ingenious dramatist.

Balzac so completely carried out his part of the contract that the sunken cheeks soon began to swell like apples in an air-pump, and a general stoutness and heartiness supervened, which did great credit to the comfort of his quarters. Lassailly developed in addition to his excellent appetite a great tendency to sleep; but with regard to his dramatic ideas, though he always fully admitted that Balzac had a right to demand them, he felt that safety could alone consist in declaring that they required time to germinate; and so his persistent answer to enquiries was, that they were just coming. Unfortunately, Balzac's habit was to work at night; and so, about two or three in the morning, he would ring imperiously for Lassailly, and, on his arrival, beg him at once to produce a dramatic incident or a situation, or even an entire plot. The wretched assistant, torn from his slumbers and dressed in haste,—a slipper on one foot, the other foot naked, a cotton night-cap over his ear,—would present himself in great confusion before his master. But it was not the Balzac of the street or the drawing-room; it was the magician in the midst of his incantations, pale with sleeplessness—patched with yellow where the night-lamp cast its feverish rays on cheek and brow.

"What have you thought of, Lassailly?"

And Lassailly, raising his night-cap and rubbing his eyes, would stammer—

"Something certainly ought to be thought of. It would be advantageous to hit upon an idea."

"And you have hit on something? All right. But we must hasten. *Porte-Saint-Martin* is all expectation. M. Harel has written to me last night. I saw Frédéric Lemaître the day before yesterday."

"You saw Lemaître?"

"Yes; he is entirely with us. He hungers and thirsts for a drama to electrify Paris. Now—what shall be the drama to electrify Paris? Tell me."

"Tell you?" And the unhappy assistant would put on the most comical expression of perplexity.

"Are you prepared with such a drama, Lassailly?"

"Well, not exactly—in a complete form, but——"

"But in outline?"

"Yes and no."

"I await a definite reply."

"Well, I would rather that you should first just give me an idea of what you were thinking of yourself, and our two plans blended together might——"

"Lassailly, you are asleep."

"Oh, no!"

"But yes, you are asleep standing, I tell you so. Why, your heavy eyelids are closing."

"Oh, no, I assure you."

"You yawn, Lassailly."

"It is only the cold—really."

"Go to bed, Lassailly; and in an hour's time we will see whether the Muse has given you any inspiration."

And in an hour's time, sure enough, the relentless bell would ring, and the trembling spectre would have to incur the same catechism, with the same disastrous confession of incapacity to result from it.

Not very long after Lassailly's engagement, Léon Gozlan met him on the boulevard des Italiens, and spoke to him:

"Why, I thought you were at Les Jardies?"

"Les Jardies!" responded the young man, raising his arms and eyes to heaven, "alas! I have left the place."

"But you were very comfortable, were you not?"

"Comfortable! no word for it.

What affluence! what beautiful country! what a table! Roast meat every day, vegetables twice a day, dessert in proportion, and such coffee!"

"Then why did you not stay?"

"Stay!" cried Lassailly, with tears in his eyes, "who could stay? Why, my good sir, fancy having to get up six times in the night—nay, occasionally eight times—and eight times to have demanded from you—a pistol at your throat—the scheme of a drama which was to electrify Paris! Human forces," continued the youth, fairly weeping now, "could not stand it: mine, at any rate, already shattered by so many vicissitudes and passions, were fairly exhausted, and never in my life again will I set foot within the limits of Les Jardies."

He kept his word, and not only did he avoid Les Jardies, but he never could hear the name of the novelist without an excitement closely bordering on terror.

Balzac was a dreamer, certainly: but his airy hopes, we doubt not, tended to brighten a life of great toil, some disappointments, and many troubles. Did he ever dream that he should die in the very height of his celebrity, without decline or loss of power, in a luxurious home, and entirely free from debt or embarrassment of any kind,—tended, too, by the only woman he had truly loved, and who had consented to take his hand?

If, in flighty moments, he entertained such a vision, the expectation was, for once at least, to be fully and strictly realised.—*Belgravia*.

#### QUEER FLOWERS.

If Baron Munchausen had ever in the course of his travels come across a single flower one standard British yard in diameter, fifteen pounds avoirdupois in weight, and forming a cup big enough to hold six quarts of water in its central hollow, it is not improbable that the learned Baron's veracious account of the new plant might have been met with the same polite incredulity which his other

adventures shared with those of Bruce, Stanley, Mendez Pinto, and Du Chaillu. Nevertheless, a big blossom of this enormous size has been well known to botanists ever since the beginning of the present century. When Sir Stamford Raffles was taking care of Sumatra during our temporary annexation, he happened one day to light upon a gigantic parasite, which grew on the stem of a

prostrate creeper in the densest part of the tropical jungle. It measured nine feet round and three feet across: it had five large fleshy petals with a central basin: and it was mottled red in hue, being, in fact, in color and texture surprisingly suggestive of raw beefsteak. One flower was open when Sir Stamford came upon it: the other was in the bud, and looked in that state extremely like a very big red cabbage. Specimens of this surprising find were at once forwarded to England (how, history does not inform us); and, after the place of the plant in the classificatory system had been strenuously fought out with the usual scientific amenities, it was at last duly labelled (through no fault of its own), after the names of its two discoverers as *Rafflesia Arnoldi*.

The mere size of this mammoth among flowers would in itself naturally suffice to give it a distinct claim to respectful attention; but *Rafflesia* possesses many other sterling qualities far more calculated than simple bigness to endear it to a large and varied circle of insect acquaintances. The oddest thing about it, indeed, is the fact that it is a deliberately deceptive and alluring blossom. As soon as it was first discovered, Dr. Arnold noticed that it possessed a very curious carrion smell, exactly like that of putrifying meat. He also observed that this smell attracted flies in large numbers by false pretences to settle in the centre of the cup. But it is only of late years that the real significance and connection of these curious facts has come to be perceived. We now know that *Rafflesia* is a flower which wickedly and feloniously lays itself out to deceive the confiding meat-flies and to starve their helpless infants in the midst of apparent plenty. The majority of legitimate flowers (if I may be allowed the expression) get themselves decently fertilized by bees and butterflies, who may be considered as representing the regular trade, and who carry the fecundating pollen on their heads and proboscises from one blossom to another, while engaged in their usual business of gathering honey all the day from every opening flower. But *Rafflesia*, on the contrary, has positively acquired a fallacious external resemblance to raw meat, and a decidedly high flavor, on

purpose to take in the too trustful Sumatran flies. When a fly sights and scents one, he (or rather she) proceeds at once to settle in the cup, and there lay a number of eggs in what it naturally regards as a very fine decaying carcass. Then, having dusted itself over in the process with plenty of pollen from this first flower, it flies away confidently to the next promising bud, in search both of food for itself and of a fitting nursery for its future little ones. In doing so, it of course fertilises all the blossoms that it visits, one after another, by dusting them successively with each other's pollen. When the young grubs are hatched out, however, they discover the base deception all too late, and perish miserably in their fallacious bed, the helpless victims of misplaced parental confidence. Even as *Zeuxis* deceived the very birds with his painted grapes, so *Rafflesia* deceives the flies themselves by its ingenious mimicry of a putrid beefsteak. In the fierce competition of tropical life, it has found out by simple experience that dishonesty is the best policy.

The general principle which this strange flower illustrates in so striking a fashion is just this. Most common flowers have laid themselves out to attract bees, and so a bee flower forms our human ideal of a central typical blossom: it looks, in short, we think, as a flower ought to look. But there are some originally minded and eccentric plants which have struck out a line for themselves, and taken to attracting sundry casual flies, wasps, midges, beetles, snails, or even birds, which take the place of bees as their regular fertilisers; and it is these Bohemians of the vegetable world that make up what we all consider as the queerest and most singular of all flowers. They adapt their appearance and structure to the particular tastes and habits of their chosen guests.

Now, the fact is, we are all a little tired of that prig and Aristides among insects, the little busy bee. We have heard his virtues praised by poets, moralists, and men of science, till we are all burning to ostracise him forthwith, for the sake of never more hearing him called industrious and intelligent. He and his self-righteous cousin the ant are in fact a pair of egregious pharisa-



cal humbugs, who have made a virtue of their own excessive acquisitiveness, and have induced Solomon, Virgil, Dr. Watts, and other misguided human beings to acquiesce far too readily in their preposterous claims. For my own part, I never was more pleased in my life than when Sir John Lubbock conclusively proved by experiment that they were both extremely stupid and uninventive insects, with scarcely a faint glimmering of brotherly love or any other good ethical quality. I propose, therefore, in this present paper, to leave the too-much belauded bee, with the flowers that cater for his tastes, entirely out of consideration, and look only at some of the peculiar blossoms which appeal rather to the senses and sensibilities of other and more original insect guests.

The wasp, though undoubtedly an irascible and ill-balanced creature, and a chauvinist of the fiercest description, is yet a person of far more width of mind and far wider range of experience in his own way than the *borné* and conventional bee. His taste, in fact (like the taste of that hypothetical person the general reader), is quite omnivorous: while he does not refuse meat, he has an excellent judgment in the sunny side of peaches, and he can make a meal at a pinch off the honey in more than one kind of wasp-specialised flower. But the peculiar likes and dislikes of wasps have produced a curious effect upon the shape and hue of the blossoms which owe their traits to these greedy and not very æsthetic insects. Your bee has a long proboscis and a keen sense of color; so the flowers that lay themselves out on his behalf store their honey at the end of a long tube, and rejoice in brilliant blue or crimson or purple petals. Your wasp, on the other hand, in his mater-of-fact Philistine fashion, cares for none of these things: he asks only plenty of honey, and no foolish obstructions in the way of getting it. Accordingly, wasp-flowers are remarkable for having a helmet-shaped tube, exactly fitted to a wasp's head, with abundant honey filling the bottom of the bell, while in color they are generally a peculiar lived reddish brown, more or less suggestive of a butcher's shop.

We have two or three good typical

wasp-flowers, wild or cultivated, in England, of which the snowberry of our shrubberies is probably the best known to the outside public, other than wasps. But the dingy fig-worts that grow by the waterside are far more noteworthy, because they have such extremely odd-looking, one-sided blossoms, made to measure by nature for the wasp's head. The minuteness with which plants adapt themselves to the merest tricks of habit in the insects to whom they are habitually at home is very well illustrated in this queer plant. Bees and butterflies, and all other regular flower-haunters, have a trick of beginning at the bottom of a spike of flowers (as in foxglove or sage), and working gradually upward; so in these cases the pollen-bags ripen first, while the sensitive surface of the seed-vessel doesn't mature till a later period. Thus, the bee, lighting first on the older and lower flowers, in their second stage, fertilises them with the pollen he has brought from the last plant; while on the upper part of the spike he gathers more pollen, which he carries away to the next plant, and so ensures the great desideratum of nature, a healthy cross. But the wasp, with his usual perversity of disposition, reverses all this: *he* begins at the top of the spike, and works gradually downward. To meet this abnormal fancy of the vespine intellect, the fig-wort makes its sensitive surface mature first, while its pollen-bags only shed their mealy dust a little later. So the wasp, lighting first on the newly opened blossoms at the top, comes in contact with the ripe summit of the seed-vessel, on which he rubs the pollen from the last spike he visited; and then, proceeding downward, he unconsciously collects a fresh lot to carry away to the next fig-wort. Of course, the wasp himself is not in the least interested in these domestic arrangements of the plant whose honey he seeks; all he wants is his dinner, but in getting it he is compelled, without at all suspecting it, to act as carrier for the fig-wort from one spike to another.

Wasps are remarkably sharp and wide-awake insects; and it would be very difficult indeed to take them in. Flowers that bid for their attentions must provide real honey, and plenty of it. It is quite otherwise, however, with

flies. Those mixed feeders are the stupidest and most gullible of all insects; and many unprincipled blossoms have governed themselves accordingly, and deliberately laid themselves out to deceive the poor foolish creatures by false appearances. On most mountain bogs in Britain one can still find a few pretty white flowers of the rare and curious Grass of Parnassus. They have each five snowy petals, and at the base of every petal stands a little forked organ, with eight or nine thread-like points, terminated, apparently, by a small round drop of pellucid honey. Touch one of the drops with your finger, and, lo! you will find it is a solid ball or gland. The flower, in fact, is only playing at producing honey. Yet so easily are the flies for whom it caters taken in by a showy advertisement, that not only will they light on the blossoms and try most industriously for a long time together to extract a little honey from the dry bulbs, but even after they have been compelled to give up the attempt as vain they will light again upon a second flower, and go through the whole performance again, *da capo*. The Grass of Parnassus thus generally manages to get its flowers fertilised with no expenditure of honey at all on its own part. Still, it is not a wholly and hopelessly abandoned flower, like some others, for it does really secrete a little genuine honey quite away from the sham drops, though to an extent entirely incommensurate with the pretended display.

Most of the flowers specially affected by carrion flies have a lurid red color, and a distinct smell of bad meat. Few of them, however, are quite so cruel in the habits as *Rafflesia*. For the most part, they attract the insects by their appearance and odor, but reward their services with a little honey and other allurements. This is the case with the curious English fly-orchid, whose dull purple lip is covered with tiny drops of nectar, licked off by the fertilising flies. The very malodorous carrion-flowers (or *Stapelias*) are visited by bluebottles and fleshflies, while an allied form actually sets a trap for the fly's proboscis, which catches the insect by its hairs, and compels him to give a sharp pull in order to free himself: this pull dislodges the

pollen, and so secures the desired cross-fertilisation. The Alpine butterwort sets a somewhat similar gin so vigorously that when a weak fly is caught in it he cannot disengage himself, and there perishes wretchedly, like a hawk in a keeper's trap.

These cases lead on naturally to certain other very queer flowers which similarly take advantage of the stupidity of flies by actually imprisoning them (without writ of *habeas corpus*) in a strong inner chamber, until they have duly performed the penal servitude of fertilisation, enjoined upon them by the inexorable blossom. The South European birthwort, a very lurid-looking and fly-enticing flower, has a sort of cornucopia-shaped tube, lined with long hairs, which all point inward, and so allow small midges to creep down readily enough, after the fashion of an eel-buck or lobster-pot. "Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras"—to get out again is the great difficulty. Try as they will, the little prisoners can't crawl back upward against the downward-pointing hairs. Accordingly they are forced, by circumstances over which they have no control, to walk aimlessly up and down their prison yard, fertilising the little knobby surface of the seed-vessel with pollen brought from another flower. But as soon as the seeds are all impregnated, the stamens begin to shed their pollen, and dust over the gnats with the copious powder. Then the hairs all wither up, and the gnats, released from their lobster-pot prison, fly away once more on the same fool's errand. Before doing so, however, they make a good meal off the pollen that covers the floor, though they still carry away a great many grains on their own wings and bodies. One might imagine that after a single experience of the sort the midges would have sense enough to avoid birthwort in future; but your midge has really no more intelligence than your human drunkard, or gambler, or opium-eater. He flies straight off to the very next birthwort he sees, conveys to it the pollen from the last trap he visited, and gets confined once more in the inner chamber, till the plant is prepared to let him out again on ticket-of-leave of short duration. Thus, like an

habitual criminal, he spends almost all his time in getting from one gaol into another. His confinement, however, is not solitary, but is mitigated by congenial intercourse with the ladies and gentlemen of his own kind.

A very similar but much larger fly-cage is set by our own common wild arum, or cuckoo pint. This familiar big spring flower exhales a disagreeable fleshy odor, which, by its meat-like flavor, attracts a tiny midge with beautiful iridescent wings and a very poetical name, *Psychoda*. As in most other cases where flies are specially invited, the color of the cuckoo pint is usually a dull and somewhat livid purple. A palisade of hairs closes the neck of the funnel-shaped blossom, and repeats the lobster-pot tactics of the entirely unconnected South European birthwort. The little flies, entering by this narrow and stockaded door, fertilise the future red berries with pollen brought from their last prison, and are then rewarded for their pains by a tiny drop of honey, which slowly oozes from the middle of each embryo fruitlet as soon as it is duly impregnated. Afterwards, the pollen is shed upon their backs by the bursting of the pollen-bags; the hairs wither up, and open the previously barricaded exit, and the midges issue forth in search of a new prison and a second drop of honey. This is all strange enough; but, stranger still, I strongly suspect the arum of deliberately hocussing its nectar. I have often seen dozens of these tiny flies rolling together in an advanced stage of apparent intoxication upon the pollen-covered floor of an arum chamber; and the evidences of drunkenness are so clear and numerous that I incline to believe the plant actually makes them drunk in order to ensure their staggering about in the pollen and carrying a good supply of it to the next blossom visited. It is a curious fact that these two totally unrelated plants (birthwort and arum) should have hit upon the very same device to attract insects of the same class (though not the same species). The trap must have been independently developed in the two cases, and could only have succeeded with such very stupid, unintelligent creatures as the flies and midges.

From plants that imprison insects to

plants that devour insects alive is a natural transition. The giant who keeps a dungeon is first cousin to the ogre who swallows down his captives entire. And yet the subject is really too serious a one for jesting; there is something too awful and appalling in this contest of the unconscious and insentient with the living and feeling, of a lower vegetative form of life with a higher animated form, that it always makes me shudder slightly to think of it. Do you remember Victor Hugo's terrible description (I think it is in "*Quatre-Vingt-Treize*") of the duel between the great gun that has got loose from its chains on a ship in a storm, and the men who try to recapture it? Do you remember how the gun lunges, and tilts, and evades, and charges, exactly as if it were a living sentient creature; and yet all the while the full horror of the thing depends upon the very fact that it is nothing more than a piece of lifeless, senseless metal, driven about on its wheels irresponsibly by the fury of the storm? Well, that description is awful and horrible enough; but it yet lacks one element of awesomeness which is present in the insect-eating plants, and that is the clear evidence of deliberate design and adaptation. When a crumbling cliff falls and crushes to death the creatures on the beach beneath it, we see in their fate only the accidental working of the fixed and unintentional laws of nature; but when a plant is so constructed, with minute cunning and deceptive imitativeness, that it continually and of malice pre-pense lures on the living insect, generation after generation, to a lingering death in its unconscious arms, there seems to be a sort of fiendish impersonal cruelty about its action which sadly militates against all our pretty platitudes about the beauty and perfection of living beings. It is quite a relief that we are able nowadays to shelve off the responsibility upon a dead materialistic law like natural selection or survival of the fittest. Hartmann's "*Unconscious*" stands modern naturalists in good stead *vice* the personal interference of the mediæval or Miltonic Devil, absent on leave.

On most English peaty patches there grows a little reddish-leaved odd-looking

plant, known as sundew. It is but an inconspicuous small weed, and yet literary and scientific honors have been heaped upon its head to an extent almost unknown in the case of any other member of the British floral commonwealth. Mr. Swinburne has addressed an ode to it, and Mr. Darwin has written a learned book about it. Its portrait has been sketched by innumerable artists, and its biography narrated by innumerable authors. And all this attention has been showered upon it, not because it is beautiful, or good, or modest, or retiring, but simply and solely because it is atrociously and deliberately wicked. Like the late Mr. Peace and the heroes of the Newgate Calendar, it owes its vogue entirely to its murderous propensities. Sundew, in fact, is the best known and most easily accessible of the carnivorous and insectivorous plants.

The leaf of the sundew is round and flat, and it is covered by a number of small red glands, which act as the attractive advertisement to the misguided midges. Their knobby ends are covered with a glutinous secretion, which glistens like honey in the sunlight, and so gains for the plant its common English name. But the moment a hapless fly, attracted by hopes of meat or nectar, settles quietly in its midst, on hospitable thoughts intent, the viscid liquid holds him tight immediately, and clogs his legs and wings, so that he is snared exactly as a peregrine is snared with bird-lime. Then the leaf with all its "red-lipped mouths" (I will own up that the expression is Mr. Swinburne's, *ubi supra*) closes over him slowly but surely, and crushes him by folding its edges inward gradually toward the centre. The fly often lingers long with ineffectual struggles, while the cruel crawling leaf pours forth a digestive fluid—a vegetable gastric juice, as it were—and dissolves him alive piecemeal in its hundred clutching suckers. I have seen this mute tragedy enacted a thousand times over on the bogs and moorlands; and though I often try to release the fresh flies from their ghastly living but inanimate prison, it is impossible to go round all the plants on a whole common, like a philodipterous Howard, ameliorating the condition of all the victims of mis-

placed confidence in the good intentions of the treacherous sundew.

Our little English insectivorous plants, however (we have at least five or six such species in our own islands), are mere clumsy bunglers compared to the great and highly developed insect-eaters of the tropics, which stand to them in somewhat the same relation as the Bengal tiger stands to the British wild cat or the skulking weasel. The Indian pitcher-plants or *Nepenthes* bear big pitchers of very classical shapes (it is well known that Greek art has largely affected India), closed in the early state with a lid, which lifts itself and opens the pitcher as soon as the plant has fully completed its insecticidal arrangements. In some kinds the pitcher ludicrously resembles a hot-water jug of modern British manufacture. The details of the trap vary somewhat in the different species, but as a whole the *modus operandi* of the plant is somewhat after this atrocious fashion. The pitcher contains a quantity of liquid, that of the sort appropriately known as the Rajah holding as much as a quart; and the insect, attracted in most cases by some bright color, crawls down the sticky side, quaffs the unkind *Nepenthes*, and forgets his troubles forthwith in the vat of oblivion prepared for him beneath by the delusive vases. A slimy *Lethe* flows over his dissolving corse, and the relentless pitcher-plant sucks his juices to supply his own fibres with the necessary nitrogenous materials.

The Californian pitcher-plant, or *Darlingtonia*, is a member of a totally distinct family, which has independently hit upon the same device in the western world as the Indian *Nepenthes* in the eastern hemisphere. The pitcher in this case, though differently produced, is hooded and lidded like its Oriental analogue; but the inside of the hood is furnished with short hairs, all pointing inward, and legibly inscribed (to the botanical eye) with the appropriate motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" The whole arrangement is colored dingy orange, so as to attract the attention of flies, and it contains a viscid digestive fluid in which the flies are first drowned and then slowly melted and assimilated. The pitchers are often found half full of dead and decaying assorted insects.



This circumstance, of course, has not escaped the sharp eyes of the practically minded Californians, who accordingly keep the pitchers growing in their houses, to act as fly-catchers. Such an ingenious utilisation of nature, in unconscious competition with the *papier moule*, would surely have occurred only to the two great Pacific civilisations of the Californian and the heathen Chinese.

There are a great many more of these highly developed insect-eaters, such as the Guiana heliamphora (more classical shapes), the Australian cephalotus, and the American side-saddle flowers, and they all without exception grow in very wet and boggy places, like our own sundews, butterworts, and bladderworts. The reason why so many marsh plants have taken to these strange insect-eating habits is simply that their roots are often very badly supplied with manure or with ammonia in any form; and, as no plant can get on without these necessities of life (in the strictest sense), only those marshy weeds have any chance of surviving which can make up in one way or another for the native deficiencies of their situation. The sundews show us, as it were, the first stage in the acquisition of these murderous habits; the pitcher-plants are the abandoned ruffians which have survived among all their competitors in virtue of their exceptional ruthlessness and deceptive coloration. I ought to add that in all cases the pitchers are not flowers, but highly modified and altered leaves, though in many instances they are quite as beautifully colored as the largest and handsomest exotic orchids.

The principle of Venus's fly-trap is somewhat different, though its practice is equally nefarious. This curious marsh-plant, instead of setting hocussed bowls of liquid for its victims, like a Florentine of the fourteenth century, lays a regular gin or snare for them, on the same plan as a common snapping rat-trap. The end of the leaf is divided into two folding halves by the midrib, and on each half there are three or five highly sensitive hairs. The moment one of these hairs is touched by a fly, the two halves come together, enclosing the luckless insect between them. As if on purpose to complete the resemblance to a rat-trap, too, the edges

of the leaf are formed of prickly jagged teeth, which fit in between one another when the gin shuts, and so effectually cut off the insect's retreat. The plant then sucks up the juices of the fly; and as soon as it has fully digested them, the leaf opens automatically once more, and resets the trap for another victim. It is an interesting fact that this remarkable insectivore appears to be still a new and struggling species, or else an old type on the very point of extinction, for it is only found in a few bogs over a very small area in the neighborhood of Wilmington, South California.

Strongly contrasting with the æstheticism of the artistically minded bees, who go in chiefly for peacock blues and Tyrian purples, as well as with the frank Philistinism of the carrion flies, who like good solid meaty-looking red and brown flowers, is the ingenious secretiveness of the ichneumon flies, who chiefly patronise invisible green blossoms, indistinguishable to a casual observer among the thick foliage in whose midst they grow. Most insects are very casual observers: they require a good sensible flaring patch of yellow or scarlet (like the posters of a country circus) to attract their giddy attention. But the ichneumons are sharp-eyed and highly discerning creatures, which have developed a whole set of pale-green flowers, so inconspicuous as to escape the notice of color-loving bees and butterflies, yet with a good supply of easily accessible honey to reward their cunning visitors. This honey the monopolist ichneumons of course keep strictly for their own use. That large and very odd-looking English orchid, the tway-blade, extremely common in woods and shady places, though seldom observed by the general public on account of its uniform greenness, is an excellent example of these ichneumon-made blossoms. The whole spike stands a foot and a half high, with numerous separate green flowers, each about half an inch long, yet it is very little noticed save by regular plant-hunters, because its color makes it all but indistinguishable among the tall grasses and sedges with whose blades it is closely intermingled. Yet if it were only pink or purple, like most of the other English orchids, it would certainly rank as one of the largest and

handsomest among our native wild-flowers.

In a few cases, the relation between the plant and the insect that habitually fertilises it is even closer and more lasting than in any of the instances we have yet considered. Everybody knows those large and handsome tropical lilies, the yuccas, with their tall clustered heads of big white blossoms. Well, Professor Riley, the great American entomologist, has shown that the yuccas are entirely run (to use a favorite expression of his countrymen) by a comparatively small and inconspicuous moth, solely for its own benefit: and so completely is this the case, that the yucca can't manage to exist at all without its little winged intermediary. Professor Riley has therefore playfully named the little insect *Pronuba yuccasella*; freely translated, the yucca's bridesmaid. The moth bores the young capsule of the flower in several places, lays an egg in each hole, and then carefully collects pollen, with which it fertilises the blossom, of set purpose, thus deliberately producing a store of food for its own future larvæ. The eggs hatch inside the capsule, and the young grubs eat part of the seeds, at the same time prudently leaving enough for the continuation of the yucca family in the future. As soon as the grubs are full-grown, they bore a hole again through the capsule, lower themselves by a thread to the ground, and there spin a cocoon which lies buried in the earth all through the autumn and winter. But in the succeeding summer, just fourteen days before the yuccas begin to flower, the grubs in their cocoons pass into the chrysalis stage; and by the time the yuccas are in full blossom, they issue forth as perfect moths, and once more commence the fertilisation of their chosen food plant, and the laying of their own eggs. So singular an instance of mutual accommodation between flower and insect is rare indeed in this usually greedy and self-regarding world.

The extremely odd inside-out topsyturvy flowers of the fig owe their fertilisation, however, to a still more extraordinary and complicated cross-relation-

ship. Hardly anybody (except a botanist) has ever seen a fig-flower, because it grows inside the stalk, instead of outside, and so can only be observed by cutting it open lengthwise. The fig, in its early youth, in fact, consists of a hollow branch on whose inner surface a number of very small flowers cluster together; and when they are ripe for fertilisation, the eye or hole at the top opens to admit the insect visitor. This visitor is the fig-wasp, who comes, not from other cultivated fig-trees, but from a wild tree called the caprifico. On this tree the mother wasps first lay their eggs in the inedible figs, which thereupon swell out into galls, and become the nurses of the young wasp grubs. When the wasps are mature, they eat their way out of the wild fig where they were born, and set forth to lay their own eggs in turn, either on a brother caprifico or on its sister, a true fig-tree. Those wasps which enter the wild figs of a caprifico succeed in carrying out their maternal purpose, and lay their eggs on the right spot for more grubs to be duly developed. But those which happen to go into a true fig merely fertilise the flowers without laying their eggs, because the figs are here so constituted that there is no proper place for them to lay on. In other words, the true fig is a cultivated wasp-proof caprifico. But as the figs won't properly swell without fertilisation, it becomes important to conciliate the attentions of the wasps; and for this reason the Italian peasants hang small branches of the caprifico on the boughs of the cultivated fig-trees, at the moment when the eye of the fig opens, and so shows that they are ready to be fertilised. The wasps, as they emerge from their own homes, enter the figs at once, and there set the little hard seeds, on whose impregnation the pulpy part of the fig begins to swell. The fruit of the caprifico itself never comes to anything, as it hardens and withers on the tree; but, since the true figs are dependent upon it for pollen, it follows that if the caprificos were ever to become extinct, the supply of best Eleme in layers would forthwith cease entirely.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## STEAM, THE TYRANT

PARADOX gives points to proverbs and pithy saws. Their truth strikes the eye because seen enlarged and brightened against a background of falsehood. Were not the moon's apparent size—about that of a crown held at arm's length—multiplied manifold by her brightness, she would hardly impress the sight of children or the imagination of poets. So the truth of a characterization is rendered striking and impressive by the irradiation of paradox; it would be missed if seen but in its true proportion. Allowing for the exaggeration inseparable from emphasis, no single word, I think, so fitly characterizes the tendency of the present age as—concentration.

To many, doubtless, the saying seems a hard one. The diffusion of mankind is a more striking, more impressive fact than that concentration of wealth and industry which is so signal a feature of the last century. To insist on the aggregation of population seems a paradox to those who remember how within one long lifetime New Zealand and the more habitable parts of Australia have been peopled; Canada has spread from a narrow strip of seashore and river-side over an area half as large as Europe. The population of the United States, almost confined in 1784 between the Hudson, the Appalachian mountain ranges, and the Atlantic, has overflowed the entire continent; and the Pacific States are already wealthier and scarcely less populous than were a hundred years ago those of the Atlantic seaboard. Yet even in Australia and America aggregation is at least as striking as dispersal. A large proportion of the population of Victoria and New South Wales is massed in two great cities and a dozen rapidly growing towns. St. Louis contains a fifth part of the population of Missouri; a fifth of the people of the Empire State are packed on Manhattan Island; Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, San Francisco, bear witness to the commercial and industrial aggregation which, in the midst of virgin forests and untilled prairies, gather masses of men around a few great centres of manufacture, mining, and trade. Much more than half the population of Great Britain

is crowded into cities and towns, a dozen of which surpass in size and wealth all but the largest capitals of other countries. The races that have colonized two quarters of the world have aggregated on small areas at home at many millions as they have sent forth to clear the forest and cultivate the desert.

That the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer is the exact reverse of the truth. The aggregation of vast individual wealth in the midst of general poverty is the characteristic, not indeed of barbarism, for barbarians, chiefs and people, are all alike miserably poor, but of a low or arrested civilization, like that of ancient Egypt and modern India. Enormous palaces and temples, vast public monuments like the Pyramids, attest not less the pressure of wealth than that of poverty. They exist where the resources of the State are great but gathered in few hands, where labor is miserably paid, recklessly and unproductively lavished. When the first English adventurers were dazzled by the splendor of Indian courts, the hoarded gold and jewels of royal treasuries, the vast empire of the Moguls was probably less wealthy than the realm of Elizabeth or the Stuarts. The hand-loom weavers of Yorkshire, the peasants of Dorsetshire, lived in what would have seemed to the growers of coffee and silk, the weavers of Cashmere shawls and Persian carpets, incredible wealth and luxury. The same rule holds good in the comparison of ages as in that of countries. There are in Europe and America fortunes that our grandfathers would have deemed literally fabulous; ten or a dozen, perhaps, of from ten to twenty millions each. But there are thrice as many millionaires, ten times as many wealthy and incomparably more well provided families. The returns of our own income-tax are conclusive on this point. The total income subject to the tax has multiplied almost threefold in forty years. Without entering into the statistics amassed by calculators like Professor Levi, it is clear that only a few great landowners, chiefly in or near great cities, have doubled or trebled their rental; a few score of hereditary business

fortunes of the first order have grown, chiefly by saving, in the same or greater proportion. But these constitute a very small fraction of the trebled income of the upper and middle classes. A much greater part of that increase belongs to families now rich whose fathers and grandfathers were well-to-do or possibly poor; the largest by far to families which, within a couple of generations, have risen from poverty to competence. In a word, the realized wealth of the country is diffused among a greater number of wealthy, a far greater number of well-to-do folk than forty or fifty years ago.

The rich doubtless are growing richer; the fortunate among the poor have grown rich or well-to-do. Are the poor poorer? Assuredly not. Money wages have risen rapidly, and on the whole steadily. The proportion of skilled laborers is constantly increasing and their remuneration rising. In manufactures paid by the piece the payment per pound of yarn, iron or coal, per yard of cloth may not be higher, may in some instances have fallen, but the weekly earnings of the artisan have certainly increased. The use of machinery has been extended, its efficiency vastly improved, and the advantage has not fallen solely, perhaps not even chiefly to the capitalist. With the same or less labor, in the same or shorter hours, the piece-worker can turn out a much larger total, and the price, if not increased, has never been diminished in anything like the same proportion. Even that which is classed as unskilled labor is on the whole far better paid. In the neighborhood of London and other large towns, for example, the mere laborer receives 3s. 6d. to 4s. per diem in lieu of 2s. 6d. The peasant gets 10s. 12s. or 15s. instead of 7s. or 10s. And money wages go much further than of old. Nothing except town rent, butcher's meat, and dairy produce has risen in cost. Coarse clothing, bread, sugar, tea, nearly every considerable item of expenditure in families with an income less than 40s. a week, has fallen from twenty to fifty per cent. Even meat may be had at prices quite as much or more within the reach of such families than thirty or forty years back.

Australian mutton, American beef,

are literally as good as, if not better than, the home-fed or live-imported butcher's meat which prejudice has raised to such extravagant prices. Many, we may suspect, pay the exorbitant English prices for meat really raised on the ranges of New South Wales or the prairies of Texas. Most home-grown meat is *forced*: is the flesh of young animals stimulated to unnaturally rapid development. The full-grown animals of the States and Colonies, nourished on scantier herbage, have the firmer flesh, the superior flavor so highly prized in Welsh mutton and Highland venison. One article of food alone, fish, is monstrously and unnaturally dear, owing partly no doubt to its exceedingly perishable character, partly to an absurd and unrighteous monopoly, fostered by arrangements which thoughtful and philanthropic men and women have striven in vain to defeat, partly to the prejudice of the poor themselves. A large popular demand might be met at prices marvellously moderate. There can be no reasonable doubt that the laboring poor, as a rule, are far better paid, more cheaply clothed, better and more cheaply fed than their fathers and grandfathers. In every sense but one they are richer. Unhappily, in great cities, and above all in London, they are, if not worse, certainly more expensively lodged. Even here, however, there is much exaggeration. The disappearance of the cellar dwellings of Liverpool and other cities bears significant testimony to the growing wealth of one of the poorer, if not, unhappily, the poorest section of the poor. Paupers are certainly better treated, better cared for, though pauperism is more strictly defined and relief more sternly and wisely regulated than of old. Unfortunately, between the lowest ranks of regular labor and the frontiers of actual pauperism or crime, there lies a large and very miserable class dependent on precarious employment, occasional charity, mendicancy, and chance pilfering—the denizens of our rookeries, the occupants of the casual wards of our workhouses. It would be rash to pronounce that these are either less or more miserable than their fathers.

One undeniable and significant fact proves beyond question that a smaller



share of the fruits of productive industry falls to the capitalist. The produce is divided into three shares—the reward of capital, that of skill and enterprise (the remuneration, as French economists say, of the *entrepreneur*) and the wages of labor. The first of these shares has steadily diminished. The reward of the *entrepreneur* has not increased. Interest, the remuneration of capital as such, has been reduced by more than one fourth in the course of a single generation. Now, as thirty years ago, 5 per cent. is the nominal, theoretical rate of interest in this country. But whereas thirty years back few capitalists were satisfied therewith, all now are glad to accept much less as the return of capital alone, without personal labor or business risk. The interest of the best securities, that derived from consols or safe mortgages, was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ; it is now from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . It was easy to obtain, on security satisfactory to trustees under private settlements, with reasonable freedom of investment, from 5 to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  or 6 per cent.; it is exceedingly difficult now to obtain more than 4. Moreover, the number of fair securities from which careful and well-informed investors could obtain, with substantial safety, a higher than the market rate, has been constantly and very rapidly reduced. American, foreign and colonial bonds used to pay from 6 to 7; they now pay 4 or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Capital that shares the risks but not the labor or the fluctuations of trade, capital permanently invested in business conducted by others, can hardly obtain 5 or  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . In thirty years the difference between  $5\frac{1}{2}$  and 4 per cent., more than one-fourth of the capitalist's share, has been transferred either to the laborer or the consumer; in the main probably to the former. The community gains, of course, by obtaining the service of capital, as of all mechanical aids to labor, on lower terms.

But what the consumer or the laborer has gained the capitalist has lost, and the loss falls on a class very ill able to endure it. The reader is apt to identify the interests of capital exclusively with those of wealth. Capital suggests the hoards of the banker, the ships and bales of the merchant-prince the mills and machinery of the great manufacturer,

extensive coal-mines and huge iron foundries. The truth is that a vast proportion of the realized wealth of the country is the accumulation of personal industry and thrift—the competence, often the very inadequate maintenance, of widows and orphans. Of 700,000,000*l.* of the National Debt, 120,000,000*l.* of local funds, at least 1000,000,000*l.* invested in railways, banks, shipping, and other great joint-stock adventures, the larger part represents the savings of the trading and professional classes, the provision of their families. It has been hardly earned and more hardly saved, to furnish the retirement of worn-out age, the mainstay of widows and daughters, the education and outfit of the sons. To hundreds of families, and unhappily to the classes against which the stream of economic tendency runs hard and steadily, the reduction of interest is a palpable and a very severe misfortune. The standard of comfort, the income necessary to maintain a family in their own station, to spare them privations which are none the less real because a stoical philosophy may call them social or sentimental, rises instead of falling. The earnings of professional and business men do not rise in anything like the same proportion. The income which men rightfully seek to bequeath to widows and children is not less but greater than twenty years back. The capital necessary to yield a given income is much larger; the earnings from which it must be saved, taking the whole of a working life, are little if any greater. The civil servant is paid at the same rate; the doctor, the solicitor, the man of business, earns perhaps a larger income, but begins to earn later in life. Say that 600*l.* a year is the minimum he can bear to leave to a wife and four daughters; twenty years back this meant 11,000*l.*, it now means 15,000*l.* His father earned 1,200*l.* where he earns 1,500*l.*, but began to save at thirty-two, while the son can barely make both ends meet before forty. The father had to save 11,000*l.* in twenty-eight years, the son must save 15,000*l.* in twenty. The former might lay by one-fifth of his income and retire at sixty; the latter, worn out at least as soon, must save one third if he is to secure the same comforts for his age, the same provision

for his family. Not one man in twenty, dependent on the labor of his brain, but feels practically and cruelly the additional difficulty of providing for his own retirement, for the welfare of those dependent upon him, represented by the difference between  $5\frac{1}{2}$  and 4 per cent. Very generally he must be content to toil longer, to postpone or forego the hope of retirement; thus again barring the road to those younger competitors for whom he would otherwise have made room.

Industrial concentration, above all, is the rule of the age. Steam has extinguished handicrafts; and as steam power is most economically applied on the largest possible scale, its every development aggravates the general tendency to aggregation, to the concentration of business in larger and larger establishments, the extinction one after another of the smaller. Trade after trade is monopolized, not necessarily by great capitalists, but by great capitals. In every trade the standard of necessary size, the minimum establishment that can hold its own in competition, is constantly and rapidly raised. The little men are ground out; and the littleness that dooms men to destruction waxes year by year. Of the cotton mills of last century a few here and there are standing, saved by local or other accidents, while their rivals have either grown to gigantic size or fallen into ruin. The survivors, with steam substituted for water power, with machinery twice or thrice renewed, are worked while they pay one-half or one-quarter per cent. on their cost, rather than abandon a property utterly unsalable. The case of other textile manufactures is the same, or stronger still. Steel and iron are yet more completely the monopoly of gigantic foundries. The chemical trade was for a long time open to men of very moderate means. Recent inventions threaten to turn plant that has cost millions to waste brick and old lead. Already nothing but a trade agreement, temporary in its very nature, has prevented the closure of half the factories of St. Helens and Widnes, the utter ruin of all the smaller owners. Every year the same thing happens in one or another of our minor industries. Retail trade was till lately the resource

of men whose character, skill, thrift, and ambition won credit, and enabled them to dispense with large capital. The larger branches of retail trade are already superseded by co-operation, or monopolized more and more generally by vast skillfully organized establishments with which the little capitalists, however diligent, honest, and able, cannot possibly compete. They can sell at little over wholesale prices, while giving their customers all and more than all the conveniences proffered by the ordinary tradesman, except the fatal and costly convenience of long credit.

The economic gain is proportionate to the enormous waste that has till lately been the especial characteristic of retail distribution. But though economic laws are irresistible, though economic gain inevitably determines the course of industry, economy is not the sole interest of society, as wealth is not the one thing worth having. Wealth is valuable only as a means of human happiness; and the economy which contributes a little to the happiness of millions may be dearly purchased by the hardship inflicted upon tens of thousands. The "greatest happiness of the greatest number" may be a sound rule; but the *quantum* of enjoyment or suffering is a factor not less important than its extent. The concentration in which economists rejoice involves a closure of careers, a suppression of individual aspirations in the future, as well as an amount of actual loss if not ruin to numbers in the present generation, that social observers cannot leave out of account. Everywhere the field is closing more and more absolutely against the man who strives to rise, to make brains and character and energy supply the place of inherited wealth. Fifty, or even thirty years ago, a man of exceptional ability and honesty could, by unsparing thrift, unflinching courage, and industry, hope confidently to rise from the ranks. A well-paid artisan could save enough to start at thirty, alone or with another little capitalist, in a small way of business; and could extend that business rapidly, till in middle life he could afford his children the education denied to himself, and before old age, take his place among the wealthiest and most respected citizens, the hereditary merchant or manufactur-

ing princes of his native or adopted city. There are many such men among us now; will there be many among our children? The demand for business character, ability, and brains may be as great as ever; but the reward, if surer, is smaller, and the chances of rising to independence, competence, wealth, indefinitely fewer. Similarly, telegraphs, railways, and steam-lines, but especially the former, bringing producers and consumers within easy reach and into personal communication, the severer competition and strict economy of modern business, are grinding out the middle men of every class; diminishing their numbers, reducing their profits, curtailing their employment and withdrawing their opportunities. Thirty years ago a young man who had acquired experience, knowledge, and reputation, and perhaps saved a couple of hundreds, in the employment of a considerable mercantile or manufacturing firm, would start on his own account as a broker or other business intermediary; transacting the actual sales and purchases, mastering and conducting the details which his employers could afford to neglect, doing in his department the work of a score or more of different firms, needing little capital but the confidence of his original employers, and those with whom he had been brought into contact in their service. Commerce could afford liberal commissions; shrewdness, foresight, and diligence, secured a minor but valuable share of the ample profits made in the long roundabout passage between the original producer and the ultimate consumer. Nowadays the steps are much fewer; one intermediary after another has been suppressed. The manufacturer buys his materials, not perhaps from the actual producer, but from his factor. Orders are sent direct by telegraph, commissions are comparatively few and scanty; and the brokers who yet remain are compelled to secure business by services which only considerable capital can afford. The business even of large and long established firms is seriously reduced, the smaller one after another have disappeared or been absorbed; and the opportunities for new men with no capital but brains and character are yearly more and more closely con-

tracted. The professions are crowded, competition has in many cases reduced their remuneration, generally divided the business among a greater number; and even where the heads of a profession make as much or more money than ever, the juniors are compelled to wait longer and work harder and later.

Elementary education will in another generation be almost universal; but the higher education, that which gives a start in life, grows ever costlier. Few self-educated or cheaply educated men can hope to face the examinations which afford the only entrance to careers once open to chance, favor, or birth. To gain admission to a service where he may begin with from one hundred to three hundred a year, and rise to twelve or fifteen hundred, a man must have paid to schoolmasters, tutors and crammers a capital which a generation or two back would have been a provision in case of premature death or disablement, or the foundation of a fair fortune. In one word, the doors that open to other than golden keys are ever fewer, and their locks rustier. "The individual withers, if the world is more and more." As the world consists of individuals, as it is the individual, not the world that feels, enjoys and suffers, the obstructed career, the diminished opportunities, the disappointed ambition of innumerable individuals are a serious drawback to the economic gain of the community. It would be too much to say that intellect is less appreciated or worse paid than of old. Intellect of a special kind—inventive genius, organising power, the gifts of the engineer, the practical chemist, and the highest class of artists—are not less lucrative. Literature of many, if not the highest, kinds pays as well as or better than ever. But ordinary intellectual labor, mere educated intelligence, is worse paid because more abundant. The social traditions of a time when education was a class monopoly, a test of respectability, still prevail in a generation when education is not yet universal but common. Brain work is not only more interesting, but more fashionable than the highest skilled handicraft; and now that millions are qualified where thousands, and thousands where hundreds are wanted, the so-called professions are

constantly more and more overcrowded ; the price of brainwork falls as that of manual labor rises. Mere intelligence and education, character, and industry, no longer suffice to afford a man without money a reasonable chance of rising high or rising rapidly. The career is no longer open to talent ; penniless friendless ability is thrown further and further behind at the start, more and more heavily weighted in the race. There seems some danger lest wealth and advancement should become, as in feudal France, the hereditary monopoly of a caste ; exposed therefore to the envy and hatred which all caste privilege excites. If mere interest can do less for the stupid, interest, or capital or high education—advantages confined to the children of well-to-do parents—are more and more indispensable to the able. Men *covet* what they may hope to win ; they *grudge* what they are practically if not legally forbidden to attain. Hopeless intellect, despairing ambition, are dangerous in proportion to the greatness of the prizes, the insuperability of the obstacles before them. The more heavily the powder is loaded, the more probable and more destructive is its explosion. Aspiring strength and courage never acquiesce in defeat. They will climb the mountain if they can ; but if not, they will strive to level it.

Must this continue ? How far is the aggregation of population and industry, if not of wealth, the result of permanent economic laws, how far inherent in the special agencies of the present ? Organised, collective, co-operative, subdivided labor has certain natural and inalienable advantages ; but certain others are equally inseparable from the personal interest, the greater zeal, the closer supervision, the less mechanical working of smaller bodies ; the freer, more hopeful, more arduous and devoted industry of individual independent workers. A century ago the competition was not wholly unequal ; the balance inclined in favor of aggregation ; but aggregation was slow and seemed to be confined within comparatively narrow limits. The departments in which the wealth of joint stock companies more than countervailed the activity and freedom of individual management were very few ; those in which independent isolated labor could hold

its own against the capitalist employer, numerous and tolerably lucrative. Some forty years since, Macaulay spoke of banking as one of the *few* crafts in which associated capital could compete with individual control. If in the last hundred years the factory has swallowed up in trade after trade the independent handicraftsmen, if in production the great capitalist is crushing out the small, and associate gaining ground on individual capital, if mechanical organisation beats individual skill and genius out of the field, the change is mainly due to steam. Human muscle cannot compete with the artificial motive power denied to the individual artisan ; and within wide and constantly increasing limits steam-power works more economically as the scale is enlarged. It is steam which gives to the great establishment not its sole but its main, its irresistible advantage over the small. This tendency seems inseparable from the character of the one great motive force as yet at human command. Steam can never be applied to domestic or individual use, can never be economically employed in the small workshop. But were steam superseded by a motive power, cheaper in its origin, capable of indefinite conveyance and distribution, the industrial revolution effected by steam might be met in some departments of industry by a counter-revolution restoring some of its natural advantages, some chance in the severe competition of modern life, to individual industry.

Electricity is, or rather promises to supply, such a motive force. It is not so much a power in itself as a vehicle through which the waste forces of nature may be utilised, stored, conveyed to a distance, and almost infinitely subdivided. At present, costly as it is, coal is our cheapest source of power. Observant pessimists warn us that the coal-fields of England, if not of the world are exhaustible. The annual consumption rises so fast that should the present ratio not merely of increase, but of the increase of that increase continue, not the total but the easily accessible coal of Great Britain will be used up in a century or two, and what remains will become indefinitely dearer. There is probably exaggeration in this view, but there is much truth. From a national and



economic standpoint, then, as well as in a social and personal aspect, the possibility of a substitute acquires not merely speculative but practical interest. Experiment has already shown how cheaply and easily water-power, even on the smallest scale, may, through the action of electricity, be applied to light a house and work the domestic machinery of a large establishment. One great inventor whose wealth is the creation of his genius has thus utilised a small stream at some distance from his house. The saying that "Niagara could supply the whole North American continent with motive and locomotive force," is a familiar, if it seem a somewhat paradoxical illustration of the potential use of electricity. The waste in conversion and conveyance may be great; but what matter, if the force be derived from natural powers at present wasted in their entirety? Water power can be directly applied only on the spot. The cost of steam increases rapidly with the distance from a coal-field. Hence manufactures dependent on the former, saw mills and corn mills, for example, are gathered in villages, in the neighborhood of waterfalls, like St. Paul and Minneapolis on the one cataract of the Mississippi. Factories dependent on steam are concentrated in great cities in the immediate neighborhood of coal mines. Electricity has already proved capable of conveying the power supplied by Nature to a considerable distance; and few electricians doubt that that distance may be indefinitely and rapidly extended. No other force can be *stored*. Windmills can work only while the wind blows; when the water-mill is closed the power that turns the wheel runs to waste. Converted to electricity, each turn of the sails or wheel can be made to store a given force in vessels which can be kept for an indefinite time, conveyed to any distance, applied to any purpose. A summer waterfall on the Cumbrian hills might thus be made next winter to drive a tricycle through London streets. The Rotha might be compelled to light Ambleside, to turn a sawmill in Langdale, and its waste force stored to carry the faggots cut on the fells above Windermere to light the fires of Manchester. As yet the boxes of reserved force that take their name from M. Faure are incon-

veniently large and cumbrous; but no one doubts that means will soon be found to store a far larger force in far smaller bulk. The smoking-room of the Junior Carlton Club was lighted for several nights from stores of this kind packed away beneath the staircase. The same force might just as easily have been used to turn lathes or drive a dozen sewing machines in as many different dwellings. But such stores will probably be needed chiefly to repair an accidental failure of supply, or drive independent vehicles to which no continuous supply can be furnished; tricycles, carriages or boats. To stationary and even to locomotive engines, large and small, force can be continuously supplied by wires or cables such as already light a few streets and bridges, and will soon doubtless supply the steady brilliant heatless smokeless light of the little incandescent lamps of Swan and Edison to hundreds of dwellings.

But from a social standpoint the most important characteristic of the new force-supply is its indefinite divisibility. It will presently be possible to furnish it in vast quantities to the great factories now driven by steam. It will be equally easy if not quite equally cheap to divide the same supply among scores of small workshops and hundreds of dwellings; to light lamps, drive lathes, and sewing machines, and store the boxes that may be attached at will to the tradesman's cart, the private carriage, and the tourist's tricycle. How long it may be before these are accomplished facts it would be rash indeed to predict; but even now they are much more than dreams or visions. Every one of them has been accomplished experimentally. All that remains is to perfect methods already in use; to turn to practical account, cheaply and on the great scale, means of gathering, distributing and applying the almost limitless forces of Nature, which have already been devised and tested. Nothing probably can deprive the great establishments of the essential economic advantage they derive from the co-operation, distribution, and organisation of labor. But they may not retain that absolute monopoly of motive power which has crushed out the handicrafts and domestic manufactures of former generations. The

seamstress's sewing wheel, the carpenter's lathe, will be worked as automatically and certainly, with as little human effort, as the thousand-spindle machine or the steam-hammer. Spinning and weaving will never again become as they were for three thousand years the home employment of women or individual craftsmen. The commoner, coarser, every-day fabrics will certainly continue to be turned out in quantities by the great factories. In these no single and no half dozen looms or mules could possibly compete with those that work by the hundred or thousand. But where skill and taste are paramount considerations, where each piece is to bear its separate pattern, demanding close, constant personal attention and interest, it is at least conceivable that individual independent labor may regain a footing, if it can never monopolise the field. A slender gutta-percha rope enfolding a few wires may supply to the domestic workroom a power cheaper and more convenient than that of steam. Work may be interrupted and resumed at pleasure, no longer dependent on the continuous movement of an engine whose stoppage is too slow and troublesome to occur more than once or twice a day, and furnaces whose daily extinction and relighting is a heavy deduction from the manufacturer's profit. Association will always be the most productive and economical, it need no longer be the only possible form of productive labor.

A new motive power will doubtless stimulate enormously the invention and employment of new machinery both in domestic handicrafts and for domestic service. Hitherto this direction has been almost absolutely barred to invention by the lack of artificial force. While domestic machines must be worked by human labor, their labor-saving value is necessarily so limited that there is little encouragement to devise them. When once the smallest and the largest machines alike can be worked otherwise than by the hands and feet,

mechanical service of every kind will be devolved as far and as fast as possible upon machinery. The treadle, which suits neither female health nor female strength, is the drawback of the sewing machine. Motive power once supplied, all plain sewing will be done by machinery. New machinery, as has ever been the case, will not supersede but find fresh and easier employment for human labor. Other productive work than that of the factory may, we can hope, be opened to men, and above all to women and children. Domestic service lightened as it will be, will no longer be the only resource of hundreds and thousands of unmarried girls; no longer, let us hope, the lifelong dependence of any save those who adhere to it by preference. How far and how fast the motive force of electricity may be developed, what may be its actual and ultimate influence, what checks and difficulties may delay or limit its indefinite extension, it is impossible to foresee and vain to conjecture. But of its immediate and obvious tendencies two at least are clear and unmistakable. It promises widely, and perhaps rapidly to extend the application of machinery in every department of industrial and especially in domestic life. And its facility of distribution must *ceteris paribus* increase the resources, the possibilities of independent home work. It may exert a double check on the aggregating tendencies of the age. Its conductivity may arrest the unwholesome concentration of manufacturing industry in crowded ever growing cities, rendering the vicinity of the sources of motive power matter of comparative indifference, supplying artificial force as freely to the village as to the town. It will certainly lighten human, and especially feminine, toil; it will give the isolated worker the assistance hitherto confined to aggregated labor, and thus help him to hold or recover his ground, even if with that help his position ultimately prove untenable.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## COLERIDGE'S INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE.

IF we are to trust Mr. Traill,—whose little book on Coleridge we have reviewed in another column,—Coleridge left us only the delight of his few great poems and of his fine poetical criticism, while the influence which he exercised as a thinker is almost nil. He hints, indeed, that while he genuinely impressed "a few mystics of the type of Maurice," he exercised no permanent influence on English thought. Cardinal Newman thinks differently. He holds that Coleridge had paved the way philosophically for a new and deeper apprehension of theology; and we confess that we attach far more value to the judgment of Cardinal Newman in such a matter than we do to the judgment of Mr. Traill. Indeed, there can, we think, hardly be any question that Coleridge led the way in that reaction against the philosophy of Locke which made even Carlyle's vague Transcendentalism itself possible, though it did not, and could not, make such Transcendentalism a real power in the actual life of England. Coleridge was quite right in thinking that his philosophy was useful chiefly as a *rationale* of man's nature in perfect harmony with the Christian revelation,—a description which certainly would not apply to the philosophy of Condillac, or Locke, or Hume, or Herbert Spencer. Coleridge, if he exerted any really great and permanent influence over English thought, exerted it in this direction, by effecting a reconciliation between the theology of the New Testament and the philosophy of the nineteenth century.

But did he really do this? Did the various metaphysical disquisitions, so curiously wedged into the "Biographia Literaria," or those volumes of Mr. Green's which professed to be the fruits of Coleridge's teaching, succeed in refuting the philosophy of the Materialist school, or of that purely Evolutionist school which maintains that the mind of man bears no witness in itself to the antecedent existence of a consciousness infinitely larger and grander than ours, but is only the slowly ripening fruit of an experience first gathered in the lower regions of blind sensation? We

lay no great stress on the drift of Coleridge's more abstract disquisitions, and no stress at all on the legacy of his faithful pupil's labors. It was not by his metaphysical dissertations, subtle and instructive as these often are, and certainly not by the testimony of his favorite disciple, that Coleridge has exerted the great influence he has on English thought. We should say that it is chiefly, if not wholly, by his scattered criticisms of the secrets of spiritual and poetical truth; by his exposition of the magic of the greatest writers, sacred or profane; by his criticisms of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth; by his striking comments on history and politics; and by the flashes of wisdom in his "Table-Talk" that he has done so much to subvert the theory that there is no room in man for true communion with the Divine, and to implant the belief that man's nature is not intelligible at all, except on the assumption of an organic relation between his mind and a spring of infinite wisdom, an assumption altogether beyond the range of sense-evolution. We admit freely that the way in which Coleridge produced this conviction in the best minds of his age was in the highest degree desultory, by the multitude of little glimpses, in fact, which he gave us into the organic relations of human life with the life above us. But then, what way would be more effective than this? Take, for instance, that discussion of his of the secret of true imaginative power, to which Mr. Traill himself bears such cordial testimony in the little book to which we have referred. We will quote a very short passage from the "Table Talk" by way of illustration:—

"You may conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way,—that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium, and the last mania. The Fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence; as in the well-known passage in *Hudibras* :—

'The sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And like a lobster boy'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.'

The imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one, *il più nell'uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton; and the dramatic, of which Shakespeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance; as after the magnificent approach of the Messiah to battle, the poet, by one touch from himself—

—“far off their coming shone!”—

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the description of the appearance of the entranced angels, in which every sort of image from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate,—the reader is brought back to the single image by—

“He call’d so loud, that all the hollow deep,  
Of Hell resounded.”

The dramatic imagination does not throw back, but brings close; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in *Lear* throughout.”

Well, who can accept that account of the secret of imagination, as of a power which in a flash gives a true wholeness to any part of human life, and yet believe that flash to visit the poet as a mere overflow of the material forces of Nature, though its result is to bring about a new illumination of the secrets of the universe, a light then and there arising for the first time? Does not Coleridge’s account of the imagination imply necessarily that this mastery of a living whole springs from a true insight into the integrity of the universe, an insight which nothing but light from the true creative power could give;—that poetic inspiration is really traceable to living relations with much more vital and, therefore, much higher spiritual knowledge than our own? Would not evolution *from beneath* necessarily forbid the notion of these sudden springs into a far higher mastery of the facts of life than any which our toilsome advances, our slowly accumulated experience, our unassisted gropings, could possibly account for? The whole of Coleridge’s analysis of the secret of poetic power, virtually assumes that the genius of man is an overflow from the genius of the true creative spirit, and that genius could not spring to the heights it does, and that, too, without the least clue to its own mode of operation, were there not at its source a far stronger grasp of the secrets of creation than any which the highest human genius can reach.

Again, take such a comment as this—also to be found in the “Table Talk,”

which may be said to be essence of Coleridge, while all his other works are mere tinctures of Coleridge,—on the unique feature of Jewish history:—

“The people of all other nations, but the Jewish, seem to look backwards and also to exist for the present; but in the Jewish scheme everything is prospective and preparatory; nothing, however trifling, is done for itself alone, but all is typical of something yet to come.”

This, again, is a criticism as pithy as it is obviously true. And what does it not argue as to the informing spirit of the leaders of the Jewish people? The most sceptical of critics will not deny that, however little credit they may give to prophecy in detail, the prophetic attitude was of the very genius of the Jewish people; nor that this prophetic attitude did at least point to an event, many centuries distant, which actually revolutionised human history, however little they may be inclined to admit that this event was anticipated in minute detail. Now, what is the explanation of this unique forward glance of the only people whose history really claims to be ordained of God, unless it be found in the assumption that there was a spiritual power higher than the prophets, and which commanded the future, presented to them in but dim glimpses and intimations, in true communion with the prophets?

Or, take again that passage in the Lay Sermon on the Bible as “The Statesman’s Manual,” in which Coleridge anticipated one of the chief ideas of Carlyle’s French Revolution, and expounded the intimate relation between the passions and the generalisations, true or false, of the human reason:—

“I have known men, who with significant nods and the pitying contempt of smiles have denied all influence to the corruptions of moral and political philosophy, and with much solemnity have proceeded to solve the riddle of the French Revolution by Anecdotes! Yet it would not be difficult, by an unbroken chain of historic facts, to demonstrate that the most important changes in the commercial relations of the world had their origin in the closets or lonely walks of uninterested theorists;—that the mighty epochs of commerce, that have changed the face of empires; nay, the most important of those discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts, which have numerically increased our population beyond what the wisest statesmen of Elizabeth’s reign deemed possible, and again doubled this popu-



lation virtually ; the most important, I say, of those inventions that in their results

—best uphold  
War by her two main nerves, iron and gold—

had their origin not in the cabinets of statesmen, or in the practical insight of men of business, but in the visions of recluse genius. To the immense majority of men, even in civilised countries, speculative philosophy has ever been, and must ever remain, a *terra incognita*. Yet it is not the less true, that all the epoch-forming revolutions of the Christian world, the revolutions of religion and with them the civil, social and domestic habits of the nations concerned, have coincided with the rise and fall of metaphysical systems. So few are the minds that really govern the machine of society, and so incomparably more numerous and more important are the indirect consequences of things than their foreseen and direct effects. It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite practical. Facts only and cool common-sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalise ; to connect by remotest analogies ; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy ; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts, as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings. With his wonted fidelity to nature, our own great poet has placed the greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind that has brought them forth. In his *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, principles of deepest insight and widest interest fly off like sparks from the glowing iron under the loud forge-hammer. It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that none, but the unread in history, will deny, that in periods of popular tumult and innovation the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity, with the feelings of a people and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French Revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal con-

stitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting. Turn over the fugitive writings, that are still extant, of the age of Luther ; peruse the pamphlets and loose sheets that came out in flights during the reign of Charles I. and the Republic ; and you will find in these one continued comment on the aphorism of Lord Bacon (a man assuredly sufficiently acquainted with the extent of secret and personal influence), that the knowledge of the speculative principles of men in general between the age of twenty and thirty is the one great source of political prophecy. And Sir Philip Sidney regarded the adoption of one set of principles in the Netherlands, as a proof of the divine agency and the fountain of all the events and successes of that Revolution."

This teaching that there is the closest possible alliance between the social passions and the generalising reason of man, points to just the same inference as that forced upon us by the other passages we have quoted, namely, that power over men can only be gained by those who, whether truly or falsely, speak with the authority of that "categorical imperative" which professes to apply to all. It is a true or a false creed which sets men on fire. It is a creed they seek. It is a creed which moves nations ; and without a creed men remain inert and passive. What does this imply, except that the heart implicitly believes in a guidance far in advance of the absolute teaching of experience,—looks, in fact, to spiritual sources for an authority which it is quite certain that the slow accumulations of our petty lives has not provided for us ? These illustrations of Coleridge's power of impressing on us that by the constitution of our minds we are compelled to expect, and forced to receive, light from above, might be multiplied almost indefinitely. And, therefore, we hold that Mr. Traill is utterly wrong in the slighting estimate which he has formed of Coleridge as a source of wide-spreading intellectual convictions.—*The Spectator*.

## ON THE READING OF BOOKS.

BY BRYAN W. PROCTER.

" 19 Albert Hall Mansion, Kensington Gore,  
July 18, 1884.

" DEAR MR. BENTLEY,

" I find, looking over some old records of the past, some remarks made by my husband on reading books.

" The paper was written for our old friend Mr. Brookfield, who wished to give a lecture on that subject. I believe he did not carry out this intention.

" The paper may perhaps interest a few old friends who still remember Barry Cornwall.

"No man ever loved books more intensely : they were his solace and delight from youth to age, and cheered and made endurable a long and painful illness. Unable to speak to his living friends he turned to his dead ones.

"Yours, dear Mr. Bentley,

"Very truly,

"ANNE BENSON PROCTER."

THE curiosity of the world is divided mainly between the thoughts and actions of men. The deeds which men do, and the words which they write (or say), have almost an equal influence upon their age and posterity. We profit by a maxim or proverb full of wisdom, almost as much as by the example of a philosopher or a hero. It is necessary, therefore, to study both.

At present we will confine ourselves to one only. This one, indeed, has become of far greater importance than the other, since men's deeds have been turned into words, by the ingenuity of historians and others.

Half of the world, which at one time was a huge sheet of unblotted foolscap, has now been converted into a tremendous book. Every leaf has been written upon ; some in fine and some in faint lines ; and a few, it must be confessed, in very perplexing characters. History, science, politics, poetry or fiction and morals, occupy all the inquiring heads in Christendom.

At one time knowledge was the property only of a few, who had to gather it with extreme labor. Now the road has been made tolerably easy. It is one, indeed, on which all of us may travel.

The diffusion of letters—like the overflowing of the Nile—at first traversed only the neighboring regions—the homes of scholars and men of learning. In the course of time it spread over the middle levels of society. Then it rose higher, amongst warriors and nobles ; and finally it has penetrated deeper, fertilizing the intellects of the artisan and the peasant.

We learn because we desire to learn, and the having learned begets the desire to teach. For every cultivated mind engenders thought, and becomes self-producing ; otherwise the world would be stagnant. As it is each brings his little hoard to the great whole, and the mountain of knowledge is made up of a million parts. Thousands have contributed to

this before us, and there will be thousands also will do the same after us.

Let no one despise even his own contribution, however small, to the general heap. It elevates ourselves, and helps others to creep towards that summit, which no one will ever be able entirely to ascend.

But let us do our best. What we wish to do must be done by a division of labor, for no one person can do everything. Even these present observations (however humble) are an attempt after a fashion to do something rather than remain idle.

Do not forget that there are millions of things to be seen and discussed ; and be satisfied that everything may be seen from a different point of view. It is true that in whatever way you look at a sphere it is always round. Yet it has different aspects. No one side is exactly like another. The color, the shade, the marks or veins of each has its peculiar character. The views may also be taken from several distances. You sometimes see in a picture a man whose height is a yard, and sometimes only an inch. Yet both are true, because the artists have taken their sketches from different distances. The senses and powers of all men differ from each other, and these prompt them always to do something new. One man finds a stone, which another cuts, and a third polishes until it dazzles the sense. One brings a seed, producing apparently a mean flower ; but another transplants it into better mould, whilst a third marries to a congenial blossom, and lo ! comes forth a radiant wonder such as summer has never beheld.

Again, nothing should be despised by a person desirous of knowledge. There is nothing, however minute, which does not deserve attention, for observe, scarcely any object, however simple, consists of one indivisible substance. The human body is made up, as anatomists will tell you, of many parts. Each has its design and use ; and to these must be superadded the senses, and the intellect, which no one has hitherto been able to explain. The sea is made up of countless water-drops the shore of countless sands. Nay, even a single drop of water, or an insect's egg (smaller than any water-drop), contains thousands of

inhabitants, each capable of receiving and enjoying life, of possessing a mind (which we call instinct), and each like ourselves subject to the common law of Death.

All this and far more you will learn from books, upon which we are now to converse.

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There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David—the sublime grievings of Job—the speculations of Plato—the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries, and distributed amongst mankind.

If there were no books, our knowledge would be almost confined to the limit of sight and hearing. All that we could not see or hear, in action, would be to us—like the inhabitants (if there be any) of the planet Saturn—a mere matter of idle conjecture.

To read, mark, learn and inwardly digest *all* the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task, and how to proceed for the purpose.

We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good.

We should read, not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to *enlarge it*. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious?

let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, "My mind to me a kingdom is," a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler, there is no king beyond him.

And now I propose to offer a few observations on the mode of reading books; i.e. to show how books may be read with profit.

I do not pretend to exhaust the subject, but simply to state what I myself have found to be useful. Every man gains something from his own experience. During his periods of study, he must have noted the times when he derived advantage, and when he did not succeed in reaping any. His gain and loss on these occasions, properly pointed out, cannot fail I think to be of use to others. Without some counsel, a man at first reads to waste—he reads much that becomes of little value.

Were I to collect the opinions of others, I should probably place before you brilliant sentences, imposing maxims. But as I have not found all instructions easy to follow, or profitable in the result, I shall, by taking everything from my own experience, from my own point of view, show, amongst things that may be questionable, things that are at least stamped with my own convictions.

Let us first consider the temper in which we ought to commence our studies.

We should come to our studies, then, with a clear unprejudiced mind, with a resolution to persevere, until we fully understand our author: to read him, in short, with candor and industry. It is indispensable that we should strive to discover the truth or beauty of a book, rather than its errors. We should begin with a trusting, rather than with a carping spirit. The faults generally float upon the surface, and may easily be discovered. But the truths lie deeper, and must be sought for. The latter will strengthen and fertilize the mind of the reader. The discovery of the former will merely only feed his self-conceit. A boy who has been a year in geography, may know that Bohemia is not on the sea-coast. But it requires that a man should have a fine mind and a cultivated intellect to appreciate the vernal beauties that lie

scattered about in Shakespeare's pastoral of "The Winter's Tale."

If you should not understand the precise meaning of an author of repute, or fail to appreciate him at his current value (for humor, or style, etc.), don't rely on your first impression, but try again, at a future time. Do not complain that the author has not done what he has not professed to do, or that he has not come up to a model at which he has not aimed. Give him credit for what he *has done*, apart from all other considerations. Hazlitt said, "Mr. B—— criticises Mrs. Siddons, and says that she is not a philosopher." The answer is, "She does not pretend to be a philosopher; all that she attempts is to be a great actress—and *in this she succeeds*."

Always consider the character or quality of a book. If it be a history, do not look for wit. If it be a book of jests, do not look for a moral discourse. There are indeed sometimes sparks of wit in a history, and sometimes a moral in a joke, but these are occasional only, and do not form the staple of the book, on which alone the author is strictly amenable to critical judgment.

Then in reading a book, remember that almost every author writes on the presumption that the reader knows something of the history of science, politics, or other subjects on which he treats. Without this presumption, all books would be flat and tedious. There would be no style, no clearness or rapidity of narration, were the author to stop at every sentence to explain what he has a right to suppose that nineteen out of every twenty readers know. There would be no incentive or stimulus for the reader. The mere use of words and phrases which are not in everyday use, the adoption of new combinations, forces the reader to think, and induces him to ascertain and verify meanings, which he would otherwise idly take upon trust, and never remember afterwards.

Sometimes, in compound words or complicated sentences, it is useful to analyze and take them to pieces, and examine the parts separately. It is a good practice, especially in books which profess to deal with science, or to encounter difficult problems. It tends to prove them and render them intelligible.

At first, you should treasure up facts, as so many items of knowledge. After a time you will select from them. A fact to be useful must be suggestive; otherwise it is no better than a tissue of words. There are many facts as barren as the sands on the seashore. These you will discover in the course of time.

Some persons are for reason only—or rather for books which proceed upon calculation and reasoning. But reasoning deals with only one faculty of the mind, and we should not confine ourselves to one. The most famous works, those which have lasted longer than others, are not works proceeding merely from reason. The Bible, Homer, Shakespeare's works, proceeded from other influences.

Besides facts, besides reasoning, there will probably appear the opinions of the author. Read and consider these also. If the book be the product of a great writer, observe the style carefully. For a good style is not a mere grace in writing. It consists of words which have the best meanings, and *more* meaning (i.e. truer, deeper meaning) than words that are placed in a dull and poorly written book. There is no style worth the name which does not involve new ideas. It is, in fact, this accession of new thoughts which constitutes the merit of any style in writing.

We always read with a view to profit—of some kind or other; to obtain information, to determine an opinion, or for amusement, which is profit in another shape.

This being the case, never read when the mind is listless, nor when you are disposed to be idle. This is frequently the case when the body only is fatigued. Above all, never read when the mind has been fatigued by exertion. For the mind can no more endure too much than the body. After a certain quantity of labor, it fails either to distinguish, perceive, or to remember very distinctly. Persistence, in such case, damages and effaces much of what has been read when the mind was fresh and impressible; the judgment becomes dull and fails to act.

At such times, it is better to let the memory or the fancy have its will and stray elsewhere; better still to repose altogether until you attain new strength. The bad consequence of "all work



and no play" has been enshrined in a proverb.

Do not content yourself, as I have said, with mere facts and books of science. Read also works of imagination, in prose and poetry. They will enliven your mind, and enrich it also. All knowledge does not consist in amassing information to trade with in future life, to serve you in your ordinary dealings in a trade or a profession. There are vast treasures besides, which stimulate and raise and educate the intellect, much that enables you to judge of men and things in general, of words and actions, and motives, in a wider scope. Believe me, there is often hid in a poet's verse a deeper moral than in a bulky sermon.

No treatise or essay, on politics or history or morals, or on any branch of science which I have ever read, contains as much wisdom as a play of Shakespeare.

Do not shut out any author of merit. To limit yourself always to certain books or subjects is to blind yourself wilfully to all the wonders that lie beyond them.

Always read the preface to a book. It places you on vantage ground, and enables you to survey more completely the book itself. You frequently also discover the character of the author from the preface. You see his aims, perhaps his prejudices. You see the point of view from which he takes his pictures, the rocks and impediments which he himself beholds, and you steer accordingly.

Sometimes an author has a merit intermixed with obvious defects. His style may be absolute or indifferent, whilst his reasoning may be good, and his thoughts original. In such case, meditate on the valuable matter which he brings before you, and forget the rest.

Understand every word you read; if possible every allusion of the author; if practicable whilst you are reading; if not, make search and inquiry as soon as may be afterwards. Have a dictionary near you when you read, and when you read a book of travels, always read with a map of the country at hand. It enables you to follow the author correctly; and it imprints the facts upon your mind. Without a map, the information is vague and the impression transitory.

So also if you read on any subject capable of illustration, for the object of teaching is not to teach words but things. Therefore, have the object or a printed representation of it by you. If it be of the manufacture or ornamenting of china, for instance, have a vase or other figure, as the case may require. If you read of natural history, prints of birds or animals will materially help you to retain in your memory what you may read concerning them. The memory retains better what is impressed on two senses than on one.

Books relating to a science or a profession should be studied carefully. But the quantity of study in each day should be moderate. Do not overburden your mind with too much labor.

After having read as much as your mind will easily retain, sum up what you have read—endeavor to place in view the portion or subject that has formed your morning's study; and then reckon up (as you would reckon up a sum) the facts or items of knowledge that you have gained. If any of these should not be distinctly impressed on your mind, turn back to that which is imperfectly remembered and freshen your memory. It generally happens that the amount of three or four hours reading may be reduced to and concentrated in half a dozen propositions. These are your gains—these are the facts or opinions that you have acquired. You may investigate the truth of them hereafter. The next day revert to your last reading, and try if what you obtained yesterday still remain as so many precise facts in your mind.

Although I think that one's general reading should extend over many subjects, yet for serious *study* we should confine ourselves to some branch of literature or science. Otherwise the mind becomes confused and enfeebled, and the thoughts, dissipated on many things, will settle profitably on none.

A man, whose duration of life is limited, and whose powers are limited also, should not aim at all things, but should content himself with a few. By such means he may master one and become tolerably familiar perhaps with two or three arts or sciences. He may indeed even make valuable contributions to them. Without this economy of labor

he cannot produce any complete work, nor can he exhaust any subject.

History in general is the story of crimes and conquests. It does not concern itself with peaceful heroes or silent blessings. It deals little with discoveries—little with the progress of literature or science. It seldom descends to individuals unless they be possessed of rank or power. Dante, Shakespeare, Newton, are rarely mentioned in history, and then only in a cursory way. It has, however, this advantage, that you may extract profit from the bad as well as from the good characters. Some people exist for examples and others for warnings. It is the commonest of morals that you are to imitate the one and avoid the other. It is necessary to recollect not only dates and names, not only events, but to examine also their significance and import on later times. You must draw inferences from them in order to comprehend their value.

Look at the French Revolution. The scholar will recollect what a state of things existed before it. The most unjust privileges were possessed by the nobles, the clergy and the higher classes. These persons enjoyed almost exclusively the fruits of the abundant earth. The people were oppressed and without rights. They were stung into rebellion by a long series of abuses, which finally became no longer endurable. The people themselves were equally unjust and cruel in their turn. Horrible cruelties were exercised during the Reign of Terror. There arose a confusion of religions, discordant policies, every species of passion and policy came into power by turn, until at last they were finally subdued by a great military genius, who commenced a new domination, not very different from the old against which they had rebelled formerly.

All this from general history. But would the inquiring reader enrich his mind further, let him read and lay to his soul the thousand instances of individual heroism and devotion, which made the time illustrious as well as disgraceful; the good which was seen on both sides, Royalist as well as Republican. What courage, what generosity, what tenderness, what fidelity,

what self-sacrifice shone out in those terrible and stormy days!

Again, what a world of knowledge may be gathered by meditating on the lives of remarkable men! Their thoughts and actions, their birth and growth and fulfilment, all the chances and accidents of their course, are pregnant with more than ordinary meaning. As their stature is beyond their fellows, so are their lives transcendent in value, abundant in their depths, fertile in the shallowest places. A distinguished writer has said, that the history of a great man is the history of the time he lived in. Now, although the humors of dominating persons have frequently contributed to certain results, yet the character of a people, their bravery or industry, their patience or other qualities, and the growing intelligence of the times they lived in, have generally, I think, determined the result.

Then what lessons are taught by the common records of every day! Look at the love of parents—the endurances of married women—the crimes and heroism, the frauds and follies of men—the Bankrupt and Insolvent Courts—the accidents and offences set forth in newspapers—the news from distant lands—the tyrannies and cruelties and revolts in foreign countries—the privations and perseverance of travellers—the frightful agonies of the castaway—the recoveries from shipwreck—all that people think and do and suffer at all times. Not one of these facts should lie barren in the mind. They should be dwelt upon; they should be planted in the memory, and produce a new thought, a new growth. In the course of time some of them may become events in history, and may be taught as lessons for the times to come.

In the course of reading, a variety of subjects will occur to the mind of any one who tries to look at a subject on all sides. We read, for instance, of a man's children inheriting funds or money, and we think at first only how lucky he is. But reflect! What a fine effect of social polity it is, which enables a man who has toiled during his life to bequeath at his death to those who were dear to him, those probably for whom alone he has toiled, all the results of his labor. Although he must go from this world

into the next as naked as he was born he can—by means of a will or social agreement—give that which he cannot take with him to persons whom of all the world he loved the best. When we

abuse and deride the law let us recollect that it is an aggregate of many intellects, a body of polity dealing with the most difficult subjects, and formed for the benefit of all.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### ITALIAN SUMMERS—A PRAISE OF INDOLENCE.

IN these days of cheap and rapid travelling, few tourists care to pass a summer in Italy. Even when no epidemic is to be feared, some of the most interesting cities are reputed to be unhealthy, and the Alps are so near that it does not seem worth while to endure the heat that may be expected with certainty. Besides, many private collections are inaccessible during the hottest months, and though the churches and the public galleries remain open, the effort to reach them exhausts all but the most youthful strength. The streets, too, are deserted and the windows shaded during the daytime, so that the towns are robbed of their gayety, and wear an appearance of desolation till the sun goes down. Then, it is true, square and market seem to breathe anew; the shutters are pushed back and the lattices opened, and by-and-by the open spaces begin to be filled by a crowd of men and women who have come forth to profit to the utmost by the coolness of the evening, to saunter languidly up and down, and to sip ice before the *café* doors. But the more brilliant members of the community are absent in some seaside village or mountain retreat, and those who remain no longer exhibit the vivacity that distinguishes them in spring and autumn, nay, even in the bright days of winter; they seem overcome by lassitude to a degree that might excite the admiration of some spectators, and induce them to consider them the true representatives of the nineteenth century. The tourists are doubtless wise in their generation.

And yet there is a charm in an Italian summer, at least for those who have cultivated a natural talent for indolence, for it certainly appeals to the contemplative rather than the active order of minds. There is positively nothing to be done. During the long noonday hours to take a walk on the beach is to run the risk of sunstroke, while riding would be

an act of heartless cruelty not only to your horse but to yourself. Fortunately you have no desire to do anything. Bodily exercise is clearly a folly, and you soon perceive that intellectual exertion is also a vanity and a snare. You begin to sympathize with the Eastern sages who think it the height of wisdom to cross their legs and repeat a mystical monosyllable, though, for your own part, you prefer to stretch yourself at full length on your bed with the smallest amount of clothing your sense of decency will permit, and the least exciting novel you can manage to procure without trouble. This is the time to read Sterne with real pleasure, and to discover the wisdom concealed beneath his wit and humor, which only the indolent will ever have leisure enough to understand. As you ponder over the reflections suggested by some sentence the true meaning of which for the first time dawns upon you, the book slips from your hand, and you sink into a doze which is half a reverie and half a dream. So the hot hours pass slowly by, till the time has come to open your casement and to go forth in search of dinner. But to enjoy, or even to endure, such a condition it is not enough that you have no debts to pay and no work to do. You must also possess a contented mind. You must have forgotten all about the poor harmless sluggard you were taught to despise, and the busy bee you were told to emulate, in the days of your infancy. You must let each hour bear its own burden, and when you have endured its heat kindly and patiently, without increasing the difficulties of your neighbors by your ill-humor and irritability, which perhaps rarely happens, you may feel that if you have performed no heroic labor you have at least passed through a course of moral discipline which is not to be despised.

"An Englishman can never sit still

except when he has a bottle of wine before him." Such is the Southern verdict on our Northern character, and it is hard to deny that it contains a certain truth. Most of our fellow-countrymen feel a strong call to be up and doing. On a fine day we know that every one who can afford it is expected to kill something, and in wet weather he has his accounts to add up, a machine to invent, or an article to write. If he has no such resource, he will ruin himself at the gaming-table or elsewhere. He has no patience to let the influences of nature work quietly upon him, no time to chew the cud of his reflections. Even on his travels the gallery is "done" and the landscape "bolted" as the clothopper bolts his bacon. The busy bee is indeed his model, and what does she know of the lilies of the field? They may be arrayed in a splendor greater than that of Solomon; she does not perceive it, and if she did she would not care; her one question is, Where can I find a little honey to carry home to my hive? And so it is with the average Englishman of to-day. What he seeks in nature is something he can use. He observes acutely, but only to serve his own ends, practical, scientific, or artistic; so he perceives only half-truths, but these he turns to the best advantage. Our very poets and artists seem to go into the open air only to find a suggestion for a line or a study for a picture. And what is noticed to-day must be employed to-morrow. It was not thus our old poets and novelists worked. Chaucer and Shakespeare, like Michael Angelo, could draw without models, because they knew human nature so well that it was impossible for them to err in portraying it; and in their own lines Swift, Fielding, Sterne, and Thackeray, nay, even Smollett and Dickens, would have scorned such a hand-to-mouth trade. Out of the fullness of their knowledge and observation they spoke; they had not to look hungrily around them every morning for something to say. It must be acknowledged that this restless activity is the very quality that has secured for England her supremacy in manufacture, trade, and colonization; but the man who can never regard either nature or human life with a disinterested and purposeless love will never—to return to our subject, he will

never enjoy an Italian summer; it will be nothing but unalloyed misery to him.

For the contented and the quiet mind, we repeat, it has a charm. The heat serves as a welcome excuse for indulging in the dreamy indolence which nature has bestowed as a sweet opiate on those whom she has deprived of a capacity for pushing their way. To watch the sea for hours, wandering whither the white sails are tending, and what freight of human hope, sorrow, or passion they are bearing so quietly along, seems philosophical resignation rather than self-indulgence. To leave the book unread and the task undone is not to be lazy, but prudent. Conscience and inclination are thus reconciled; and, when the born sluggard meets his fretful acquaintances, he for once in his life enjoys the sweet sense of superiority. And what a world it is to lie and dream in! The olive gardens extend to the cliffs above the shore, and beyond the gray expanse, which here and there brightens to silver, stretches the deep sapphire of the sea. Further on, the coast is broken into innumerable inlets and tiny bays; and, as the sunshine touches the rocks, their tints vary from deep black to a golden brown. There is a glimmer as of haze in the air into which the distance softly fades; yet every outline is clear, every shadow sharply marked. The mountains and islands on the horizon are still distinct, though they seem withdrawn by some magic into the realm of dream. One can hardly believe that they belong to the workday world; and as the sun sinks the deep flushes of varying light seems rather to shine through than to be reflected from them. All the long noon-tide, too, it would be so still, were it not for the chirp of the cicadas, which only seems to make the heat audible. A single insect of the kind is a torment not to be endured; but when thousands take voice together from the olive groves, their humming seems to fall into a rhythm that harmonizes with the ripple of the sea. The village children say they are singing to bid the grapes grow ripe. The sluggard's vintage never ripens, so he is spared the trouble of gathering it, and can saunter forth as soon as the air grows cooler to view the pleasures, the labors, and the foibles of his neighbors.



The smallest Italian village has its caffè, and the smallest caffè provides ice, at least once or twice in the week. Here, in the summer evenings, the whole air is in motion with the flutter of fans. The husband, brothers, and fathers read the single paper supplied turn by turn with such a concentrated and protracted interest, that one might suppose they were going to pass an examination in its contents, if one did not know they were simply anxious to ignore the fervid glances which the ladies under their protection are exchanging with the youths who are playing dominos at the opposite tables. The landlord shuffles backwards and forwards every now and then, and the waiter moves actively about, expectant of possible soldi. You feel at once that it is only a cheaper edition of the great world from which you have fled, printed on worse paper and in a coarser type. Down one of the streets that lead to the shore, however, there is sure to be a cantina. It offers nothing but the wine of the country, and none of the frequenters of the caffè ever think of passing its portals. In the daytime, it must be confessed, they are gloomy enough to frighten the passer-by; but of an evening the huge back-doors are opened, and then the shop appears only a portico to the orange or olive grove behind. If you are content with the light of the moon, the stars, and the fireflies, you can take a chair and drink your wine there; but, if you are a lover of men, you will seat yourself at the rude table opposite the counter, and listen to the talk of the fishermen who come in to quench their thirst and fill their bottles before starting on their nightly expeditions. There is generally something to be learned from their conversation; and, even if this is not the case, the breeze that passes through the cantina is pleasanter than the heavy air of the caffè, and the wine, rough as it is, more wholesome than the half-melted ices, flavored with unholy essences.

On such an evening excursion you may perhaps find a pleasant midday retreat, for the landlord of a country cantina is generally a small proprietor, whose gardens and vineyards adjoin the yard at the back of the house. The

noon is always hotter there than indoors; but, at least in the early summer and late autumn, it seems more bearable to a Northerner in the open air; and some of these little orchards are charming from the very fact that they are planted for use and not for ornament. In one of the least frequented of the Southern seaside towns, for example, there is a pomegranate garden of this kind. It stands on the summit of a little cliff which rises precipitously above the sea with its narrow fringe of sand. At one end some one with ampler means and a more cultivated taste than the present occupant built a terrace in the early years of the last century. It is falling into ruin now, but the great view it commands still remains, and it is still shadowed over by the heavy foliage of ancient trees. A little brook runs through the grounds, and bounds or trickles down the face of the cliff, according to the season. It is forced at first to take its way through a huge square trough of roughly-hewn stone, and here, it must be confessed, that early in the morning washing is sometimes done, after the primitive method of the place, by rubbing the linen with sand and beating it on the sides of the cistern, without the aid of soap or a fire; but at other times even the lower part of the brook is as bright and clear as crystal. In the early weeks of June, when the pomegranates are in full flower, and the sunshine flickers restlessly on the tender green below, you could hardly find a more delightful resting-place, and even later on in the season, if you bring a volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, and sling your hammock by the brook, you will not feel that the midday heat lasts too long. A pigeon may flutter down to sip of the water, a child may come to paddle in it for a minute or two with her brown feet, and then coil herself up in the nearest patch of shade and fall asleep there. Nothing else will disturb your reverie, and as you glance away from the lovely story to the blue sea over which the distant sails are stealing so calmly and so slowly, you may well for a moment feel that human life is, indeed, what Novalis said it ought to become—a dream.—*The Saturday Review*.

## PROGRESS AND WAGES. A WORKMAN'S VIEW.

BY JAMES C. HUTCHINSON.

IF, as has been said, "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," there will surely be some outcome for good from the many and diverse opinions we have had of late on this much-involved and ever recurring topic. "The poor ye have always with you!" "There has always been, and there always will be, hewers of wood and drawers of water." And it seems to me, the whole gist of the matter lies in the question, whether, in an equitably ordered state of society, it is right and just, and I will add politic, that the working man, the wealth-producer, should be so poor, and the capitalist, the profit-absorber, so rich? Mr. Giffen, in his pamphlet, *The Progress of the Working Classes in the last Half-century*, has, with a pertinacity that would be amusing but for the damaging influence it is likely to have on the position and future prospects of the working man, promulgated, and repeated again and again, the statement that the working classes are now, and have been for some time, better off comparatively speaking than their employers; that they have been receiving the major portion of the profits of their labor; that they are less taxed in proportion to their means than any other class of society; and in addition to all this, they receive more benefits from the National Exchequer. Happy, happy, thrice happy working man! And still you are not satisfied. On pp. 7, 8 he says:—

The rise in the remuneration of labor in Ireland in the last forty years is also one of the facts which has been conspicuously brought before the public of late. In no other way is it possible to account for the stationariness of rents in Ireland for a long period, notwithstanding the great rise in the prices of the cattle and dairy products which Ireland produces, and which, it has been contended, would have justified a rise of rents. The farmer and the laborer together have, in fact, had all the benefit of the rise in agricultural prices.

Then again, p. 25:—

All the facts agree. The working classes have had large additions to their means; capital has increased in about equal ratio; but the increase of capital per head of the capitalist

classes is by no means so great as the increase of working-class incomes.

And again, on p. 28:—

Thus the rich have become more numerous, but not richer individually; the "poor" are, to some smaller extent, fewer; and those who remain "poor" are, individually, twice as well off—on the average as they were fifty years ago. The "poor" have thus had almost all the benefit of the great material advance of the last fifty years.

It is in no spirit of captious criticism that I have entered upon a consideration of this question. But as a working man, deeply sensible of the importance of the subject to working men, and desirous that the public, the paymasters, may not—as they are ever prone to be—become impressed with an unduly exalted notion of the opportunities and the means at the command of the working man, I have felt impelled to attempt an examination of the general question as to whether the working classes *have* progressed so materially during the last half-century as shown by Mr. Giffen, or whether the actual facts of the case will not prove a more modified statement to be nearer the mark.

It is no part of my purpose to dispute that the working man of to-day is not in a better position, that he is not better fed, better clothed, better housed, and better educated than his immediate fore-elders as a class may have been. The broad fact is, that with the advent of railways, and other improved means of communication and distribution, there has been a greater call upon his resources, and a consequent rise in the remuneration of his labor; but that along with this activity in the labor market there has been what must be expected as a natural sequence, a corresponding rise in the prices of commodities that form the necessities of his daily life, which goes far to neutralise the good effects of his enhanced wages.

As Mr. Giffen remarks, the working classes now are able to share in many of the luxuries of life they never dreamed of fifty years ago. Excisable articles, thanks to Free Trade, have

given a variety to the workman's dietary table for which he has cause to be grateful. But Mr. Giffen must pardon me when I say distinctly that the great advance in wages that he maintains has fallen to the lot of the working classes has certainly not led to that social amelioration in their condition which we should have expected had such a rise actually taken place.\*

On p. 8 of his pamphlet he says :—

The conclusion is that, taking things in the mass, the sovereign goes as far as it did forty or fifty years ago, while there are many new things in existence at a low price which could not then have been bought at all. If, in the interval, the average money earnings of the working classes have risen between 50 and 100 per cent., there must have been an enormous change for the better in the means of the working man, unless by some wonderful accident it has happened that his special articles have changed in a different way from the general run of prices. But, looking to special prices, we find that on balance prices are lower and not higher.

Accepting, for the sake of argument, this statement, that there has been an increase in wages of from 50 to 100 per cent., we will now proceed to examine his assertion that there has been no material advance in the prices of provisions, other than fresh meat, during the last fifty years. From a file of the *Leeds Mercury* for 1835 I have obtained the prices of the following articles, and as a comparison I give the prices of the same articles from the same journal for the present time :—

	1835	1884
	s. d.	s. d.
Flour, per 280 lbs.....	40 0	38 4
Beef, per lb.....	0 5½	0 9
Mutton, per lb.....	0 3½	0 10
Bacon, per cwt., Irish.....	31 0	60 0
Cheese, per cwt., medium.....	50 0	65 0
Butter, per lb., York summer price.....	0 9	1 2½
Eggs, per 100, summer price.....	4 0	7 0
Milk, per pint.....	0 1	0 1½
Potatoes, per 250 lbs.....	5 6	9 6
Onions, per 250 lbs.....	13 0	16 0
Turnips, per 250 lbs.....	4 6	12 0
Carrots, per 250 lbs.....	6 6	13 0
Sugar, per cwt.....	65 0	26 0
Tea, per lb., medium.....	3 4	2 6

The price of flour as given above is quite exceptional, as I am aware, for any period anterior to the repeal of the Corn Laws. However, leaving out of

\* From oral information obtained in answer to questions addressed to the older workmen in various trades, as to the relative position, monetarily, of the two periods, I am disposed to doubt that there has been such a large advance all round as Mr. Giffen states.

our consideration flour, and for the present beef and mutton, it is very evident from the difference in prices of the various articles given that there has been an increase, and in most of the articles a very marked increase, between the two periods. As a further evidence that the purchasing power of the sovereign has deteriorated within the last fifty years, I subjoin the following table, compiled by the eminent authority, Mr. Caird, and given in Mr. Brassey's *Foreign Work and English Wages* :—

	1770.	1850	1878
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Price of bread per lb.....	0 1½	0 1¼	0 1½
Price of meat .....	0 3½	0 5	0 9
Price of butter .....	0 6	1 0	1 8
Agricultural wages.....	7 3	9 7	14 0
Rent.....	0 8	1 5	2 0

As will be seen, the price of bread for the three periods has not been attended with much variation, while meat has nearly trebled itself in value, and butter is more than three times the price given for the earliest period, while wages are scarcely double the amount they were in 1770; house rent is exactly three times as much. From this it would seem the agricultural laborer has actually retrograded instead of advanced with the times.

One more extract from Mr. Giffen. On p. 11 he informs us :—

I should have liked a longer list of articles, but the difficulty of comparison is very serious. It may be stated broadly, however, that while sugar and such articles have declined largely in price, and while clothing is also cheaper, the only article interesting the workman much which has increased in price is meat, the increase here being considerable. The "only," it may be supposed, covers a great deal. The truth is, however, that meat fifty years ago was not an article of the workman's diet, as it has since become. He had little more concern with its price than with the price of diamonds.

In answer to this astounding statement I cull the following from Mr. Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, Section I, pages 122-3, edition 1836 :—

	£	s.	d.
Average earnings of laboring men compiled from answers to queries from 856 parishes in England: men only.....	27	17	10
Do, from 668 parishes, with wages of wife and children.....	13	19	10
Annual average income of family....	41	17	8

To the further question, "Could such a family subsist on the aggregate earnings of the father, mother, and children, and if so, on what food?" answers were

received from 899 parishes to this effect :—

Number of parishes.....	899
No (simply) .....	71
Yes (simply) .....	212
Barely or without meat.....	125
With meat.....	491

Which gives an average of over fifty per cent. of the laboring class—that is, the poorest paid class of labor—who had meat as a portion of their regular diet. If we take into the account the large numbers of artisan families, dwellers in the towns, Mr. Giffen's extraordinary assertion will not be left with a leg to stand on.

If further refutation of Mr. Giffen's glaring misstatements were necessary, there are great numbers of men and women living who can supply data for a reliable history of the social condition of the people, even were there no written materials available for the purpose.

As an interesting item of information, I give the following prices for clothing, gathered from an old newspaper of 1835 :—

	£	s.	d.
Fine dress coat.....	1	12	0
Waistcoat.....	0	9	0
Trousers.....	0	17	0
Total.....	2	18	0
Overcoat, from.....	1	12	0
to.....	2	15	0

Which prices, I imagine, will not compare unfavorably with the cost of the same articles of dress, quality considered, to be bought at the present time.

As a further illustration of my contention that the working classes are not living in the clover our eminent statisticians would have us believe, we will take the case of a working man earning, say, twenty shillings per week, which sum, Mr. Giffen must allow, is a high estimate for a laboring man not subject to loss of time through stress of weather, such as is employed in our machine shops, engineering works, etc. We will say that our typical workman is sober and industrious, and that it is through no fault of his if the stipulated pound a week does not flow regularly into the home treasury. Having got hold of his money, our next consideration is, "What will he do with it?" Being, as we have said, a steady man, and withal a home-loving one, no part of his wages goes to swell the annual drink bill. The honest truth is, the money

must be expended carefully and judiciously to enable ends to be made to meet and tie. No luxuriously wasteful feasts, such as were pictured for us by Lady John Manners, fall to his lot; his wife knows the value of a shilling too well for that! For a small self-contained house, consisting of a living room or kitchen and two small bedrooms, our friend pays 3s. per week\* clear of rates; next, being a provident man, he belongs to two friendly societies, or lodges as they are commonly called; these take another shilling from his weekly income, leaving a sum of 16s. for providing food and clothing, fire and lighting, for himself, his wife, and three children, being an average of 3s. 2½d. per head. The reader may depend upon it no obsequious butcher or grocer waits upon him for his orders. No; mater familias has to do the shopping, and many a hard bargain has she to drive while making the most of what she has to spend. Bread—the veritable staff of life in a workingman's home—is good and cheap, and butcher's meat may, by waiting until Saturday night, be bought for rather less money, so that the working man may have an enjoyable dinner on Sunday; and, I say this advisedly, the Sunday dinner is often, too often, the only meal, properly so called, that he and his family partake of during the week, the rest consisting of bread and meat, and tea, or coffee, or cocoa, a rasher of bacon, sausage, or any other shuffling excuse for a dinner that can be got for little money, and prepared with the very smallest modicum of labor in the cooking. But our typical workman and his wife do not consider this system of "aught we can catch" meals to be true economy, so they contrive to have a passable mid day meal for each day in the week.

An approximate estimate of how their twenty shillings are expended may be thus tabulated :—

	s.	d.
House rent and lodge money.....	4	0
Bread.....	4	6
Butcher's meat.....	3	0
Butter, eggs, and milk.....	8	6
Groceries, tea, sugar, soap, etc.....	1	6
Potatoes, and other vegetables.....	1	0
Fire and lighting.....	1	6
Total.....	18	0

\* This rent, though low, is not at all exceptional in this part of the country—Leeds.



A sum of two shillings being thus available for clothing, education, and making provision for sickness, or any other unforeseen contingency. I shall be glad if Mr. Giffen, or any other of our political economists, will tell me how all this is to be accomplished. And I think if your well-to-do readers will compare this table of weekly expenses for five persons with the cost of a like number in their own households, they will agree that the working classes are certainly not receiving the lion's share of the profits of their industry.

Although clothing, shoes, etc., cost rather less money than formerly, they are nothing like so durable, so that any little advantage in cheapness is counterbalanced by their having to be replaced more often; and cottons and linens are, the women tell us, nothing like so good as they used to be; and, moreover, we must remember our friend has only two shillings with which to clothe and educate his family of five persons. We may well ask, How can it be done? But it is managed nevertheless! And many a working man's family, with no more than a pound a week, can and does turn out decently and respectably.

The only mystery about the business is *self-denial*. And, good reader, the way in which multitudes of working men and women have denied and are denying themselves for the sake of their children—that they may have the advantages that education can give, that they may have a better start in life than they (their parents) had—is, in many instances, truly heroic and worthy of all praise.

To sum up my case, as your readers, and I doubt not Mr. Giffen, will have seen ere now, whatever advance there has been in wages has been met by the increased cost of living, house rent, and coals, so that the workman is left now, practically, where he was in the days of Adam Smith—he is just about able to live by his labor, and that is all. And, if provision is made for a better scale of living, we should remember it has been the same in all ages; what were the luxuries of one generation have become necessities in the next. And as education, with its refining influence, progresses, this advancement must become more marked. The educated workman will not be content to sit down to his

frugal, and often scanty, meal, remembering that the employer he is enriching hardly knows what dainty to have to tempt his pampered and over-sated appetite. In his daily walks along the streets, his eye meeting at every turn handsome and costly furniture displayed in the windows, books, *éditions de luxe* of books, etc., all of which household gods, with his elevated taste, he can now appreciate, and has a yearning for, he will naturally ask himself for whose edification they have been provided; and I, as a workman, am persuaded the answer will not be very conducive to the mutual satisfaction of capitalist and laborer, as their relations are at present constituted.

The writer of the article, "Co-operation or Spoliation," in the *Westminster Review*, thinks co-operation may be regarded as the best means for elevating the laborer to his proper place in society, and rescuing him alike from the tyranny of socialism and of capital. That co-operation has been the means of inculcating and developing habits of thrift among the working classes is a fact patent to all who have paid any attention to the business. As distributive societies they are an undoubted success. But I fear the working man has much to learn, and, what is of more vital importance, much to unlearn, before productive co-operation becomes the success all thoughtful men would wish it to be. As an example of my meaning, I will give an instance within my own recollection that, as far as I know, has not hitherto been recorded.

During a strike among the building operatives in Leeds some fifteen years since, a party of carpenters and joiners, recognizing the wastefulness and barbarity of strikes as a means of obtaining a fair and equitable share of the profits of their labor, determined to subscribe and form a common fund to start business on their own account. Some fourteen members joined the undertaking. And, as this is a business not requiring much capital for its working, and particularly so in this instance—the workmen being their own employers, and mutually agreeable to withdraw but a small sum weekly for their maintenance—the business prospered for a time, and might have continued to prosper but for the petty jealousy and dissatisfaction that seems to

be inseparable from man's nature. First one partner and then another grumbled because those whom they had appointed to manage the concern seemed to have an easier time of it than they had, or, as they put it, "went about the shop or the building with their coats on!" And, if any little mistake were made, such as is possible may happen in any business, it was magnified and stigmatized as either an act of carelessness or incompetence. This bickering and dissension went on, until—I suppose on the principle of the survival of the fittest—the firm dwindled down to three members, and of course lost its co-operative character.

In carrying out productive co-operation, to avoid the rock on which the joiners' firm split it would be absolutely necessary to have at the head, to manage the concern, a partner having a preponderating money influence in the business, as well as a thoroughly practical knowledge of the details needful to conduct the work to a successful issue. For the additional capital he has in the concern he should be content to receive, say, 5 per cent. over and above his wages for superintendence, the workpeople being paid the standard wages obtainable in their particular business, the profits, or bonus, being divisible among the partners in accordance with their respective interests in the undertaking. I am afraid we must acknowledge that, so far, productive co-operation has not been a success in England. As far as regards the Westminster reviewer's alternative—"spoliation"—from an everyday acquaintance with the working classes—living among them, working with them, and belonging to them in heart and mind—I do not believe that the British workman in either this or the succeeding generation will be prepared to take part in any universal scheme of spoliation, or even of State socialism. Mr. Henry George's panacea for the ills of the people—the nationalization of the land—cannot, without compensation, be characterized as anything short of robbery—an unrighteous enriching of the improvident many at the expense of the provident few.\* My own opinion on the whole question is that, given "a fair

day's wage for a fair day's work," and a sufficiency of work to enable them to live thereby, there is not a more contented community, nor one less likely to be influenced by communistic or socialistic doctrines, on the face of the earth, than the British working classes. Whatever the cause may be, whether it is over production, foreign competition, or adverse seasons, it is these recurring periods of bad trade—shortness of work—that make the working classes discontented with their position, and that lead to the many "bitter cries" with which we have been made so familiar within the last few months. And why should there be this insufficiency of work? Are a working man's wants or desires less when he is out of employment? Does the mere fact of having leisure time on his hands make it less necessary that he should eat and drink to live? Can he on that account wander naked and homeless through the streets? Though, God save the mark, this is pretty near the condition of large numbers of our honest working men and women to-day, I ask again, can the fact of his being a hanger-on, a parasite on society, a pauper, tend to make him a more useful member of the community, or one more likely to add to its social or material prosperity? But you will answer, "There is not work for him to do." The labor market is overcrowded. Ah! my friend, you are but like the Levite who passed by on the other side.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

What is wanted—and it is the only remedy for depressions in trade—is, that the working classes shall have a more commensurate share in the profits of their industry. That is, that they shall have more money to spend in clothing, furniture, etc., that they may live in better houses, and generally share more fully in the labor of men's hands than they are able at present to do. Let us just for a moment indulge in a day-dream. We will suppose that all the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys in the kingdom have had the means placed in their hands to go to market and supply, not their desires, but only the actual necessities of themselves, their wives, and their children. Why,

seductive influence as to believe that two wrongs ever did or ever will make one right.

\* Although I yield to no man in my admiration of Mr. George's book, *Progress and Poverty*, I have not been so far led away by its

there would not be sufficient manufactured goods of all descriptions to satisfy their requirements. Talk about a run on a bank in a commercial crisis—the shops of the dealers in all manner of goods would be literally besieged. And ere long, we should find that the spindle and the loom, the chisel and the plane, the hammer and the forge, had been electrified into activity to supply the demands of a home trade hitherto unparalleled in our commercial history.

That this can be afforded without manufactured articles being raised in price all round, or the capitalist's profits being brought to starvation point, is proved by the following figures taken from the article "Co-operation or Spoliation," in the April number of the *Westminster Review*. "From 1869 to 1879 the increase in capital was 242,000,000*l.*; of this sum 99,000,000*l.* fell to the working classes, the remaining 143,000,000*l.* to the capitalists, reckoning as capitalists all incomes over 300*l.* per year. While the increase in population was for the same time 1,127,000, of this number 1,096,000, belonged to the working classes, and 31,000 to the capitalist class; or, in other words, the capitalist class contributed 3 per cent. to the population, and secured 59 per cent. of the wealth,

while the working classes added 97 per cent. to the population, and only came in for 41 per cent. of the wealth." And this, be it remembered, includes the time—from 1870 to 1875—when the working man was running riot through the land, when the colliers and ironworkers were credited with earning wages that seemed almost fabulous in amount, and whoever could and would labor was sure of employment at good wages. In conclusion, I will quote Adam Smith in defence of my plea for better wages without enhanced profits. In the *Wealth of Nations*, book i. chap. ix., he says: "In reality high profits tend more to raise the price of work than high wages." In raising the price of commodities, the rise of wages operates in the same manner as simple interest does in the accumulation of debt. The rise of profit operates like compound interest. Our merchants and master manufacturers complain much of the bad effects of high wages in raising the price, and thereby lessening the sale of their goods both at home and abroad. They say nothing concerning the bad effects of high profits. They are silent with regard to the pernicious effects of their own gains. They complain only of those of other people.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## STATISTICS OF BARATARIA.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

### I.

BARATARIA is an island in the Utopian Ocean, containing a population of one thousand adult persons, of whom five hundred are males and five hundred females. All these five hundred couples are newly married; they have just been planted as a colony on the island; and the Director-General of Statistics is now engaged in drawing up some interesting calculations as to their probable natural increase during the next five or ten generations.

I must apologize at the outset for this very abrupt method of plunging *in medias res*; but if one wishes to expose a fallacy there is no better way of going to work than by reducing it at once to its sim-

plest elements. Now, there are a great many rampant fallacies about races and populations at present implicitly current in the world at large, which, perhaps, may best be met by positing the simple and easily comprehended case of the island of Baratania. People generally get rather confused when they come to talk about twenty or thirty millions; they can hardly fail to grasp the issues really involved when it is a mere question of a poor little thousand. Let me add, also, by way of preface, that I am not going to trench upon the debatable ground of the Malthusian problem. My object is ethnical and historical alone, not political or economical.

It is obvious that if every one of these married couples were to have two

children apiece, one a boy and one a girl; and if all these children were to grow up, without a single death or misadventure; and if all of them were then to marry, the population on the whole would remain exactly stationary. True, there would be just one apparent increase to double after the birth of the new pair into each household; and the normal number of the population would ever afterwards be two thousand, instead of one: but in each subsequent generation there would always be a thousand children born; and the sum of parents and children would never greatly exceed or fall short of the round two thousand. For simplicity's sake it may be added that in Barataria the children are usually born when their parents are thirty, and the parents themselves usually die in their sixtieth year.

But, as a matter of fact, an average of two children to each family will not, of course, suffice to keep the population of the island from positively dwindling. Out of every thousand children born in Barataria, as in England, 150 die during the first year, 53 during the second year, 28 during the third year, and so forth. By the time they were all 21, and therefore marriageable, only 657 out of the original thousand would be left, of whom 331 would be young men, and 326 young women. Some of the men would, of course, of necessity have to remain bachelors, so that instead of five hundred couples, as at the beginning, we should only have 326 couples to recruit the population in future. It results that at this rate the population of Barataria would go on decreasing in the proportion of nearly two-fifths at each generation; and as we must make some small allowance for couples who do not wish to marry, we may fairly say that it would become practically extinct in seven generations. Roughly speaking, the decrease in the number of married couples would be to 300 in the first generation, 180 in the second, 108 in the third, 63 in the fourth, 36 in the fifth, 21 in the sixth, and 12 in the seventh. by that time it would be impossible to carry it on much further without an importation of fresh blood from outside to renew the impoverished stock.

It is clear, then, that an average of two children in each family will be quite

insufficient even to keep up the population to a fixed standard. Indeed, if we are going to allow for infant mortality, we must put the average at more than three; and if we reckon the chances of invalids, bachelors, old maids, and other casualties, we must put it as high as four. In other words, the population of Barataria will not keep stationary even, I take it, unless each married couple on the average has as many as four children. In that case, a generation will consist of 2,000 children, of whom 1,314 will reach maturity. But of these only 652 will be girls; and allowing 152 out of that number (not an excessive estimate) for weaklings, nuns, old maids, and girls who die unmarried, we get back exactly to our original 500 couples.

This looks a startling conclusion, but it is, nevertheless, a pretty certain one. If the married couples of Barataria have only two children apiece, their population will decrease with surprising rapidity. If they have four apiece, it will barely remain stationary. If they want it to increase perceptibly, they must have five apiece or more.

Observe, too, that as some families will have only one, two, or three children each, there must be some which have more than four, even to keep the inhabitants of the island up to the fixed number. Families which have less than four children from one generation to another, are families that are gradually dying out. They represent the decadent element in the total population. Families that have more than four children are families that are gradually gaining ground. They represent the progressive element in the population. After a few hundred years, the population will consist of their descendant's alone, or almost alone. As a matter of fact, so high is the real average of early death, of celibacy, and of other checks, that even five children are not enough to keep a population up to its normal level, under the circumstances of western Europe.

But the average fertility of married couples in real life, either in Barataria or in England, is something greatly in excess of this modest estimate of five children apiece. And it does not remain fixed, as I have here supposed, no matter at what age the women marry: it varies greatly with the age at the date of



marriage. Dr. Matthews Duncan has shown that when women marry at seventeen they have on an average nine children each (I omit decimals, which after all are far from lively to look at, and seldom affect the practical result), when they marry at twenty-two they have seven, at twenty-seven they have six, and at thirty-two they have four and a half. Even this last comparatively high average is not, in the actual state of England, sufficient to keep up the population to its normal level. Mr. Galton has very ingeniously shown, in his "Inquiries into Human Faculty," that if all the women of a race were to marry at the age of twenty-nine, there would be a steady decrease in the number of their descendants from one generation to another. Let us put his case a little more concretely than he has done by applying it to two different classes which go to make up the population of Barataria.

Half the married couples with whom we have stocked the island are Europeans, and the other half are negroes. Now, we find in this particular case that our negro mothers usually marry at twenty (on the average), and our white mothers at twenty-nine. The result will be that our negro mothers will produce about eight children apiece, and our white mothers about five. This, however, does not in itself sufficiently express the rate at which the negroes will gain upon the whites; for while the average length of time between one generation and another among the blacks will be twenty-seven years, among the whites it will be thirty-six. In other words, not only will the negroes be absolutely more fertile, but their generations, will follow upon one another with far greater rapidity; so that at the end of any given time—say, a century—the blacks will have gained doubly upon the whites—first, by greater number of births to each mother; second, by greater number of generations to the given time.

Mr. Galton's figures enable us to see exactly how fast these two causes of relative increase and decrease would tell upon the total population of our island. Let us start with 100 white mothers and 100 negroes. After 108 years (the least common multiple of 27 and 36) the number of female descendants who

themselves become mothers would have risen to 175 among the negroes, while it would have sunk to 61 among the whites. At the end of the next equal period, namely, in 216 years from now, the number of negro mothers would be 299, while that of white mothers would only be 38. After the third period had lapsed (in 324 years) the number of black mothers would have increased to 535, while the white mothers would have dwindled away to 23. By that time, close intermarriage among the whites would have begun to work out their complete destruction, and in a very few years more the blacks would have completely supplanted them. Out of the two equal races with which we originally peopled the island the one race would have quintupled itself, and the other race would have utterly died out, simply owing to the fact that the women in the one case married early, while in the other case they married late.

So far, I have taken it for granted that both the races will keep quite distinct. But in real life, it is quite impossible to put two races in close contact with one another, and yet prevent constant intermarriage or its practical equivalent. Do what you will, the two races *will* get mixed. Take an example where pride of race and prejudice are at the very worst; where one might naturally imagine that intermixture would be hardest and tardiest; where the very name of miscegenation is scouted and detested. In Jamaica, the total population in 1881 was in round numbers 560,000. Out of these, only 14,000 were white. But what effect had this small body of whites had in leavening the total population of the island? It seems incredible, but the brown people (mulattoes, quadroons, etc.) the mixed offspring of the two races, numbered over 100,000. Roughly speaking, one may say there were 450,000 blacks, 14,000 whites, and 100,000 of mixed parentage. Nothing could better show how absurdly impossible is the attempt to insure purity of race where two distinct populations occupy the same district. And when one gets such close intermixture, the problem of separating between the two races becomes after a time absolutely insoluble.—*Knowledge.*

## THE POPULATION OF EUROPE IN A.D. 2000.

HERR KUMMER, chief of the Swiss Federal Bureau of Statistics, an admirable institution which is always doing something useful, has been reckoning how many people there are likely to be in Europe at the end of the twentieth century. Excluding Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey—countries from which he has not been able to procure trustworthy returns whereon to base his calculations—he finds that in A.D. 2000 the remainder of Europe will possess a population of 565,801,141; but as we are under no obligation to be as painfully accurate as Herr Kummer, and the countries in question have already 106 million inhabitants, and the Russians are a prolific race, we may safely assume that if the present rate of increase continues the grand total will reach, if it do not exceed, 800 millions—about half the present population of the entire world. As for our kinsfolk across the Atlantic, if they go on increasing and multiplying as they have done the last two or three score years, they will be almost past counting, and number, probably, 600 millions, in which event, the United States will be about as eligible a field for emigration as China. The time at which this may come to pass being far from remote—two lives of fifty-eight years each will cover the interval—it is an interesting subject of speculation as to how, should these calculations prove true, our great-grandchildren are likely to fare in the struggle for existence at the dawn of the twenty-first century. According to Herr Kummer, the United Kingdom may then count (he is careful not to say "will") 129 millions of inhabitants. In that event, this country would be more thickly populated than ever country was before, and our descendants would probably develop some of the qualities which the keen struggle for existence has produced among the people of the Celestial Empire. Thrift would become the most valuable of qualities, waste and extravagance the worst of vices, popular ideals of right and wrong might be expected to undergo material modification. Hardness and keenness, as being essential not merely as at present to commercial success, but success of any sort, and to

securing, it may be, the commonest necessities of life, would be raised to the rank of cardinal virtues. Economy would be studied more carefully than we now study the laws of health; and a man who hit upon a way of making a shilling go a fraction farther than before would be esteemed a public benefactor. With so many millions competing for work, wages must needs be low, and our grand-children would have to adapt their diet to their altered circumstances. Animal food would be little eaten; and as America would doubtless want all her grain for her own people, the few acres not covered with buildings would have to be devoted rather to growing cereals than to feeding cattle. The very face of the country would be changed. Every waste place would have to be turned to account; and even if private ownership of land were allowed to continue, ground would become so valuable that nobody could afford the luxury of a big park, or even of a large flower-garden. It might be that the law would prohibit them; and we may be quite sure that nobody would be allowed to turn sheep-runs into deer-forests, or keep up a fine head of game for his particular pleasure. Game, in fact, would cease to exist, and hunting become as obsolete as bull-baiting. As it is not conceivable that 129 millions could obtain the wherewithal to keep body and soul together otherwise than by exchanging manufactures for food, factories would cover the face of the land. Liverpool and Manchester would join hands, Birmingham and Sheffield grow until they touched, and London blacken with its huge bulk a dozen of the fair counties of Southern England. The only places where a man might still get a breath of fresh air, catch a glimpse of the sky, and hear the voice of birds would be in the wilder parts of the Scottish Highlands and the Welsh mountains.

That is a gloomy outlook for our after-comers of the third and fourth generations, and the picture might be drawn in even darker colors. If ever these islands should contain a population of more than 100 millions, the struggle for existence would be simply terrific, and life so hard as not to be worth living.

But will it? We do not think so; neither do we think that at the end of the next century Europe will have 800 million, or the United States 600 million inhabitants. Herr Kummer has based his computation on the average increment of the last half-century, and if his assumption be correct, his inductions cannot well be wrong. On the other hand, we neither know nor is it probable that the increment will go on in the future as it has gone on in the immediate past. The laws that govern the growth of population are little understood; we have not sufficient materials whereon to base even approximately safe forecasts. It is not yet a hundred years since Governments began to periodically number their people. The first Census of the United Kingdom was taken in 1801. Before that time we have only the vaguest idea at what rate population increased. We may make guesses and draw inferences, but positive knowledge we do not possess, and shall never have. The tables prepared by Herr Kummer are a striking proof of our ignorance of the subject. He gives the average rate of increment for the countries the growth of whose population he attempts to forecast. The population of England increases by 13·4 per thousand; that of Scotland, in spite of the multitude of Scots who seek their fortunes abroad, grows at the rate of 10·7. Germany, though less prolific than England, is slightly more so than Scotland, the people multiplying at the rate of 10·8 per thousand. These three and the Netherlands head the list, at the bottom of which comes not, as might be supposed, France, but Hungary. Hungary's rate of increase is 11·1, and in A. D. 2000 her population, which now falls short of 14 millions, is not likely much to exceed 16 millions. Why these differences? How comes it that Dutchmen multiply faster than Austrians, Belgians than Swiss, Danes than Italians? Why, again are the Teutonic more prolific than the Latin races? To-day the united populations of France and Italy exceed the population of Germany by 30 millions, but towards the end of the next century the people of the Fatherland are likely to outnumber the French and Italians by upwards of 40 millions. Some of these questions must be answered before we can say with any approach

to accuracy how many great-grand-children we shall have living in the year 1999. Moreover, the nicest reckoning, based on a limited experience, is liable to error. For instance, Herr Kummer puts the yearly increment of Sweden at 9·1 per thousand; but just now the emigration from Sweden is taking off the whole of the increment, and the population is quite at a standstill. All that we can be certain of is that the population of Europe is increasing, but, the Teutonic peoples excepted, not very rapidly. Apart from Great Britain, Germany, and Holland, the countries comprised in Herr Kummer's list are growing only at the rate of 6·4 per thousand per year—at a rate, that is to say, which in 116 years would bring the population of Italy to 58 millions and of Switzerland to 6 millions.

On the other hand, the people of England and Scotland are multiplying so fast that pessimists may well be excused for feeling some anxiety as to the future. The population of the Kingdom, which in 1815 was 15 millions, is now 36 millions—that is to say, it has grown more in the last seventy years than it accreted in all the untold ages of the previous past. For our own part, we do not see in this any cause for disquietude, rather indeed for satisfaction. Our people are far better off than when they were half as numerous—better housed, better fed, and better taught. Their lives are happier, and their future is brighter. Though the world has not grown actually bigger, there is more of it available for the use of mankind than ever before; and it would almost seem as if Providence had destined our race to people most of the waste places of the earth. No more striking phenomenon in the history of nations was ever witnessed than the great Westward movement of population which is now going on. It is a movement that must gather strength as it proceeds, for in addition to the vast unoccupied territories of the United States and the Dominion, there are rich and almost limitless lands on the South, as yet peopled only by savage tribes and wild animals. South and Central America possess a population of little more than 30 millions; they could feed a population of 300 millions, and have as much food to spare as would keep half

Europe. People sometimes forget that these tropical and sub-tropical countries, as touching the fertility of their soil, are equal to double the area of less favored lands. They produce two and three crops a year, and there is hardly any limit to the population that they might not be made to support. Then there is Australia—a continent that is only beginning to be peopled, and where alone there is room for the entire Teutonic race. Even Europe, old as it is, and “played out” as some seem to think, is not yet peopled to the extent of its capacity. Austria is far from full, and

the countries still held and blighted by the Turk, if wisely governed, would support in comfort a population as large as that of France. As to what may happen in the remote future, it would be presumptuous to offer an opinion; but taking a short view of the matter, there is nothing in Herr Kummer’s calculations that need alarm us, or cause us to apprehend that we are within measurable distance of a time when the inhabitants of these islands will be fighting for standing-room, and thrusting each other into the sea.—*The Spectator*.

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MR. GLADSTONE.

THE place which will ultimately be assigned to Mr. Gladstone in the ranks of English statesmen can only be fixed by one who is prophet as well as critic. At the present moment he is seen by opponents, and even by friends, through so disturbing a medium of prejudice and partiality; he is presented to the public, by those who pass judgment upon him, in so grotesque and inconsistent a variety of aspects and disguises; he is to such an extent the victim of contradictory and antagonistic superlatives; above all, the exact quality of his influence upon the course of events, and the members of his party, is so difficult to define; the results, in some cases even the tendencies, of his statesmanship are so incalculable—that only the very rash, foolish, and ignorant would presume to anticipate the verdict of posterity on the Prime Minister. It is a task, as once less perilous and more profitable, to measure and classify the attributes by which he has acquired the position he now holds; to summarize a few of the idiosyncracies of a man who is admitted by his bitterest detractors and enemies to be a commanding force in the political life of England; to define some respects in which he differs from the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and some peculiarities which, as he is nearing the completion of his seventy-fifth year, have accompanied the successive stages of his political development.

It is now just one month less than

fifty-two years that Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as Tory member for Newark. Since then he has travelled the whole distance which separates the early Toryism of Sir Robert Peel from the Liberalism of Cobden and Bright, and far more than the distance which separated Sir Robert Peel’s protectionism from his conversion to free trade. The contrast between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, and between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, is striking. The changes of opinion undergone by Sir Robert Peel are surpassed in the changes illustrated in the career of the Prime Minister. But in the case of Mr. Gladstone they have been accomplished far more gradually and laboriously than in the case of Sir Robert Peel. During the debates on the Irish Church Act, the severest reproach which Mr. Disraeli could bring against the author of the measure was that he had formerly been a champion of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and that he had spoken in its favor when an undergraduate at Oxford. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor any one else could taunt Mr. Gladstone with having, like Peel, been returned to power to give effect to one policy and then espousing and executing another. To say this is not to bring any charge against the memory of one of the greatest Ministers of the century, and, according to Lord George Bentinck’s biographer, “the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived.” Peel’s hand was forced by famine. The argu-



ments with which imminent pestilence, bred of starvation, and the murmurs of approaching revolution supplied him, were unanswerable. He would have been no true patriot or statesman if he had held out against them. But though the desertion of his principles was prescribed by a destiny whose decrees he could not withstand, the fact of their unexpectedly sudden desertion remains. If Mr. Gladstone's position has been established on the ruins of his old beliefs; if he destroyed that Irish Church of which he was once the enthusiastic advocate; if, in other fields of legislation, he has led his followers to the attack of strongholds which he once defended—it has been after due notice and upon clear and unambiguous pretences. In *A Chapter of Autobiography* he has demonstrated the processes by which he arrived at the conclusion that the Established Church in Ireland, which he had formerly held reconcilable with civil and national justice, could not be perpetuated without gross injustice. His original case, he says, was that "the Church of Ireland must be maintained for the benefit of the whole people of Ireland, and must be maintained as the truth, or it cannot be maintained at all." The latter condition was violated by the Maynooth grant; the former was disposed of by existing facts. "I never held," writes Mr. Gladstone in this chapter, "that a national Church should be permanently maintained except for the nation. I mean either for the whole of it, or at least for the greater part, with some kind of real concurrence or general acquiescence from the remainder."\* This language explains how it was that in the spring of 1868, in the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion, Mr. Gladstone first declared that "for the settlement of the Irish Church, that Church as a State Church must cease to exist." Mr. Disraeli's comment was that "the right honorable gentleman had come upon them all of a sudden like a thief in the night." But this suddenness—and it was naturally exaggerated by the Tory leader—was an entirely different thing from the adoption of a policy the

exact opposite of which his party and the country had entrusted to a Minister; and when Mr. Gladstone came into office six months later, it was with a special commission to disestablish the Irish Church.

The contrast between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright is even more strongly marked than that between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Robert Peel. As he now draws toward the end of his career Mr. Bright cannot be charged with having abandoned, violated, or withdrawn a single principle that he ever proclaimed. Not a flaw of inconsistency or blemish of self-contradiction is to be seen in his whole career. Others have come round to him; he has lived to behold the convictions, which he firmly embraced and which were condemned as extravagant and absurd, incorporated into the accepted doctrines of the Liberal party and of all parties, and into the unquestioned traditions of English policy. But though Mr. Gladstone's record and retrospect are of the most opposite character, his mutations have never had anything in them of vacillation; they have partaken from the first of the nature of a slow growth, and have indicated the successive periods of an intellectual development. Slowly, but with the certainty of daybreak, his horizon has expanded. He has himself told us that when he entered public life, he had but an imperfect sense of the ineffable blessings of liberty. This deficiency was not unnatural to one who had been brought up in the strictest school of authority and tradition, and who in early manhood was, in Macaulay's familiar words, "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories." As men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, so Mr. Gladstone has throughout his whole public life been engaged in bursting, and disentangling himself from, the cerements of his dead faiths. Whether he would have been greater or less than he is but for this progressive movement of his mind may be questioned; it is certain that he is indebted to it for much of the power which he exercises over those who are associated with him, however remotely or indirectly, in public life. It is because Mr. Gladstone has been so consistently inconsistent, because the con-

\* *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. vii. pp. 112, 113, and seq.

tinuity of his views and beliefs has known such decisive, if slowly consummated, solutions, that he has carried with him so large a group of politicians, and so overwhelming a majority of the English people. The process of self-education has enabled him effectually to educate others. Those who have themselves learned slowly, at school or college, were declared by Dr. Arnold to make the best schoolmasters, because they could most easily place themselves in the position of unreceptive school boys. The wealth of words which Mr. Gladstone expends upon any proposal he introduces to the House of Commons: the variety of the points of view from which he looks at it; his minute weighing of every sort of counter consideration; the nice and, as they may seem, the tedious and sophistical distinctions which he draws between shades of thought and forms of words—each of these reflects or suggests some experience of his own mental discipline. There are few objections to any policy or scheme of legislation which he has not appreciated, and which consequently he does not set himself to remove. For this reason he is in his treatment of public topics the least dogmatic of statesmen. Mr. Bright, who has neither receded from nor advanced beyond the tenets with which he first entered public life, cannot avoid a certain autocracy and absolutism in a statement of opinion. He has been troubled with no doubts, and even his fertile imagination can make little allowance for doubters. But it is to the doubters, the most illustrious of whom he himself has been, that Mr. Gladstone chiefly addresses himself. Hence the extraordinary complexity and comprehensiveness of his argumentation; hence what may be called the metaphysical quality in his eloquence, the subtle series of appeals to the consciousness of his hearers which runs like an undertone through his most splendid orations, and which is perhaps the secret of their occasional verbosity and even obscurity.

Whatever history may say of Mr. Gladstone it will not say that he was a perfect leader of the House of Commons. He fails to be this for the very reasons which make him a great popular leader in the country. He understands

more of man in the abstract than of man in the concrete; more of the passions which sway humanity in the bulk, than of the motives to which individuals are amenable, and the treatment to be applied to them. He is at his best when he is the exponent not so much of the policy of a party as of the ideas which animate that policy, and which touch the heart of nations. It was not till he had made his famous "flesh-and-blood" speech that Mr. Gladstone was really recognized as a great popular leader and struck a responsive chord that still vibrates in the breasts of the English people. He had hitherto been best known as a financier, as the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer England ever had, and as somewhat academic, narrow, and exclusive in his sympathies and tastes. But this phrase, to which additional effect was given by the glow of the language and the atmosphere of ideas associated with it, produced an instantaneous and almost electrical result. The place into which he may be then said to have leaped, he has continued to hold. Notwithstanding his temporary retirement and the eclipse which, with the metropolitan public, his popularity suffered in the melodramatic days of Jingoism, events have conclusively shown that Mr. Gladstone surpasses all his contemporaries in his power of interpreting, and placing himself at the head of, public feeling, when it is deeply moved. The Bulgarian atrocities supplied him with one of those opportunities exactly congenial to his character and gifts. His two Midlothian campaigns, whether in their oratorical labors or in the results that followed them, form a monument which supplies a fair measure of the greatness of the man. He took his stand upon general principles, upon those elementary ideas of justice, of humanity, which all can understand, and which he had, in his reply to Lord Palmerston thirty years earlier during the Don Pacifico debate, clearly foreshadowed. This reply is so remarkable, so appositely prophetic of the attitude which in foreign policy Mr. Gladstone has since repeatedly assumed, and so comparatively little known, that no apology need be offered for quoting an extract from it here:—

"The noble Lord (Lord Palmerston) vaunted, amid the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be, throughout the world, what the citizen of Rome had been. But, I ask, what then was a Roman citizen? He was a member of a privileged cast; he belonged to a conquering race, to a nation that held all nations bound down by the hand of imperial power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted and rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world. Is such, then, the view of the noble lord as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries? Does he make the claim for us that we are to be uplifted on a platform high above the standing-ground of other nations? It is indeed too clear that too much of this notion is lurking in his mind; that he adopts, in part, that vain conception that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of abuses and imperfections among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal school-masters, and that all who hesitate to recognise our office should have the war of diplomacy, at least, forthwith declared against them. And certainly, if the business of a foreign secretary is merely to carry on a diplomatic war, all must admit the perfection of the noble lord in the discharge of his functions. But it is not the duty of a foreign minister to be like a knight-errant, ever pricking forth, armed at all points, to challenge all comers, and lay as many adversaries as possible sprawling, or the noble lord would be a master of his art; but to maintain that sound code of international principles which is a monument of human wisdom, and a precious inheritance bequeathed by our fathers for the preservation of the future brotherhood of nations."

This language explains why in foreign policy Mr. Gladstone has at times reached the heart of the multitude, precisely in proportion as he has dissatisfied the cooler critics of the House of Commons, and tried the patience of foreign statesmen and chancellors. It is literally true of Mr. Gladstone to say that, Trojan or Tyrian, Englishman, Egyptian, or Ethiopian, Bulgarian peasant or Lancashire artisan, he holds them in no difference. To him the inhabitant of any country, in whatsoever quarter of the globe, and whatsoever his complexion, is first of all a man; to him he appears denuded of all the accidents of his nationality, isolated from the influence exercised on him by custom and antecedents, merely a member of the great family of the human race. As Bacon assumed that the *ingenia* of all men were equal, so Mr. Gladstone seems to assume that all who are born into this world have, innate in them, the

same capacity as Englishmen of the nineteenth century, to become the orderly and prosperous subjects of a constitutional and popular Government. There is steadily fixed in his imagination the *idea* of a man to which all existing types of humanity under heaven are conformable—an idea gathered from his experience of his fellow-men within the four seas. This generous appreciation of the happy possibilities latent in a universal humanity, this tendency to reduce mankind to a common yet beatified denominator, commends itself to the fancy of the multitude just as it exasperates those statesmen and diplomats to whom human beings are merely pawns on the chess-board—the creatures of circumstance, dependent for their capacities solely on geographical and physical conditions. Whatever misconception of Mr. Gladstone may exist in the mind of Prince Bismarck, or of any other Continental statesman, arises entirely from the circumstance that the point of view from which he regards human nature is diametrically opposite to that from which they regard it themselves. Hence, too, the difference which divided him from Mr. Disraeli, who, in the tactical skill with which he dealt with men as the members of a party, was as much superior to Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone is superior to Mr. Disraeli in his insight into the control of those perennial forces which dominate mankind in the aggregate.

It is an often cited instance of Lord Althorp's influence with the House of Commons that once, in answer to a speech of Croker, he rose and merely observed that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honorable gentleman's arguments. But, unfortunately, he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that, if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment; which they accordingly did. Nothing of exactly the same kind is recorded of Mr. Gladstone, but in many cases he has exercised, if not in the House of Commons, yet in the country, an analogous authority. This prerogative has been displayed not only among professed Liberals, but among those very Conservatives who are most of all im-

pervious to new ideas—country gentlemen, merchants, and country clergymen. It may be doubted whether the Irish Church would have been abolished, or the Irish Land Act of 1881 passed so easily, except for the personal ascendancy of the Prime Minister. There is so large and active a Conservative element in his nature that, when he has advocated an organic change, some Conservatives, even though the leaders of the great mass of the party may have denounced him with all the bitterness and rancor which the English vocabulary can express, have secretly felt that Mr. Gladstone must be the victim of a great and overmastering necessity. He has carried the day rather by his moral influence than by his political cunning, and this influence has in its turn been based upon his conviction. And here it may be noticed that the doubts cast upon Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, the abuse with which, for qualities the exact opposite of sincerity, he has been assailed, have only tended to confirm the impression that above all things he is in earnest. When men are denounced for hypocrisy, with the animus which has characterized these denunciations in the case of the Prime Minister one may be pretty sure that the real gravamen of the charge is an inconvenient devotion to an unwelcome faith.

Mr. Gladstone's sincerity reveals itself in various ways, some of them perhaps equivalent to congenital defects in his judgment and character. Among the many peculiarities of his mind few are more remarkable than this extraordinary casuistical learning, coupled as it is with intense interest in ecclesiastical questions. The two traits together find their expression in refinements of ratiocination which are often most puzzling to his warmest admirers, and in occasional displays of a want of anything like a due sense of proportion. Thus he is frequently as much agitated about and concerned in matters of the veriest detail as about affairs involving the highest principles. During last session, for instance, Mr. Gladstone showed an eagerness for the Bishopric of Bristol Bill not inferior to, and sometimes more aggressively visible than, his eagerness for the Franchise Bill. "Our miraculous Premier," the *Times* re-

marked last week in an article unusually discriminating and able, "has just given us another opportunity of admiring his many-sidedness and versatility. To-day begins an extraordinary and probably momentous session of Parliament, for which both sides have been preparing by two full months of the most strenuous agitation. . . . This is the occasion which he selects for issuing a letter, more than a column in length, to a Welsh Bishop on the subject of the Disestablishment of the Church. It would seem, indeed, that except for the little interlude of a run into Scotland, with the twenty or thirty speeches which that entailed, the Prime Minister's holiday has been given to topics much less mundane than the extension of the suffrage to country householders. There was a preface to write to the new edition of Hamilton's Catechism; there was the question of the Hittite Empire, and its possible alliance with Troy, to be taken in hand."

Closely allied with the quality just noticed is his persistent attention to debates which to others seem duller than Saturnian lead. He has been known, and doubtless will be known again, to sit for hours in the House of Commons with only a score of members present, listening, not merely with indefatigable patience, but with positive enthusiasm to a succession of bores holding forth on a subject of no general interest. Could there be a more touching testimony to the infinite toleration of the Prime Minister? The charges levelled at him during the past recess by Lord Salisbury and others are absolutely inconsistent with this attribute. It may be observed incidentally, too, that they are mutually destructive. If Mr. Gladstone is tossed about by every gust of Radical passion, eager only to anticipate the will of his revolutionary associates, how can he be described as a despot and dictator? Nor is the common impression that he is arrogant and imperious in his official capacity less at variance with the facts. In the Cabinet he is modest and conciliatory to a fault. Again and again, when a word from him would settle a question, he allows it to be discussed at length, and accepts without objection the decision of the majority. What is the explanation of a con-



ventional accusation, absolutely unfounded upon any experience? The answer is not difficult. Power gravitates to the side of knowledge and ability. Water does not find its own level more sure than ascendancy comes on to the hands of the man who has the qualifications for it. Mr. Gladstone is the most commanding figure in the House of Commons. He is the best debater in it; he has had an unrivalled acquaintance with office and with affairs. He is, in a word, the first man in the popular Chamber of the Legislature, and his so-called dictatorial arrogance is merely a statement of the fact.

One of the reasons of Mr. Gladstone's influence with the English middle class may not yet have received the attention due to it. He is himself one of the most brilliant ornaments that the middle class, from which he himself is sprung, has ever possessed. He is the true representative of many of the most characteristic sentiments of this social order. Like Sir Robert Peel, he has a thorough sympathy with the aspirations of the commercial aristocracy, and in a far greater degree than Sir Robert Peel he has flung over the middle class a glamor higher than that derived from mere material prosperity. Mr. Gladstone is, in some respects, to look at him for a moment not as a statesman but as an English gentleman, the highest product of Eton and Oxford. As such he would have won social distinction if he had never plucked a single political laurel. The middle class, therefore, is proud of him on grounds independently of his achievements in statesmanship. At bottom it admires him even when it may not quite understand him. The very obscurity, which comes from subtlety, is accepted by the persons now spoken of as flattering to themselves since it is the attribute of one who is in a measure their progeny.

Mr. Gladstone's oratory is, as for that matter all oratory is, the reflection of the intellectual being of the orator. It is labored and lengthy because the mind and brain, which furnish the tongue with language, are so keenly appreciative of the difficulties which may suggest themselves to hearers. If Mr. Gladstone seldom touches a theme without

adorning it, he never touches a theme which he does not, for the immediate purpose in hand, exhaust. His oratory is didactic, homiletic, beseeching, commentatorial, and microscopically minute, because he does not forget how tardy the process of conviction is, and how many obstacles must be disposed of before the desired result is obtained. It is not long ago since one of his colleagues gave an account of the difference between his own oratorical method and that of the Prime Minister. "When," he said, "I speak, I strike across from headland to headland. But Mr. Gladstone coasts along, and whenever he comes to a navigable river he cannot resist the temptation to explore it to its source." All the dissertations on rhetoric since the world began, from Aristotle to Cicero, Tacitus, and Quintilian, down to Whately, Alison, and Arnold, may be searched before so happy and terse an illustration is encountered. For the reason embodied in this figurative definition of two oratorical schools, some of Mr. Bright's single speeches are better than anything of Mr. Gladstone. Yet it may be doubted whether there is anything finer in nineteenth-century oratory than Mr. Gladstone's impromptu speech on Mr. Disraeli's budget of 1853, or than his peroration before the division on the second reading of Lord Russell's Reform Bill was taken in 1866. In the same way his tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881 was not only a masterpiece of taste and judgment, but of that peculiar class of oratorical composition to which it belonged. It also furnished a remarkable illustration of Mr. Gladstone's felicity in quotations, an ornament of debate now practically obsolete. On the whole Mr. Hayward's estimate of Mr. Gladstone as a speaker leaves nothing unsaid: "It is Eclipse first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction—impressive by its simplicity—or Mr. Disraeli's humor and sarcasm. But he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected and unforced. He is a great

debater, a great Parliamentary speaker." He is also an eminently persuasive speaker, and that explains why he is less condensed than Mr. Bright. There is no writer the tones of whose voice it is easier to hear with the ear of imagination in the inflections and convolutions of his literary style than Mr. Gladstone. There are few speakers whose speeches it is less satisfactory to read. Yet nothing is more certain than that if Mr. Gladstone's oratory were better literature it would have been less fruitful of results. The style is the man. The persistency and even the prolixity of the orator are the counterparts and supplements of those qualities—the earnestness, the zeal, the wide-stretching sympathies—which have made the statesman great. And if, as has been admitted, there are single speeches of Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's of a higher literary and intellectual merit than any single speech of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone has still delivered a host of speeches, every sentence of which is stamped with intellectual power, that could have come from no other statesman of the day except himself. To this order the first of his last series of Midlothian addresses—that in which he explained the whole history of the Franchise Bill—belongs. Nor perhaps was he ever surpassed in the faculty of carrying the whole house with him in a dialectical whirlwind when last session he demolished Sir Stafford Northcote. Never, again, did he astonish and delight the House with a finer display of physical and intellectual vigor than when, after having been worried for a couple of hours in the Commons, he spoke for nearly three hours subsequently on the Eastern question. On the whole the very finest speech delivered by him during the lifetime of the present Parliament is that on the Bradlaugh case. One quality is unquestionably wanting in Mr. Gladstone as an orator. He has little or no sense of humor. He seldom makes a joke; he seldom tries to do so; and if he tries he very seldom succeeds.

If this were the place in which to say anything about Mr. Gladstone as a private member of society, it would, perhaps, be enough to remark that the fullest materials for information on this point may be found in the memoirs of

distinguished men not long since departed and some of them still with us, which have recently been published. Lord Malmesbury has recorded his impression that when he first met the present Prime Minister, then a rising young man, in 1842, he found him exceedingly agreeable. Much more copious materials for his personal portraiture will be discovered in the life of the late Bishop Wilberforce, written by his son. On the whole, however, those who will probably be spoken of as Mr. Gladstone's equals know little or nothing more of him than they know from their habitual contact with him in public. Few statesmen of the first order possess many very intimate associates among their political peers or allies. Most of those who were once Mr. Gladstone's peculiar friends have been carried away by death. The few who still survive are either ranged in a hostile camp or belong to a sphere of action and thought so different, that personal communication with them has become impossible. The persons who are now in his private confidence appear to be chosen for reasons of the validity of which Mr. Gladstone can alone judge. Before the Prime Minister of England all doors fly open, and even beyond the social limits of Liberalism or Whiggism Mr. Gladstone is welcomed, and is agreeably, though, as should probably be said, superficially, known. The subjects in which he takes an interest are multifarious. He reads immensely, and within five years of fourscore his intellectual activity and resourcefulness are such that time is never wanting to him when any subject he is deeply interested in comes to the front. Has he not just written an introduction to a devotional volume? Just sixteen years ago, on December 11th and 12th, he was the guest of Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, Bishop Wilberforce being one of the company. The episcopal diary for the former of these days thus mentions Mr. Gladstone: "Gladstone as ever; great, earnest, and honest; as unlike the tricky Disraeli as possible." But next day the Bishop writes: "Morning walk with Gladstone, Cardwell, and Salisbury. Gladstone was struck with Salisbury; 'never saw more perfect host.' . . . When people talk of

Gladstone going mad they do not take into account the wonderful elasticity of his mind and the variety of his interests. This morning he was just as much interested in the size of the oaks and their probable age as if no care of state ever pressed upon him." That is a pleasant picture, and one intelligibly full of charm to the good prelate who drew it, and who subsequently speaks of Mr. Gladstone's power of detachment from the controversial matters of passing moment as his "chief safeguard." It may not, however, be his chief attraction to some of the more prominent members of the party which he leads. These would willingly hear him talk more about the great political struggles in which he has been and is engaged, and may attribute what seems to them his lack of attractiveness in private life to his superficial desultoriness and to his preference to discuss topics that are not of deep or living moment to him.

Few persons will be disposed to deny that the exact position which Mr. Gladstone fills in English politics, and the precise influence he wields, belong to himself alone, and that when he disappears he will leave no successor in either of these capacities. Mr. Gladstone served his parliamentary apprenticeship under the old *régime*. Canning had not passed away five years when he entered the House of Commons, and many of the men with whom he first went into the lobby were the associates and contemporaries of Pitt and Fox. No man who has caught the dying rays of the grand manner at St. Stephens, who is so deeply imbued with the already half-forgotten traditions of the place, classical, literary, as well as political and official, has lived so long into and has played so prominent a part in the new order of things. Any man who had lacked Mr. Gladstone's force of character, who had not combined even his moral influence with his early associations, would have failed to learn the era of democracy based on household suffrage, with so many ideas of an essentially Tory kind. He was, as he himself has said, brought up at the feet of Canning; and his first chief in the active business of political life was Sir Robert Peel. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Gladstone's personal merits, or

demerits, it will at any rate be confessed that this particular combination is not likely to present itself again. The statesman who has inhaled the traditions of Toryism with his earliest breath, who was saturated as a young man with academism and classicism, who in religious matters was the friend of Newman and Keble, and who is indebted for much or most of the hold he has had upon the clergy—which is, after all, the most Conservative interest in the country—to his allegiance to those sentiments which found expression in his speeches on the Divorce Act, and again on the Public Worship Regulation Act, is a phenomenon on whose reappearance no one will count. Already there has sprung up a school of political thinkers who, while they follow Mr. Gladstone's politics, have not the slightest sympathy with the sources, or the quality, of the moderating control which he exercises upon the progress of affairs. There is an immense deal in common between Mr. Gladstone and not only the old Whigs but the old Tories, and if he ever seems to go to the verge of the new Radicalism, it is with something more than a last longing, lingering look behind—with an earnest desire to which, as far as may be, he gives effect, to guard against the possible errors of precipitancy and excess. Yet Mr. Gladstone is at the present moment, and so long as he lives, or until he abdicates, will continue to be, the leader of the Radical party. His authority and his experience have upon different occasions, and at no time more conspicuously than the present, induced his followers to limit and curtail their demands. He has stood at the parting of two ways, and by standing there has preserved a separation of the two forces of which Liberalism is composed. The history of the Liberal party has illustrated thus far, and will illustrate yet farther, the progressive movement of Mr. Gladstone's own mind. Those who affect to deplore the encouragement he has given to advanced ideas will when he has gone have abundant reason to regret the check he has imposed to their translation into fact. It may be that his departure will be followed by a schism in the Liberal ranks. In that case what has happened before will happen again,

and the party of movement will carry after it the party of inaction and delay. Liberalism and Radicalism are only varying modes of the same political agency. The difference between them is one, not of principle, but of chronology. The part played by Lord Palmerston has in some sort been played by Mr. Gladstone, but, as far as it is

possible to frame any estimate of the political forces now at work, Toryism will for the reasons already assigned discover that the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone will be the prelude to an era of organic political change far more stirring and drastic than that which commenced with Lord Palmerston's death.—*Fortnightly Review*.



#### MR. RUSKIN ON "THE PLEASURES OF FAITH."

MR. RUSKIN'S Oxford Lectures are not so reported, even in the *Pall Mall*, as to give one a clear idea of the connection between the different parts of his subject; but we can feel little doubt that one of the most interesting of the whole series will prove to be that which he delivered last Saturday at Oxford on "The Pleasures of Faith." There is no subject on which Mr. Ruskin would speak with greater enthusiasm; and the glimpses which we get here and there into his pictures of the pangs suffered by those who have no faith, and of the light heart with which their often heavier burdens were carried by those who believed that they were but discharging the duties imposed on them by God, and that, therefore, they had no responsibility for the result, whether it seemed to be failure or success, are full of charm and promise. There is one passage in which, if the reports of the Lecture be not misleading, as doubtless they are, Mr. Ruskin seems to suggest that his hearers might, if they chose, make a trial of the pleasures of faith by way of experiment. But that, of course, is impossible. A man without faith may make the same pilgrimage, and go through the same hardships, as a man with faith; but it is certain that he cannot have the satisfactions of faith, whatever other satisfactions he may obtain by way of compensation. If, as Mr. Ruskin appears to have advised, a young Oxonian without faith were really to walk to Rome and back, sleeping in the open air in good weather and in out houses in bad weather, and to live on the hardest fare all the way, he might perhaps find something to compensate him for his troubles in the mere enlargement of his experience, and the confi-

dence in his own power of endurance and self-renunciation which the hardships endured would give him; but he could not possibly enjoy the kind of satisfaction in the achievement which was enjoyed by those who believed that they were doing something well-pleasing to God, and which gained for them the grace of Christ. You cannot have the satisfactions of faith without that faith; and faith is not a blessing of which you can make trial experimentally. If one can really get faith, one cannot help having the peace it brings; but one cannot try it to see how it answers, for the very excellent reason that until one has it one cannot test it at all, and that if one has it, the question whether it answers or not is no longer relevant. It is obvious, we think, that whatever Mr. Ruskin was really recommending, he was not recommending a temporary trial of the satisfaction which faith brings with it when he suggested that some of his audience should try the effect on their habits of life and thought of an ascetic pilgrimage. With the best gifts of life, you can try no voluntary experiments. Faith, hope and charity are none of them to be put on or put off at pleasure. They are divine gifts, for the grant of which you may do much to prepare yourself indeed, but which no act of mere will can secure.

Probably Mr. Ruskin was really advising his audience not to make trial of the pleasures of faith without faith,—which would be impossible,—but rather to make trial of the amount of loss they would incur by renouncing the selfish pleasures of the world for a season, which would be very possible and might be very instructive, though we would suggest that they might do it more effect-



ually than by trying a pilgrimage to Rome and back without worldly means,—which, unless it were made in faith, would seem rather an idle and arbitrary form of self-discipline. He was surely right, however, when he said that in what are foolishly called the Dark Ages, men felt the keenest delight "in the goodness and wisdom of the Master who had come to dwell with their spirits upon earth." But that delight, which is felt still by hundreds of thousands of Christians, must depend solely on the belief that companionship with him who is the same now that he was then, is still accessible; and this is not as yet a belief which is attainable by all. You may try, if you please, how little true significance selfish pleasures have; but you can hardly try how much true significance there is in faith, without having it. Nor do we think it is very hopeful to persuade young men to give up, experimentally, pleasures which they know, for the mere purpose of comparing with them that vacuum which the loss will leave behind. It would hardly be wiser to persuade men to try blindness experimentally, in order to be able to compare the experience of blindness with the experience of vision, than it would be to persuade them to try the sacrifice of all the pleasures they know, in order to enable them to estimate better what these pleasures are really worth. You must have some new atmosphere ready with which to expel the old atmosphere of selfish pleasure, before you will convince most men that it is desirable to get rid of the atmosphere to the presence of which they are accustomed. Physical nature, we know, does not "abhor a vacuum" absolutely, but only up to a certain point. Our moral nature, however, appears to abhor a vacuum absolutely, and to insist on filling up lost interests by fresh interests of some kind, whether evil or good. If Mr. Ruskin hopes to make his hearers really assert their freedom against the fascination of frivolous pursuits, he must contrive to hold out to them something more vivifying than the prospect of making a mere tentative experiment on their own nature. Mr. Ruskin appears to have spoken as if men could "adopt" the feelings and sympathies of their noblest ancestors, without be-

lieving that those ancestors believed. But it is clear that to go on a pilgrimage for a purpose which the pilgrim deems ennobling and purifying, and to go on a pilgrimage for a purpose which he only admires his ancestors for having, in a very different age of the world, deemed ennobling and purifying, are two very different things, and so different that they differ in that very "reality" of which Carlyle and Ruskin have always been such emphatic preachers. It must really have ennobled the kings and saints who plodded all the way to Rome in poverty and pain, to make so great a sacrifice for their religion; but would it ennoble any one to plod an equally painful way for the mere sake of an experiment on his own soul? It is impossible to "adopt" feelings and sympathies that are founded upon faith, in the absence of the faith out of which those feelings and sympathies grew.

Mr. Ruskin took stronger ground when, instead of asking his audience to enter experimentally into the hearts of their ancestors without sharing their faith, he pointed out how unsatisfying and cloying, and even, in the end, disheartening, the life of pleasure, properly so-called, is:—

"In everything that we now did, or now sought, we exposed ourselves to countless misery, shame, and disappointment; because in our doing we depended upon nothing but our own powers, and in seeking chose only our own gratification, and could not for the most part conceive of any work but for our own interests, or the interests of others about whom we were also selfishly interested. We were anxious in the same faithless way for everything about which our passion was excited, or our skill was exercised; and the idea of doing anything except for our own praise and glory was narrowed within the preceptor's invitation to the company of little voice and less practice, to sing to the praise and glory of God."

That is most true; but what is the inference? Not surely that we should exchange the pleasure of selfish passion for the pleasure of faith,—which in many cases may be less of a pleasure than of a travail,—but that we should abandon pleasure as the end altogether, and look for that which will cause our life to grow in magnitude, whether by pleasure or by trampling on pleasure,—by pleasure, if the pleasure merges itself in pangs of a deeper yearning; and by trampling on pleasure, if that is the

path by which one comes best to the ripening of one's full-strength. We doubt if it is even accurate to speak of the pleasures of faith at all, for pleasure always means the satisfaction of some limited desire, while faith properly means the awakening of ever new desires the adequate satisfaction of which is recognized as distant, if, indeed, it does not turn out that the more some of them are satisfied, the more rapidly others grow. The ages of faith, whether past or present, seem to us to have been not ages of pleasure but ages of growth. Faith, or trust, implies the surrender of immediate content for the promise of larger life to come; and it is hard to say that *pleasure* may be found in the sacrifice of content, though it is certain that new life may be found in such a sacrifice. If faith of its very essence projects us into the future, its tendency must be to take our hearts off pleasure, which is in the present or not at all. In the ages of faith men are always resigning their pleasures that their lives may be lived on a larger scale, and to promote the formation of a type of character not yet attainable. It is impossible that his transmutation can be a pleasant, though it may be a most ennobling process; for pleasure is the satisfaction of our faculties as they are, and the effort to mould and raise them to something greater and higher is always more or less one of pain. At the same time, no doubt, the maximum of gloom is reached when men live, as Carlyle did, a life of constant struggle without any full trust in the bright issue of that struggle. No wonder that he had nothing but gloom in his heart, for, while he was quite too noble to sun himself much in the petty pleasures accessible to his

nature as it was, he was not confiding enough to surrender himself with child-like confidence into the hands of God. In him we see the maximum of conflict and the minimum of trust. Mr. Ruskin may well desire to see faith less gloomy than Carlyle's, which only just escaped the impatient sullenness of pure self-will. However, of no age of real faith, though men would not fret themselves into fever like Carlyle, could pleasure of any kind be the principal note, simply because faith deliberately prefers something larger and purer in the future, at the cost of something smaller and commoner now. If Mr. Ruskin had insisted rather on the new strength given by faith, than on the pleasure it confers, we think he would have had more to say. The life which he condemns is unquestionably one of anxiety, confusion, shame, and disappointment, just because the gratifications it seeks, limit and stunt and disintegrate a nature which is meant to grow, and not meant to feed itself till it fattens, on such pleasures as are alone suited to it now. That is very good evidence that we are constituted for faith, and not for saturating ourselves with such delights as we can attain without growth; but it is no evidence at all that the pleasures of faith, properly so-called, will be greater than the pleasures of the moment. You cannot prepare yourself for what is far beyond your immediate reach, and yet call your life a life of pleasure. And as it is of the very essence of faith to claim that the soul of man is intended for what is far beyond its immediate reach, it seems to us to be also of its essence to prefer the growing pains of an ardent spirit, to the attainable gratifications of a dwindling vitality.—*The Spectator*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

HUMAN INTERCOURSE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "The Intellectual Life," "A Painter's Camp," "Thoughts about Art," etc. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Mr. Hamerton, who is quite as well known as an author as he is as painter and etcher, has been an important guide and interpreter to his generation, and in many ways his writings are as suggestive and stimulating as are those of

him who rightly or wrongly is called the greatest art critic of his age, as he is certainly the most eloquent, John Ruskin. Mr. Hamerton, however, has not confined his intellectual studies to art and those subjects which immediately touch art. His sympathies are wide and wholesome, and his insight finds a congenial field in ethics and sociology as in æsthetics. The essays in the present volume discuss sub-

jects which find a correct grouping under the title of the Book, "Human Intercourse." In its widest meaning, of course, this name covers a vast field, but in that more restricted sense which relates to the purely social and moral side of life, our author fitly finds logic in his selection. We find in these social studies the same fine and delicate touch, wholesome sympathies and moderation of statement fired by an undercurrent of enthusiasm, which make his art-books delightful reading. The essays are mostly short, but for the average reader they are none the worse for this. Brevity and point are becoming more and more the ideal of the literary guild, as they certainly are of those on whom the literary guild must depend for support. Among the chapter headings indicating the nature of the essays are the following: "On the Difficulty of Discovering Fixed Laws;" "Of Passionate Love;" "Father and Son;" "The Death of Friendship;" "The Flux of Wealth;" "Priests and Women;" "Why We are Apparently Becoming less Religious;" "How We are Really Becoming less Religious;" "Of an Unrecognized Form of Untruth;" "Of Genteel Ignorance;" "On a Remarkable English Peculiarity;" "Patriotic Ignorance;" and "the Noble Bohemianism." These titles sufficiently convey the scope and wide range of the book. This collection of essays is dedicated to the memory of Emerson, and the author acknowledges gratefully the great and persistent influence which the sage of Concord has exercised on him as a thinker. Mr. Hamerton tells us that Emerson more than any other intellectual influence exercised on him two great lessons which were ethical as well as mental: First, to rely confidently on that order of the universe which makes it always really worth while to do our best even though the reward may not be visible; secondly, to have self-reliance enough to trust one's own convictions and his own gifts, without either echoing the opinions or desiring the more brilliant gifts of others. In other words he learned the lesson of absolute veracity and sincerity as a thinker, the most important ideal to which either the writer or the statesman can attain. The author in his essays now before us proves that he has learned the lesson wisely and well. One of the greatest charms of his thoughts is its frankness directed with modest confidence, and this trait is reflected in a transparently clear, direct, and simple style, which only concerns itself with expressing the thought and disdains all pretence. Whatever Mr. Hamerton has written,

has been well worth reading, and in no case more so, we think, than in this volume of earnest and suggestive discussions of topics which come home to "the heart and bosom of every man."

SELECTED PROSE WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON. WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY. (Parchment Series.) By Ernest Myers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Milton is one of the greatest names in English literature or indeed in modern European literature, yet it is not far from the fact to say that he is one of the least read of authors. Even in the case of his great epic, *Paradise Lost*, which is one of the great high water marks of imaginative writing, we believe that very few can honestly say that they have read more than fragments. If this is so of his party it is still more true of his prose. Yet he was hardly less great in the prose expression of his thought than when he mounted into the upper ether with "his singing robes around him." To those who admire Milton for his "*Paradise Lost*" and those delicious minor poems, which alone would make his name an honored one in the fore-front of poets, we can offer no more wise advice than to make themselves acquainted with his grand prose. Milton lived in an age convulsed with an agitation of great questions of morals and public polity, which extended from closet and council to the field of battle. He himself was in the fiercest heat of the intellectual fray and was the most eloquent and logical spokesman of that grand revolt from the fetters of worn out and useless creeds. The revolution in which he bore so great a part was the fitting consummation in England of the revolution begun the century before by Erasmus, Luther, and Calvin. Milton's prose writings deal with questions of great public polity, and his noble rhetoric, which in beauty and dignity of style have never been surpassed in a literature abounding in noble prose, are dedicated to the highest purposes which could animate a great mind. Of course the volume before us contains only a selection, but these political homilies include those by which the author is best known. Though the immediate conditions which prompted them have long since passed away, they are yet full of thought and suggestion for the thinker of to-day, and the disciple of a pure and lofty politics could form his ideals on no nobler model than that set by John Milton in his dissertations on government and those questions of social polity which are closely

allied to government. The topics of the essays furnished in this collection are "On Reformation in England;" "The Reason of Church Government;" "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuns;" "An Apology for Smectymnuns;" "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;" "On Education;" "Areopagitica;" "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates;" "Eikonoklastes;" and "The Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth." The introduction by the editor, Ernest Myers is marked by a reverent and enthusiastic appreciation of Milton as a teacher of his age on great public questions, and a brief but clear statement of the conditions under which he wrote. No volume in the Parchment Series is more worthy of attention than this.

THE THREE PROPHETS—CHINESE GORDON, MOHAMMED AHMED (EL MAAHDI), ARABI PASHA. By Col. C. Chaillé Long, ex-Chief of Staff to Gordon in Africa, ex-United States Consular Agent in Alexandria, etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Colonel Long, well known by his books of African travel, and for many years an officer in the service of Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, has given a timely little brochure to the public in this bright volume. One cannot help suspecting that from time to time there is a slight flavor of bitterness in his judgments, but this gives additional zest to the book without seriously impairing the right of the author to be regarded as a competent authority on what he writes. Colonel Long was associated with Chinese Gordon in the Soudan during the latter's first vice-royalty over that great region, and during that time he made some very important explorations under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. His intimate knowledge of the remarkable man who has occupied such a large share of the world's attention for the last year, makes his opinion very interesting. He regards General Gordon as a singular compound of craft and frankness, of ambition and disinterestedness, of religious devotion and unscrupulous purpose. With all this is mingled a wild strain of enthusiasm in certain directions which at times throws General Gordon off from the balance of sanity and causes him to say and do things of the most extraordinary and inexplicable character. Colonel Long regards his former chief as an admirable tool to carry out the designs of England on Egypt, which appear to him (for he is strongly afflicted with Anglophobia) to be of the most dangerous and ambitious

nature. The account given of El Maahdi and of his mission is highly interesting, and throws not a little light on the strange religious movement of which he is the prophet. Of Arabi Pasha, who at one time was such an important factor in Egyptian affairs, our author, who knew him well for a long time, speaks with wholesale contempt, and considers him a mere cat's-paw of far more subtle agencies. To most Americans the most interesting section of the book will be the vivid and graphic description of the causes which led to the bombardment of Alexandria, of the bombardment itself, and of the dramatic scenes which followed it. Colonel Long witnessed the event from the flag-ship of the American Admiral, and was the first one to land after the firing was over, at the head of a party of American Marines, for the purpose of saving life and property. In connection with Lord Charles Beresford, who organized a police department, he strove hard to subdue the crime and disorder which were rampant in the half-burned city, and did very valuable service as acting American Consular agent, for which he received the thanks of both his own and the British Government. The book is written in a lively and vivacious way, full of epigrammatic point, and is readable from beginning to end.

THOMAS CARLYLE, A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE IN LONDON 1834-1881. By James Anthony Froude, Honorary Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Two Volumes in one. Vol. I. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Among the body articles of the present number of THE ECLECTIC will be found a paper from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, giving a great number of pithy extracts from the book before us. These will give a much more graphic and adequate notion of Thomas Carlyle, his opinions, and character, than would be possible to the editor within the limited space which our space permits for a book review. The misanthropic sage of Chelsea here speaks for himself, and no other words could so fitly compass this extraordinary man of genius who, while the most wrong-headed thinker of his generation, and utterly lacking in the gifts of the philosopher and logician, was yet an enormous force and stimulus to his readers. To accept most of Carlyle's judgments on persons or events would be misleading and dangerous, yet his fiery and eloquent have strange power to stir up the hearts of men to make them despise the ignoble and sordid things of life, and to lift their better nature up to its best.



Though utterly different from Emerson in mind and temperament, he, like the great American transcendentalist with whom he has been so often associated, must be regarded as a grand moral force, rather than as a beacon-light of philosophy. Carlyle led a laborious and conscientious literary life and he writhed under the stress of his own fierce earnestness to mould his generation to something better. But we learn how often Carlyle was misled by his own one-sided and exaggerated enthusiasms from this book, and how his life was darkened by the dreary thought at the last that he had been wandering all his life among quicksands and quagmires, a blind leader of the blind. However we may distrust his right to be an intellectual teacher, men with one accord yield to the sway of his unique and picturesque presentation of what he believed, which however rugged and barbarous by all the conventional tests of style, had a vigor and splendor of its own which give him a noble place in English literature. Bearing in mind this, and how deeply his words have sunk so often in the hearts and minds of men to stimulate them to strong and earnest lives, we can forget the manifold and unlovely faults of the great Scotchman, his cynical hatreds, his injustice and blindness to the character of many of his contemporaries, his savage assaults on those fully as worthy of public esteem as himself, and the thousand uncouth qualities of his nature. He was a most picturesque personality and in Mr. Froude's presentation of him, as he shows himself in his diary and letters we get a very strong notion of the man and his surroundings.

**THE MENTOR: A Little Book for the Guidance of Such Men and Boys as would Appear to Advantage in the Society of Persons of the Better Sort.** By Alfred Ayres, Author of "The Orthoepist," "The Verbalist," "etc. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Mr. Alfred Ayres has made himself favorably known by two little manuals, which have had a very large circulation. In the present volume he departs from the field of pronunciation and grammar and essays to teach his readers the accepted laws of good breeding. Our author has shown good taste and knowledge in his compilation though some of his *dicta* we regard as a trifle strained. But such a fault as this can probably be found in any "conduct" book, as each author is tempted to give evidence of his own originality, by occasionally departing from the conventional notion of things. For the most part, however,

the injunctions of Mr. Ayres are trustworthy, judicious and to the point, and the majority of young society men, even those who pride themselves on their good manners, would get no harm by perusing the dictates of the author. The subjects treated are dress and personal appearance, manners at the dinner-table and in public, conversation, calls and cards, etc. The writer's style is a model in its way, simple, plain, and incisive, with the art of saying what is to be said in the fewest possible words. This handbook may be recommended to all those (and we trust they are numerous) who desire to perfect and polish themselves socially.

**THE MAGAZINE OF ART FOR 1884.** Bound Volume. New York: Cassell & Co.

The bound numbers of *The Magazine of Art* for 1884 make a handsome volume, attractive to American lovers of art. The abundance and the high quality of its illustrations are noticeable even in this age of fine book-making. They include woodcuts that compare favorably with the work of our best engravers, an etching by Macbeth, color prints of pictures, etc. Mr. F. A. Bridgman, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Dannat and Mr. Wyatt Eaton are among the American artists whose works are treated of. Mr. Eaton's "Portrait of a Lady" is reproduced in wood-engraving, as are Mr. Dannat's "Spanish Quartet," in this year's Salon, and Mr. Bridgman's "Moorish Baby Taking his Bath at Home." Other remarkably good prints are "The Cast Museum at Cambridge" and the "Dionysos," illustrating an important article on "Hellas at Cambridge;" "The Evening Star," a print in monochrome, after Burne Jones; cuts of the cloister and other portions of the Certosa of Pavia; some striking portraits of Egyptian types, by George Seymour, and several portraits of Carlyle, after Thomas Woolner, Mr. Whistler, George Frederick Watts, the etcher Legros, and the sculptor Boehm. Two of the most picturesque parts of London are shown in an article on "The Lower Thames," and one on "The Inns of Court." Probably the richest collection of the world in modern masterpieces, that of Mr. Constantine Ionides, is illustrated in a series of articles devoted respectively to the realists like Degas and Régamey, idealists like Corêt, and old masters like Van Goyer and Ruysdall. There are articles on the "Country of Millet," and others interesting to students of painting, and articles on "Art in the Garden," on Venetian Glass, on a wonderful Greek Dressing-case or

Cista, which will attract the attention of those who are occupied in any way with the decorative arts. The Monthly Record of Art, foreign and American, makes in the complete volume a summary of the year which is both readable and useful.

THREE VISITS TO AMERICA. By Emily Faithfull. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Miss Emily Faithfull has made herself worthily known on both sides of the Atlantic by her devotion to the cause of struggling women during the past score of years, a work in which she has been eminently successful. The motive of her visits to America seems to have been far more than mere sight-seeing. Her main object, she avows, was to study society and to examine our industrial methods and organizations on behalf of poor and unfortunate Englishwomen, who were struggling to earn their own living. Miss Faithfull's notes recording her three visits to America, are those of a warm-hearted practical observer in earnest for the improvement of the condition of her fellow-women. Few writers on America have seen so much of our country, talked with so many of our best people, and looked so deeply into our social habits and institutions; and she relates the notable incidents of her journeys in a lively, agreeable manner, showing everywhere the woman of exuberant good-nature. One finds himself newly interested in things that he deemed familiar; reads about men and women of whom he has frequently heard, but set in new lights and phases. Sketches of conversations occur all through the book, most of them with well-known people, all of whom cordially aided Miss Faithfull toward the attainment of her mission. It is pleasant to read her lively comments on such persons as Charles Sumner, Julia Ward Howe, Professors Coit Tyler and Maria Mitchell, George W. Childs, Charlotte Cushman, John Taylor the Mormon President, Thurlow Weed, and the hundred others she met. But what will most interest the American reader are the kindly, yet discriminating comparisons made of our social mannerisms with those of England, and the tendencies which she thinks are clearly to be seen in popular sentiment as concerns trade, government, labor, the woman question, art, and so on. The utility of what Miss Faithfull says makes the book valuable. It is sufficiently entertaining to interest the general reader, while thoughtful people will not fail to find meat of thought and observation in it.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. RUSKIN is preparing a series of reprints from his "Modern Painters," in which reprints of as many of the original illustrations as possible will be reproduced. All the original woodcuts will be used; but in order not to add to the expense of the republished text, the author has thought best that such of the steel plates as are still in a state to give fair impressions should be printed apart, purchasable either collectively or in separate parts, illustrative of the three several sections of text. These will be advertised when ready. This series of reprints will make the third book which Mr. Ruskin has recently carved out of "Modern Painters," the other two being the little book of selections entitled "Frondes Agrestes," and the small octavo edition of the second volume, with new preface and epilogue.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN of London will publish early in October *A Smaller Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible for the poor, "conteynyng Thyrtie and Eyghte Wodecuttes Illvstratyng the Life, Parablis, and Miraclis off Oure Blessid Lorde and Savioure Jhesus Christ, with the Propre Descrypcions thereof extracted fro the Originall Texte off John Wiclif," with an introductory preface by the late Dean Stanley. The thirty-eight mediæval wood-blocks from which the present woodcuts are reproduced were purchased about seventy years since at Nuremberg. They have not been recognized as belonging to any printed book; indeed, it is doubtful if they were ever used at all. It is probable, however, that they were intended for use in a block book of the "Biblia Pauperum" class; and the present work is in paper, print, and binding a faithful reproduction of a known work of the period (the fifteenth century) from which the blocks appear to date.

THE hundredth anniversary of the publication of the popular *Jobiad* will be celebrated this year. In spite of the critics, the mock heroic candidate of theology, night-watchman of Schildberg, and finally squire of Schönhain, retains the favor of the German people, and is still circulating in thousands. Its poet, Karl Arnold Kortum (not Kortüm), was born in 1754, at Mülheim, on the Ruhr, studied medicine at Duisburg and Berlin, and settled as physician at Bochum, where he had a large practice. He died there August 15, 1824.

"LAST week," says *The Athenæum*, "one of the librarians of the British Museum, passing

through the King's Library, was stopped by a well-dressed man who had been examining the cases in which manuscripts and other documents relating to Wicliffe are exhibited, and was asked by the visitor, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who the Mr. Wicliffe was who formed this collection?"

THE applications for admission to Mr. Ruskin's new lectures at Oxford have been so numerous that it has been proposed to hold overflow meetings in other rooms whereto the Professor's discourses may be transmitted by telephone and there interpreted by receivers.

THE Swiss Geschichtsforschende Gesellschaft held its yearly meeting at Bern, September 20 and 21, under the presidency of Prof. Georg von Wyss, of Zürich. Archivrath Dr. F. von Weech, of Karlsruhe, the editor of the magnificent *Badische Biographien*, now in course of publication, gave an account of the large number of Swiss documents at Karlsruhe, which originally belonged to the monasteries at Säckingen, Constance, and some of the Swiss towns, but have come from time to time into the possession of the Grand Dukes of Baden. It is proposed to change some of these four "Archivalien" relating to various places in Baden which are now to be found in different Swiss places. Dr. Blösch, president of the Bern Historische Verein, read a paper on the famous Leutpriester Diebold Baselwind (1326-50), who went before the Berner troops at the battle of Laupen with the sacramental host in his hands, and by his courage and energy contributed much to the victory. He was at the head of the Deutschritterhaus in Bern, and became one of the foremost statesmen of the Republic, where he founded the numerous houses of sisters (*Beghinen*) for the care of the sick. He was also vigorous in his reformation of the monasteries at Interlaken, and other parts of the Canton. Papers were read by Dr. Ochsenbein on the reformation in the Freiburg lake districts, especially at Murten; by Nationalrath von Gonzenbach, upon the results of the Peace of Westphalia in Switzerland; and by Prof. A. Baucher, of Geneva, on the Strättlinger Chronicle.

A STORY told by the Princess Marie Liechtenstein, if correct, shows that Sydney Smith declined to be meek even before a queen of society. "Sydney, ring the bell," Lady Holland is reported to have said to him in an imperious tone, to which he answered, "Oh, yes; and shall I sweep the room?"

THE notable stimulus which has just been given to higher education in Wales is not to be allowed to supersede the facilities previously existing for the study of the Celtic languages and literature. Thus the curriculum of the Liverpool University College for the ensuing term includes a course of lectures by Dr. Meyer, who will expound the "Mabinogion" for the benefit of students who read Welsh.

A TESTIMONY of admiration is about to be presented to the Provençal poet Frédéric Mistral in the shape of an album, the pages of which will contain signed inscriptions by a number of distinguished Frenchmen, including MM. Victor Hugo, Renan, Legouvé and Lesseps.

SEVERAL changes are taking place in the occupation of the historical chairs in the German universities. Prof. Maurenbrecher has been called from Bonn to Leipzig. The post vacated by him at Bonn has been accepted by Prof. Alfred Dove, of Breslau, the son of the late meteorologist of Berlin, and brother of Richard Dove, the Professor of Ecclesiastical law at Göttingen. Prof. A. Dove is known to a wide circle of readers as the first editor of the extinct *Im neuen Reich* the journal founded by Gustav Freitag. He is the author of the German history from 1740, in the Giesebrecht continuation of the "Heeren-Uckert" series of *Histories of the European States*. Only one part of Dove's work has appeared as yet. Prof. Dietrich Schäfer, of Jena, takes Dove's place at Breslau. He has chiefly devoted himself to historical researches connected with the Hanseatic League.

CAPT. R. F. BURTON, having neither agent nor publisher for his forthcoming "Arabian Nights," requests that all subscribers will send their names, and addresses to him personally (Trieste, Austria), when they will be entered in a book kept for the purpose. There will be ten volumes at a guinea apiece, each to be paid for on delivery. Subscribers may count on the first three volumes being printed in March next, and each copy will be numbered and vouchers kept. Capt. Burton pledges himself to furnish copies to all subscribers who address themselves to him, and also undertakes not to issue nor allow the issue of a cheaper edition. One thousand copies will be printed; the whole MS. will be ready before going to press in February, and the ten volumes will be issued within eighteen months.

NOVEL readers of cosmopolitan tastes will shortly have an opportunity of studying the

work of a contemporary Indian novelist. *The Bisha Briksha*, by Mr. Chatterjee, a native of Bengal, has been translated into English and will be published early next month by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin of London, under the title of *The Poison Tree*. Mr. Edwin Arnold, who furnishes an interesting introduction, considers that in Chatterjee Bengal has produced a writer of true genius, and speaks highly of his vivid narrative, his skill in delineating character, and his striking and faithful pictures of Hindu life.

A VOLUME of representative selections from Heine's prose writings will shortly be issued by the Clarendon Press of Oxford, under the title of *Heine's Prosa*. It will be preceded by a Biographical Introduction, and will contain, among a number of larger and shorter extracts, nearly all that is readable in the *Harsreise* and in the *Buch Le Grand*. We understand that the editor, Prof. Buchheim, has been engaged on this work for several years.

MRS. KROEGER, the daughter of Freiligrath, has lately prepared the first English translation of Clemens Brentano's fairy-tales. These have long been the delight of German children and will probably become equally dear to English-speaking readers. Brentano was the brother of Bettine, the child-friend of Goethe.

MAX O'RELL'S new book, "The Daughters of John Bull" is to be brought out in English, by Richard Saalfeld of this city. Twenty-four large editions were exhausted in one week in Paris.

THE Russian Government, in view of its relations with Asiatic nations, has decided to open early in 1885 two linguistic schools expressly for training interpreters. The languages to be taught are Chinese, Manchurian, Calmuk, Tatar, and other Mongolian and Central Asian tongues.

A LARGE collection of Arabic manuscripts, formed by a Swedish Orientalist, D. Landberg, has been purchased by the Royal Library at Berlin from Brill, the well-known bookseller in Leyden. It consists of over 1,000 volumes.

PROF. EUTING, who has now quite recovered from the fatigues of his Arabian journey, is engaged, with the aid of his colleague, Prof. Nöldeke, upon the Palmyrene and Nabataean inscriptions which he was able to copy, and a tolerably early publication may be expected. The Nabataean inscriptions must, no doubt, to some extent be the same as those brought

home from Madāin Salih by Mr. Doughty, of which the French Academy have just completed reproductions with an interpretation by M. Renan; but as Mr. Doughty had not squeezes of all the inscriptions fresh copies will be still very welcome from a hand so skilful as that of Prof. Euting.

THE Congress of German Philologists was held this year at Dessau. There was a large gathering from all parts of Germany. During the congress the foundation stone was laid of a monument to the poet Wilhelm Müller, the father of Prof. Max Müller. Subscriptions were announced from all parts of Europe, and particularly from England. The monument is to stand in the principal street in front of the new school. In pulling down the old school buildings some curious archives were discovered, containing among other interesting memorials the correspondence of Basedow, the great reformer of middle-class education in Germany, with Kant and other leading writers of the end of the last century. Basedow was the great-grandfather of Prof. Max Müller on his mother's side.

AN effort is being made at Edinburgh to establish a Scottish Geographical Society, the objects of which will be to popularize and encourage the study of geography in Scotland, to lend assistance in the foundation of new British settlements throughout the world, to raise the standard of cartography by encouraging the production of the best maps, and to form a geographical library and a collection of maps. It is also intended that the society shall publish a monthly magazine, which is to be a complete summary of all the geographical news of the day, collected from all sources, British and foreign. It is stated that Mr. H. M. Stanley has promised to "inaugurate" the new society about the beginning of next month.

THE Rev. John S. Moffat, who returned from South Africa mainly for the purpose, is now engaged in writing a memoir of his father, Dr. Moffat, the well-known missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Moffat has lately brought to light several letters written by both his father and his mother at the period of the first arrival of the Boers in the country now known as the South African Republic. These letters are said to be almost prophetic in their tone as to the relations of the Boers with the natives, especially with the Bechuana tribes. The work will not be published before the spring.



A LETTER purporting to give a description by an eye-witness of the execution of Queen Mary will be published at the end of the present year. It has been found in a manuscript book among the papers of Lord Elliot, the judge, who died in 1793. The book is all written in one hand, apparently in the first half of the eighteenth century, and the account of the execution is a copy of a letter sent by special desire. Lord Elliot's father managed the affairs of the Duke of Perth and of other families devoted to the Stuart cause, and it is conjectured that the document now discovered is a copy of a letter written by a member of one of these.

GREAT preparations are being made in Denmark and Norway to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Ludvig Holberg, the father of the Danish stage, on December 3d. Holberg was born in Bergen, in Norway, where a statue of him will be unveiled on his birthday. He settled down, however, in Copenhagen, where he studied and took his degree. He was a poet, dramatist, historian, and philosopher. A splendid *édition de luxe* of his comedies will be published by M. Bojesen, of Copenhagen, with illustrations by the Danish artist, Mr. Hans Tegner. New editions of some of his other popular works will also be published for the occasion. Poets and composers are in the mean time busily engaged upon writing and singing his praise.

GREAT is the task before those zealous for popular enlightenment! Last week one of the librarians of the British Museum, passing through the King's Library, was stopped by a well-dressed man who had been examining the cases in which manuscripts and other documents relating to Wickliffe are exhibited, and was asked by the visitor, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who the Mr. Wickliffe was who formed this collection?"

THE spirit in which Sydney Smith approached his work for *The Edinburgh Review* is shown in this note published in the forthcoming life of the witty canon: "My dear Jeffrey: You may very possibly consider some passages in my reviews as a little injudicious and extravagant, if you happen to cast your eyes upon them. Never mind, let them go away with their absurdity, unadulterated and pure. If I please, the object for which I write is attained; if I do not, the laughter which follows my error is the only thing which can make me cautious and tremble.—Yours ever, Sydney Smith."

THE following note by Thackeray has lately been published for the first time by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: Kensington, W., Wednesday.—Dear Ned: You ask me for a recipe for restoring your eyes to their wonted lustre and brilliancy. Very good. Here you are. Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterward with a solution of nitric acid, white sand, and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum water. One great advantage of the discovery is that by turning the pupils *inwards*, on restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher, to "know thyself" be readily complied with. There! will *that* suit you? Eh?—Generously yours, W. M. Thackeray.

THE London *Academy* talks about "the falsetto intonation as of a pseudo Byron, which impairs the effect of almost everything Joaquin Miller writes."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has written his autobiography, and it is shortly coming out in England under the title of "Reminiscences of a Literary Career." The volume will contain a portrait of the author. Miss Jay, Mr. Buchanan's sister-in-law, the young lady who will appear at the Madison Square Theatre next week, in "Clancarty," is the author of that charming novel, "The Queen of Connaught."

KAROLINE BAUER, in her posthumous memoirs recently published, mentions a meeting in Berlin with Von Schlegel. She had been told that he had once said to a little girl, "Dear child, never forget this momentous hour, in which August Wilhelm von Schlegel kissed you." When she had seen him and heard him talk, she had no doubt that the story was true.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, it is said, has been wonderfully fortunate in getting hold of fresh materials for the Life of Shelley, which he has now in preparation.

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#### MISCELLANY.

THE DECAY OF GENIUS.—People who think that any training whatever can bring up ordinary minds to the stature of genius, or near it, show little understanding for the facts of history. Does the great number of respectable, cultivated, graceful poets in the present day make up for the absence of a constellation

like Shelley, Keats, and Byron? Do we look for one moment to this mass of writers, now brought up by training and culture to a higher level, as an adequate substitute, or do we not rather rely on the one or two "real poets" that survive, as saving our age from the reputation of mediocrity? It is not certain that all the mathematicians since Newton, put together, would replace his loss to the human race; it is quite certain that all the playwrights of the world since Shakespeare would not replace his loss to the human race. Artistic sense such as his seems to be *sui generis*, and perhaps never produced a second time. These considerations will help us to answer the remaining point, the assertion that the improvement of the bulk of the human race should be the only care of the legislator, and that if the masses become wiser and happier he need not concern himself with anything else. But the present system of competition by examinations is attempting this at the cost of thwarting and dwarfing all the noblest, the most sensitive, and the most original minds in the society men propose to make wise and happy. Is it indeed impossible to devise such reforms, that while the common mind shall still receive its due, the exceptional shall get bread, and not a stone? If we regard the advancement of the race, is it historical to say that any amount of average minds, however prepared, have done as much as those exceptional spirits who work by a sort of inspiration? If, therefore, we even take the standpoint of the objector, may we not argue that for the advancement of the race in wisdom and knowledge, the very first condition in importance is to foster, or if we cannot foster such a thing safely, to secure liberty and leisurely development for those who are likely to make large strides in knowledge?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE AUSTRALIAN MISSISSIPPI.—It is a common mistake to assume that Australia is a country destitute of large rivers; on the contrary it possesses one of the longest in the world, viz., the Darling, which is navigable for 2345 miles, placing it third in rank among the rivers of the world, estimated by their navigable length, and considerably above the Nile, navigable for 1500 miles; the Danube, navigable for 1700 miles; the Rhine, navigable for 600 miles; and the Thames, navigable for 188 miles. The Darling has a somewhat circuitous course, and is navigable as far as Albury, that is, 1703 miles from the sea. Of this, 1116 miles are in New South Wales and

587 in South Australia. The Edwards and the Wakool tributaries of the Murray are together navigable for 400 miles, and the Murrumbidgee, another tributary, is navigable to Gundagai, 500 miles. The Darling is navigable for 1758 miles from Wentworth, where it joins the Murray, to Walgett in the north, making in all 3774 miles of inland navigable waters in this colony, and making the navigable water in one line from Walgett to Wentworth 1758 miles; thence to the sea 587, or in all 2345 miles. Among its other tributaries is the Lachlan, from where it joins the Murray to its source is 700 miles long; the Murrumbidgee, measured in the same way, is 1350 miles long; and the Macquarie, 750 miles; Namoi, 600 miles; Bogan, 450 miles; Gwydir, 445 miles; and Mackintyre, 350 miles.

LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.—People here all arm themselves for the winter. There can be no question as to its severity. Indeed, one would be inclined to imagine it were almost welcomed as a friend, for keen disappointment is expressed when the snow is tardy in falling. After the heavy rains which fall in the late Autumn snow roads are almost a necessity of existence. If frost suddenly sets in before they are made it is under great difficulties that the country people bring supplies to the metropolis; the price of provisions rises in proportion, and distress ensues. Double windows are universal; they are an absolute necessity. For the admission of fresh air one pane in each window is left so that it may be opened at pleasure. The rest of the window is so thoroughly secured that not a breath of the keen air can enter. This process accomplished, the difference of the temperature within doors is sensibly perceptible, and heating by means of stoves may then be delayed for some time. The interior of a Russian house is not familiar to all, so, under favor of the Lares and Penates, we will enter the sacred domicile, first premising that a well-kept house in St. Petersburg or Moscow is exceedingly comfortable. A tall, portly *suisse* (house porter) admits you, when a footman ushers you up a mostly spacious, handsome staircase, often of marble, and after passing through the usual double doors you are introduced into an ante-room where you leave your inevitable garment—your fur cloak. The reception rooms are then entered, and these often seem interminable; eight or nine in number in the houses on the Palace or English Quays are not uncommon, generally opening into one another. The

inlaid parquets of the rooms are often very beautiful—the floor polisher is an important institution in Russia; of course, some rooms are richly carpeted and do justice to the looms of Turkey and Persia. The silk or damask curtains, wall hangings and coverings for the ottomans are superb. All is luxurious; vases of lapis-lazuli, porphyry, and malachite, pictures, and objects of art in general are in profusion. The Russians are very fond of promenading through their suites of apartments, and ample space is left for this purpose. The Winter being so long, every conceivable means is used to shed around the charms of warmer climates; trellises, along which various creepers are trained, are introduced; pretty baskets of plants (tulips, hyacinths, and camellias in full bloom, while Winter is still raging outside), the constant warm temperature indoors being favorable to their cultivation. The Continental fashion of living in flats much prevails here. Sleeping rooms are not invariably numerous in proportion to the reception rooms; but this state of things naturally improves with the increase of civilization.—*Temple Bar.*

**THE DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS.**—Attention has been previously called in these pages to the havoc which has been going on for so many years in the forests of every quarter of the globe; but no apology can be necessary for returning to a subject which must speedily compel the hearing now too generally denied. The chief seat of the destruction is at present in the United States, where it has been long progressing at a rate which has often excited the fears even of the persons engaged in it. But some facts and figures just published in an American journal are of a kind which, combined with the manner of their statement, should surely have power to do more than raise an incredulous eyebrow. It is said that "the lumber industry will, in all probability in the course of ten years or so, be transferred from the northern lake region to the south." Few persons will realize all that this matter-of-fact announcement implies; but it is, in reality, a comprehensive admission of the truth of the charges made against the lumbermen's practices. It means this: that the twenty years, which a short time since was the period allowed by the Lumbermen's Exchange in Chicago "for the exhaustion of the pine forests of their district," formed an unnecessarily liberal estimate. The statement means, moreover, that when the 146,000 hands now en-

gaged in the business have felled the last tree in the northern territory, they will be by no means content with the contemplation of their work. "The magnificent pineries of Michigan and other States in the lake region are fast disappearing before the axe; but the whole south is a forest region, and when the northern lumber supply fails the great saw-mills will be removed to the southern forests, and these will become the new centres of the industry." There is a savor almost of brutality about this bare summary of the situation. No touch of regret softens either record or forecast; and that the latter will in due course be justified there seems unhappily little reason to doubt. During seven months of the year 200,000 feet of lumber are daily sawn into planks in one mill in Ottawa, and there are over 25,000 such establishments at work in the country. It is obvious that not even the majestic areas of the American forests can long stand before such a terribly destructive force, exercised without judgment, and succeeded by no system that makes practical restitution to the soil. Of the results of this wholesale denudation there are already abundant signs. In the States chiefly affected the volume of many of the tributary streams is lessened, draughts are frequent, and the productive qualities of the neighboring farms seriously impaired. It was observed by Humboldt that in the tropical regions an immense variety of trees live separately or "unsocially;" and it is clear that, owing to the immediate benefit reaped from them, trees thus situated are more jealously conserved than their woodland brethren. It is the province of forests beneficently to modify the climate of the adjacent plains, in the cultivated enclosures of which their loss is the most appreciable. Of the succor thus afforded there is, however, little general recognition—unless, indeed, by the forestry officers appointed by the Governments who systematically evade their representations. Many portions of Australia and New Zealand are also, in their turn, suffering from the multitude of "clearings" made by the early settlers, whose crude efforts may to some extent be condoned by the exigencies of their position. Even now, however, many colonial areas of cultivation—of which rather boastful accounts are given—are annually extended by the unconsidered destruction of the forests on which much of their ultimate fruitfulness must depend. The "progress" of Florida has of late years been remarkable. This State contained in 1860 only 6,586 farms:

a number which had risen to 23,438 in 1880. We are told that this indicates a large influx of farmers from other States; but it also "indicates" a wide levelling of the forests of oak and cedar, pine and hickory, for which Florida was once famous. The pampas of South America are also gradually falling under cultivation, and are here and there covered with crops of wheat and maize. Their permanent productiveness, however, will be greatly assisted by the maintenance of the bordering forests: a fact of which the Argentine Government appears to be quite exceptionally conscious. In Canada, on the contrary, the long indifference of the authorities to an average annual production of no less than 2,600,000,000 feet of lumber (broad measure) has been at last compelled to give place to anxiety; and the Dominion Government is now reserving large "blocks" of forest at the base of the Rocky Mountains, lest the injury to the climate should become irreparable. From an interesting paper contributed by Sir. George Birdwood to the catalogue of the Indian Section of the Forestry Exhibition, it is apparent that, east and west, there has been a singular community of official apathy upon this subject. Of Afghanistan the writer declares that "a once fertile and wealthy country has thus been converted into an inhospitable desert." The Forest Department of India has happily been able to arrest, and in some degree repair, the ravages which up to some forty years ago had been going on for centuries in the forests of India and Burma. The whole of Central Asia has more or less suffered from similar causes; and for "its gradual restitution to the prosperity it once enjoyed" we must hope with those who are now taking steps to that end. After such examples of the waste of forests by the community, and of the carelessness of so many of the governing powers as to the results, it is unnecessary to press further instances. Recent accounts, however, of the present condition of Western Siberia take up the common story, and disclose the fact that the inhabitants are in no little fear of losing their game—a main source of subsistence—in consequence of the uncompensated destruction of immense areas of forest which has now been in progress for many years. Nature herself admonishes man's indifference to the maintenance of the forest. As she resents neglect, so there is scarcely an instance in which she has failed to respond to the least show of judicious interest in her welfare. Such interest is unhappily far too rarely manifested; and

in regard to the world's "woods and forests" the present tenants for life are seriously open to a well-deserved impeachment for "waste." France and Germany have taken a meritorious lead in this matter, which is in every way worthy the consideration of all civilized states. Such solid work appears, however, to be regarded as beneath the serious attention of modern philosophical Governments. Thrown back upon themselves, individuals must take what comfort they may find in their own resources; in which connection considerable interest attaches to the recent completion of a well-judged experiment. In the year 1820, about 800 acres of hilly land of scarcely any agricultural value, the property of Lord Cawdor, in Scotland, were planted with fir and other trees. They flourished; and from many successive "thinnings" considerable sums of money were from time to time realized. In the end the whole of the timber was cut down and sold for the sum £16,000, in addition to the previous interim profits: the total result being considered as equal per acre to the return from the best arable land in the country. In conclusion, two facts may be perhaps seasonably bracketed. The price of wheat is now lower than it has been for a century; and as we have previously pointed out, "there are here in England five or six millions of acres, and about ten millions more in Scotland, and Ireland, capable, in the judgment of experts, of furnishing valuable forests."—*St. James' Gazette*.

ALGERIAN RAILWAYS.—According to the quarterly returns published by the French Minister of Public Works, the total length of railways in Algeria and Tunis was, at the end of the first quarter of the current year, 1035 miles, of which 320 miles belong to the company which works the lines from Algiers to Oran and from Philippeville to Constantine; 288 miles to the Bona and Guelma Company; 238 miles to the East Algerian Company, 155 miles to the Franco-Algerian Company, and 50 miles to the West Algerian Company. The total receipts of these railways for the first quarter of the current year were £148,920, this being equivalent to a mileage rate of about £144. The receipts were about the same for the corresponding quarter of last year, but there is likely to be a considerable increase within the next few years, as the various sections of lines are rapidly being connected with one another, and this will make an immense difference in the traffic.



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**BLOOD** that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA**.

**PURIFYING** the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** more speedily than from anything else.

**MEDICINE** for which like effects are falsely claimed, is abundant in the market, under many names, but the only preparation that has stood the test of time, and proved worthy of the world's confidence, is

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Sold by all druggists: Price 1;  
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Sedentary habits, mental worry, nervous excitement, excess or imprudence in eating or drinking, and various other causes, induce Constipation followed by general derangement of the liver, kidneys, and stomach, in which the disorder of each organ increases the infirmity of the others.

The immediate results are Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Foul Breath, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Sick Headaches, failure of physical and mental vigor, distressing sense of weight and fullness in the stomach, and increased Costiveness, all of which are known under one head as **Dyspepsia**.

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Dyspeptics should know that the longer treatment of their malady is postponed, the more difficult of cure it becomes.

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Never fail to relieve the bowels and promote their healthful and regular action, and thus cure **Dyspepsia**. Temporary palliatives all do permanent harm. The fitful activity into which the enfeebled stomach is spurred by "bitters," and alcoholic stimulants, is inevitably followed by reaction that leaves the organ weaker than before.

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The developments in the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific have been so wonderful that all so afflicted should write us.

SOUTH EASTON, MASS., Jan. 7, 1884.

My father has for several years past had a cancer on his upper lip, which has been gradually growing, and for the past year has been a very angry eating sore. It had eaten away his lower lip and run down to the bottom of his gums, and was feeding itself on the inside of his cheek. Nearly every one who saw him said it would not be long before the cancer would kill him, as he was thin and pale, and gradually wasting away. At this time we determined as a last resort (we had tried everything else, including many of the best physicians), to use a remedy manufactured in Atlanta, Ga., called Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) and the effect has been so wonderful as to cause considerable excitement in this community. The poison has been forced from his system, and was discharged through the cancer, the flesh took on healthy granulations, and the ulcer is entirely well. My father's health has, of course, improved wonderfully in every way, and he is now a new man with another lease on life. It is regarded here as wonderful, almost a miracle, and you ought to let everybody know of it.

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Mr. T. W. COLLIER, of Indian Spring, Ga., says:

"For ten or twelve years I had an ugly eating sore on my face, which has been entirely cured by Swift's Specific, not even leaving a scar to mark the place."

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It may not be out of place to mention that our Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable remedy. None of its ingredients come from the drug-store or chemist's shops, and it is harmless to the most delicate person. Call, or address

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### A NEW FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.

AN official document has been issued by the Government of the Argentine Republic, giving a statistical and geographical review of the country and its resources, with all its various features. This report is worth studying by those who are seeking a new sphere in the emigration field. It appears that the country is ten times as large as Great Britain and six times as large as Germany. The population, however, only stands at three millions. Out of these nearly 400,000 are foreigners, Italians, French, and Spaniards greatly predominating, though there are already 18,000 British. The density of population is only four per square mile; whereas in Great Britain it is 291, and in Belgium 485. It is, therefore, shown that 100,000,000 individuals over and above what there are at present in the Republic could live in the country with much greater ease than in Europe. As to the climate, the report says: "The peoples of all European races, whatever the origin of these may be, can come over to this country without any previous acclimatization, and continue their usual manner of living without the slightest danger to their health." There are no endemic diseases of a malignant character, and epidemics seem to be exceedingly rare. The soil is very fertile, and the Republic is rapidly becoming one of the great grain producers of the world. In its various provinces can be raised wheat, maize, linseed, sugar, etc. The land has not to be cleared of forests, as in the case of many other newly-developed countries; while it is divided into agricultural colonies, each containing a nucleus of small agricultural establishments, where the European farm laborer and his family on their arrival meet with every facility for the purchase of good and cheap lands, implements, and animals for farm service. The land varies in value, ranging from £3 the hectare in some parts to as high as £72 where the richest soil is to be found.

WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, For colds, chills, catarrh, or malarial ailment it is both palatable and sedative, in hot solutions, and will be found a welcome companion

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To those who are constrained or feel that they need some stimulant, the Schnapps answers the purposes better than any other article, because it is rather an exhilarant than an excitant, and does not leave the ill effects of strongly phlogistic beverages.

It has been subjected to critical analysis, and found free from deleterious ingredients—in fact, its manufacturers plume themselves, and its reputation hinges materially, on its extreme purity.

ANCIENT ENGLISH CANOE.—An interesting relic of the past has just been unearthed in the parish of Pulborough, Sussex, in the shape of a canoe, which was partly embedded under the River Arun, and partly in land on the south side of that river. The boat is, says *Nature*, of solid oak, and hewn from a single massive trunk. That it was made before the knowledge of metal is evident, as there is not a trace of building or planking. It must have been hollowed by means of the stone axe and of fire. Further evidence in favor of the antiquity of this boat appears to be afforded by the various accumulations which had formed over that portion of it which was embedded in the earth. These strata, to the depth of 9 feet, have been ascertained to be loam, yellow clay, a thin layer of leaves, followed by a stratum of blue mud, beneath which lay the boat, embedded in drift sand. The prow portion of the boat lay in the river, and this is by far the most dilapidated. The stern is comparatively intact. The present dimensions of the boat are 15 feet by 4 feet, but originally it was probably 18 feet long.

COMMON SENSE ROCKERS AND CHAIRS.—At this season of the year especially one wishes a comfortable and commodious easy chair, and whether it be for the Piazza, Sitting Room, or even the Parlor, those made by our friend Sinclair are pre-eminently the best.

We have used some of his chairs for nearly ten years and we know whereof we speak. If any of our readers are in want of chairs we call their attention to his advertisement in this number of the ECLECTIC.

**SPOUTING OIL WELLS IN RUSSIA.**—It is reported that on September 10th last a well was tapped at Baku, from which petroleum commenced to spout with a jet 300 feet high, at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons daily. According to later official reports, the fountain was still flowing at the end of November, and the efforts of the owners to stop it had so far only resulted in checking the outflow to 1000 tons of oil per day. During November another well at Baku, which has been giving a regular supply since 1874, suddenly commenced to "play," and threw up 500 tons of petroleum every twenty-four hours. The effect of this sudden outburst is disastrous to the district, pending arrangements for disposing of such a vast quantity of oil. Whole lakes of crude petroleum have been drained into the sea or set on fire, to get rid of the liquid, and the price of petroleum has sunk to 3½ d. per ton on the spot. The great local refining firm of Nobel Brothers have fourteen spouting wells capped over and idle, it being cheaper for them to buy oil than to use their own. This firm announce that by next spring they will be able to distil 75,000,000 gallons of kerosene, and to transport 90,000,000 gallons. As yet the Baku oil has only supplied the Russian, Austrian, and East German markets *via* the Volga; but a new line of railway just opened will convey the product to the southern European markets. It is believed that oil exists over 1100 square miles of the Baku region, of which only a small area has been bored. The supply is regarded as inexhaustible, and is expected to keep down the value of petroleum oils and spirits in Europe, notwithstanding the condition of the American centre of production.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The Pleasures of Home. A Poem.* By DAVID NEWPORT. 12mo, cloth, 99 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.

*Man, Whence and Whither.* By RICHARD B. WESTBROOK, D.D., LL.B. 12mo, cloth, 244 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.

*Boston Cook-Book.* By MRS. LINCOLN. 12mo, cloth, 536 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$2.

*Round the World.* By ANDREW CARNEGIE. 12mo, cloth, 360 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price,

*The U. S. Art Directory and Year-Book.* Compiled by S. R. KOEHLER. 8vo, boards, 175 pp. New York: Cassell & Co. Price,

*Greater London. A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places.* By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. Vol. I., illustrated with numerous engravings. 4to, cloth, 576 pp. New York: Cassell & Co. Price,

*Rapid Ramblings in Europe.* By W. C. FALKNER. With 12 illustrations. 12mo, cloth, 566 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$2.

*The Story of the Coup d'Etat.* By M. DE MAUPAS (formerly Police Minister). Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. 12mo, cloth, 487 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.75.

*Practical Essays.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Logic, University of Aberdeen. 12mo, cloth, 338 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

*Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant.* Being Vols. VI. and VII. of "Bryant's Complete Works." Edited by PARKE GODWIN. 2 vols., square 8vo, cloth, 454 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price,

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*Quicksands.* From the German of ADOLPH STRECKFUSS. By MRS. A. L. WISTAR. 12mo, cloth, 356 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.50.

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SEVENTY-FOUR MILES IN SIXTY-SIX MINUTES.—What is the fastest railway time on record was made on May 8th between Lima and Dayton, Ohio. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt passed through Dayton on that day, *en route* for Cincinnati, in a special train consisting of two coaches and an engine, which made the distance from Lima, seventy-four miles, in sixty-six minutes. The train went from Dayton to Hamilton, according to telegraphic information from there, a distance of thirty-five miles, in thirty-six minutes. It started from Detroit, making the entire trip to Cincinnati, 263 miles, over the Canada Southern, Dayton and Michigan, and Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton lines, in five hours and thirty minutes,

an average of 50.7 miles an hour. A number of stops were made, and engines were changed three times, at Toledo, Lima, and Dayton. The run between the latter place and Cincinnati was made in one hour and nine minutes. The train was run through all the cities at a rate of speed complying with established regulations. It is estimated that in some places the train travelled a mile in from forty-eight to fifty-two seconds.

REFUGE PITS IN WIND STORMS.—A Georgia correspondent writes us that storm pits are made in his section about eight feet by ten feet and six feet deep, with roof on a level with or just above the surface of the ground, being usually ventilated by means of pieces of stove pipe inserted in the roof. Our correspondent says it has been suggested that, there being sometimes ten or twelve persons in these pits, the moist, warm air rising through the pipes makes a good conductor of electricity, and so would render such locations dangerous during an electrical storm, although his own inference is that they cannot certainly be more dangerous than crowded churches or railway cars, which are seldom struck by lightning. — *Scientific American*.

TAME FROGS.—Frogs are easily tamed. Dr. Townson had two tame tree-frogs, which he named Damon and Musidora, and placed a bowl of water in the window where they lived, which they regularly visited every evening. After half an hour passed by either of them in the water, he used to find that they had absorbed half their weight. They ejected water to a considerable distance, and often suffered their prey to remain before them untouched as long as it was still, but when it made the slightest motion they instantly seized it. Dr. Townson made a provision of dead flies for Musidora, to serve her during the winter, but she would never take them till he moved them with his breath. When flies could not be had, he tried cutting up some tortoise-flesh into very small pieces, moving them in the same manner. At first Musidora seized them, but instantly rejected them from her tongue. They evidently recognized Dr. Townson's voice, and approached him at his call.

**THE INVENTOR OF MACHINE-MADE LACE.**—Very little had been done before the day on which Hammond and his wife sat drinking in a public-house at Nottingham—then reputed a notorious town for ale-bibbing. Hammond had improved the machine above referred to, and, so far as can be learned, was a clever workman, thoroughly conversant with the meshing art, but endowed with so little application and self-government as to render his knowledge of very uncertain practical use. He and his wife appear to have been in the habit of drinking to excess together. In 1768 the happy pair were without money, credit, or regular employment, and intoxicated into the bargain, when Hammond cast his lack-lustre eye upon the broad lace border on his wife's cap and a lace caul, and thought he could imitate the fabric. Having borrowed some silk, he went to work upon his frame, at his home in the Rookery, and produced a net which, with the assistance of his wife, was made into caps, having somewhat the appearance of lace, and which met with a ready sale. He called the article Valenciennes lace, although it had no precise resemblance to that fabric. The title of Hammond to the rank of inventor of the Nottingham bobbin-net has been disputed strenuously, but the fact remains that he produced very saleable articles, and by making them obtained a precarious income, only laboring at irregular intervals to supply the most pressing necessities, "working by day and drinking by night; thus passed several years of the life of this original machine-wrought lace manufacturer."

**A TIN POT INDUSTRY.**—A profitable use has at last been found for the empty and discarded tin can. Thousands of those cans are now gathered in Philadelphia every week, and used to decorate or cover travelling trunks. A number of factories for the conversion of old buffeted and battered cans and other tin refuse from the ash heaps have sprung up on the outskirts of that city, and the new business is said to be a growing one. The cans are collected in various ways, but principally from the city ash heaps and the hotels and large boarding houses. At the factory the soldered seams are subjected to an intense heat in such a way that the solder is allowed to run into a receptacle, and is carefully saved and sold, the profit from this source alone almost paying for the expense of the gathering and handling of the cans. The tops and bottoms of the cans are melted

and turned into window-sash weights. The labels on the tin plates are easily taken off, after they have been thoroughly soaked in water, and the plates themselves rolled out flat by machinery. As the inside of the plates are not much discolored by the contents of the can, they present a clean surface, and are stated to make excellent covers for trunks, the seams being hidden by the trunk braces, either of wood or sheet-iron. Other uses are also made of the tin plates, and there is said to be a considerable profit in the business. Moreover, very little capital is required in the new industry. One Philadelphia factory rolled out 40,000 of those plates in less than two months, and the industry promises to be largely developed both there and elsewhere.—*Iron.*

**DANGERS TO THE LACQUER INDUSTRY.**—The Japanese native papers are crying out at the extinction of the lacquer industry of the country. The tree from which the varnish is obtained is disappearing. Formerly, like the mulberry-tree on which the silk-worm feeds, it was protected by law. Each family of the upper classes was obliged to rear 100 trees, the middle classes 70, and the lower classes 40. Since this law fell into desuetude the cultivation of the lacquer tree has rapidly declined. The trees were cut down without care, and none were planted to replace them, so that they have become exceedingly rare, while the price of lacquer has enormously increased.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World.* 410, cloth, 1196 pages. New Haven: H. P. Hubbard. Vol. III. Price, \$5.

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Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

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**BLOOD** that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA**.

**PURIFYING** the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** more speedily than from anything else.

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It may not be out of place to mention that our Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable remedy. None of its ingredients come from the drug-store or chemist's shops, and it is harmless to the most delicate person. Call, or address

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE CONSCIENCE FUND.

THE contributions to the conscience fund of the Treasury in the last fiscal year amounted to over \$6000. This fund has, since its establishment twenty years ago, amounted to about \$250,000. For some years past it has averaged from \$5000 to \$7000 a year. The term "conscience fund" was originated by Treasurer Spinner. One day during the war he received a letter from the Treasury Department from a man who inclosed a check for \$1500, saying that it represented a misappropriation of Government funds of which he had been guilty while a Quartermaster in the army. "Suppose we call this a contribution to the conscience fund and get it announced in the newspapers, and perhaps we will get some more," he suggested. The announcement was made and the Treasury became the recipient of such funds.

The largest contribution ever made was \$4000, forwarded by a ex-revenue gauger from Chicago, as the amount of a bribe received by him from distillers who desired to defraud the Government. The smallest was nine cents, forwarded by a Massachusetts man who remembered that he had at one time years before used a mashed three-cent stamp on a letter. In order to relieve his conscience he sent three times the original steal, which he thought was a fair compensation. Many of these contributions comes from persons who have smuggled goods. The majority of these are from women. A recent case of this sort is quoted. A lady residing in Canada who, years ago, smuggled into this country a silk dress pattern worth \$100, recently concluded that she ought to remit the duty on it, and going to a Custom House official asked him to calculate for her the duty she would have paid plus the interest, which being done, she forwarded the sum to the department, omitting—as most of them do—to send her name. Occasionally a letter is received from a clergyman, stating that it is the result of a deathbed confession of some offender, who asks that the money and confession be forwarded to the department.

THE CROWN JEWELS OF FRANCE.—When the Crown jewels of France (the sale of which is now approaching) were valued after the Revolution of 1789 they were estimated at \$3,200,000, and they consisted of 7482 diamonds, 506 pearls, 230 rubies, 150 emeralds, 134 sapphires, 71 topazes, 8 garnets, and 3 amethysts. From the Treasury, in which they were deposited, they were subsequently stolen, only a very small portion being recovered. By the purchases made by Napoleon and the Bourbon Kings their value in 1832 had reached \$4,500,000. In 1875 a new inventory was taken, the number of jewels being then 77,486 and their weight 19,000 carats. Among those now to be sold are jewels which belonged to Anne of Brittany, when she married Charles VIII., and others which were the property of Cardinal Richelieu.

ART POTTERY.—The Fontaine family of Narford, in Norfolk, have for the last four generations been collecting art pottery and curiosities, and the present owner very wisely decided to bring them to the hammer. The sale lasted three days, and was attended by collectors from all Europe, who competed so eagerly that the collection sold for the preposterous amount of £91,000. In one instance, £7300 was given for a single dish; in another, a candlestick fetched £3,675; in a third, two candlesticks, bought to be resold to the nation, cost £1300; and in a fourth, £4452 was paid for an ivory horn without a history. A ewer was knocked down at £2415; a sunk dish, in enamels, was purchased for £2940; an oval dish went for £793; and a "small, deep faience dish," which Mr. Fontaine bought from the Bernal collection for £39, realized £377 10s.

THE STAR ARCTURUS.—The astronomers at the Greenwich Observatory have been making calculations as to the pace of the star Arcturus in his progress toward the earth. They find, as the result of twenty-one observations, that this beautiful scintillating star is moving toward this planet at the rate of fifty miles and seventy-eight one hundredths per second. This amounts to about 3000 miles a minute,

180,000 miles an hour, or 4,320,000 miles a day. But even if this hot rate of speed should be continued, Arcturus is not likely to shatter our little globe for the next 93,000 years, although his brightness is likely to grow in the sight of remote posterity. A scientist, writing on this subject, says that an 81-ton gun will drive forth its projectile with a maximum velocity of 1400 feet per second, and that Arcturus is approaching us at a speed two hundred times greater. It thus moves over a distance equal to that between the earth and the sun in twenty-one days. But as the earth's distance from this lively star at the last measurement was estimated at 1,622,000 times greater than that between it and the sun, this generation and untold others to follow may pursue the even tenor of their ways undisturbed.

WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, for colds chills, catarrh, or malarial ailment is both palatable and sedative, in hot solutions, and will be found a welcome companion for these and other troubles in the room of the sick patient or convalescent.

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It has been subjected to critical analysis, and found free from deleterious ingredients—in fact, its manufacturers plume themselves, and its reputation hinges materially, on its extreme purity.

#### PARTING.

*From the Low German.*

You saw me safely up the hill,  
(The day was almost spent,)  
And there you told me you must go:  
We parted, and you went.  
But I stood still and watched the woods  
Glow with the setting sun,  
And gazed upon the little path  
That you were winding down.  
And there the spire amongst the trees,  
Still in the sunlight gleamed,  
But I turned down the other side,  
And oh, how dark it seemed?  
In dreams, how many times since then  
I've parted from you so?  
My heart dwells on the hilltop yet,  
And gazes down below.

—Temple Bar.

THE *Banker's Magazine* accounts for the recent depression in business from which the country is now happily recovering by the fact that enterprise in many directions has exceeded its legitimate sphere. This, it says, is especially true of railroad construction, and then philosophizes in this fashion: "No person

needs more than a certain amount of food or clothing. No person can comfortably eat two dinners on the same day. If, therefore, a second dinner is cooked for him, either it is not eaten, or if it be, he is the worse for it. Consumption, therefore, is limited. Production must be governed by this limit, or exceeded at an ever increasing loss."

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*Old Caravan Days*. By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. 12mo, cloth, 306 pages. Boston: *D. Lothrop & Co.* Price, \$1.25.

*Among the Chosen*. 16mo, cloth, 217 pages. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.* Price, \$1.

*Appleton's Dictionary of New York and Vicinity*. 18mo, paper, 248 pages. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* Price, 30 cents.

*The Man versus The State*. Paper, 113 pages. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* Price, 30 cents.

*Life and Labor in the Far, Far West*. By W. HENRY BARNEY. 8vo, cloth, 424 pages. London, Paris and New York: *Cassell & Co.* Price,

*Capt. Phil*. By M. M. THOMAS. 12mo, cloth, 355 pages. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.* Price, \$1.50.

*Ralph, The Drummer Boy*. By LOUIS ROUSSELET. 12mo, cloth, 307 pages. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.* Price, \$1.50.

*Annouchka*. By FRANK ABBOTT. 14mo, cloth, 117 pages. Boston: *Cupples, Upham & Co.* Price, \$1.

*Ten Days in a Jungle*. By J. E. L. 14mo, cloth, 100 pages. Boston: *Cupples, Upham & Co.* Price, \$1.

*Hand Book of Horsemanship*. By H. L. de BUSSIGNY. Cloth, 75 pages. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* Price, 50 cents.

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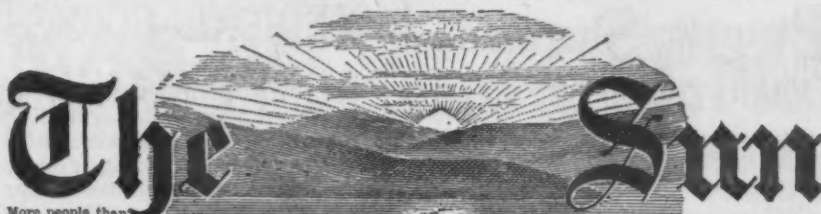
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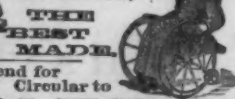
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M. F. CRUMLEY, M.D.,  
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C. P. GOODYEAR, Attorney at Law,  
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PROPOSED SHIP CANAL ACROSS IRELAND.—Particulars are published of the project for constructing a ship canal across Ireland. The proposed canal would be 127 miles in length, and would contain thirty locks. For ships of 1,500 tons, the cost would be £8,000,000; for ships of 2,500 tons, £12,000,000; and for ships of 5,000 tons and upward, £20,000,000. If built on this scale the canal would be 200 feet wide on the surface and 100 feet at the

bottom. The passage through the canal would be effected by a system of towage, and it is estimated that the passage of a ship from Galway Bay to Kingstown would occupy between twenty-four and thirty-six hours.

DECREASE OF EXPORTS.—The striking decrease in our exports of \$83,000,000 as compared with 1882-3, and of \$162,000,000 as compared with 1880, has led the *Financial Chronicle* to investigate where the shrinkage occurred. That breadstuffs went abroad less freely is familiar, but it is startling to compare exports of them, amounting to \$157,000,000, against \$283,000,000 four years previously. And it is also surprising to find cotton marking as large a decrease (\$50,000,000) as breadstuffs when the comparison is between last year and its predecessor. Among breadstuffs corn has held its own, and rye has grown from under 1,000,000 bushels to over 6,000,000. In other words, the decrease in breadstuffs is almost wholly in wheat, which reached its greatest export, at \$190,000,000, in 1879-80, and fell to \$73,000,000 in 1883-4. Since 1877-8 there has been no smaller total. The exports show a remarkable independence of the yield. It is the foreign demand and not the American supply which makes the market. This is truer of wheat than of corn. Boston shipped more than previously, and New York, while holding its own regarding exports, increased its lead as to imports.

THE WORLD'S TELEGRAPHS.—The telegraph appears to have made more progress in the United States than in any other country. The number of American telegraph offices in 1882 was 12,917, and the number of telegrams forwarded during the year was 40,581,177. The number of telegraph offices in Great Britain and Ireland in 1882 was 5747, the number of telegrams forwarded being 32,965,029. Germany had 10,803 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 18,362,173. France had 6319 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 26,260,124. Russia had 2819 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 9,800,201. Belgium had 835 offices,

the number of telegrams forwarded being 4,066,843. Spain had 647 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 2,830,186. British India had 1025 offices, the number of telegrams forwarded being 2,032,603. Switzerland had 1160 offices, Italy 2590, and Austria 2696. The number of telegrams forwarded in these three last-mentioned countries was 3,046,182, 7,026,287, and 6,626,203 respectively.—*Engineering*.

**THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF CHOLERA.**—The diversion of tourists from the Continent to English holiday resorts this year must be bringing an immense harvest to the inhabitants of the latter. One leading bank estimates the falling off in the number of its circular notes issued this year, so far, at 3000. At an average of £66 each note this would be £200,000, and if multiplied by fifty, to get at the approximate similar decline among other English banks issuing such notes, we get already a total of ten millions less to be expended this year by tourists on the Continent, without taking into account the numbers who never make use of circular notes, but usually take Bank of England notes and British coin for exchange into foreign money as soon as they cross the Channel. It must not be supposed that all the money restrained from flowing to the Continent is spent here instead, a great many families being probably glad of the excuse presented by the cholera to stay quietly at home and economize; but, anyhow considered, the saving to the country this year by reduced tourist expenditure abroad is probably thirty millions sterling or so, which ought to materially assist the good harvest in adding to the national accumulations of capital.

**SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND MINES.**—The Kimberley correspondent of the *Mining Journal* sends this telegram by Eastern and South African cables: Kimberley, September 9th. The loose shale lying on north side of Kimberley Mine, which fell on November 5th last, has moved forward this morning and carried away both shafts of the Central Company down to blue ground. The movement continues, threatening to cover the remainder of the Company's claims as far as the south reef, and will probably involve the whole mine, with exception of the high ground at the west end and high claims of Rose Innes and South-east Companies, lately amalgamated with Central Company. Underground work-

ings are intact, though communication is temporarily stopped. Only gear at work is in Rose Innes ground, which is not likely to be affected. Central Company has commenced a new shaft outside to pierce the hard rock and tunnel below into the mine for permanent work.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

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*The Divine Law as to Wines.* By DR. G. W. SAMSON. 12mo, cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.50.

*Dick's Society Letter Writer for Ladies.* 12mo, cloth, 268 pages. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Price, \$1.

*Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable.* By ADMIRAL PORTER. Part I., 8vo, 96 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 25 cents.

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*The Man versus The State.* By HERBERT SPENCER. 8vo, paper, 113 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 30 cents.

*Marjorie Huntingdon.* By H. P. BELT. 12mo, cloth, 320 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.25.

*A Naturalist's Rambles about Home.* By CHAS. C. ABBOTT. 8vo, cloth, 445 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

*Countess of Albany.* By VERNON LEE. 12mo, cloth, 303 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.00.

*Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events.* By E. D. KEYS. 8vo, cloth, 515 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

*The Man Wonderful.* By CHILTON B. ALLEN, A.M., LL.B., M.D., and MARY A. ALLEN, A.B., M.D. 12mo, cloth, 366 pages. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. Price, \$1.50.



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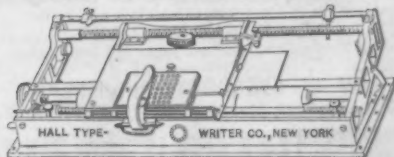
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As a general beverage and necessary corrective of water rendered impure by vegetable decomposition or other causes, as Limestone, Sulphate of Copper, etc., the Aromatic Schnapps is superior to every other alcoholic preparation. A public trial of over thirty years' duration in every section of our country by UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, its unsolicited indorsement by the medical faculty, and a sale unequalled by any other alcoholic distillation, have secured for it the reputation for salubrity claimed for it.

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An interesting treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases will be mailed free to any one who will send their address to the Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Could not buy from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. It cured me of Scrofula in its worst form, after I had suffered with it fifteen long years, and had tried all the remedies, only to break down my health and make me almost helpless.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BAKER,  
Acworth, Ga., July 15, 1884.

### INOCULATED POISON!

Some eight years ago I became the victim of a fearful Blood Poison, communicated by a nurse to my infant, and thence through the breast, and suffered for six long years. The Mercury and Potash treatment seemed to drive the poison further into my system only to break out in worse form on other portions of my body. Three months ago I began taking Swift's Specific, and it has cured me sound and well. It is the greatest blessing which has come to mankind in years.

Mrs. T. W. LEE,  
Greenville, Ala., Sept. 4, 1884.

### A GOD SEND!

I have had rheumatism for forty years, and have been relieved with a few bottles of S. S. S. I consider it a God-send to the afflicted.

J. B. WALLER, Thomson, Ga., Aug. 16, '84.

## THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,

159 West Twenty-third Street, New York; 1205 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia;  
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

### CANCER FOR MANY YEARS.

A family servant has been afflicted for many years with a cancer on her nose, and was treated by some of the best physicians, and the old remedies used without benefit. Finally we gave her Swift's Specific and she has been completely cured.

JOHN HILL, Druggist,  
Thomson, Ga., August 16, 1884.

### NOSE EATEN OFF!

John Navee, a young man near here, had a cancer on his face which had eaten away his nose and part of his cheek, and was extending up to his eyes. As a last resort he was put on Swift's Specific, and it has entirely cured him. His face is all healed over with new flesh, and his general health is excellent. His recovery was wonderful.

M. F. CRUMLEY, M.D.,  
Oglethorpe, Ga., August 16, 1884.

### INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

I was attacked last winter with inflammatory rheumatism of severe type—my first serious illness since 1876. I had various kinds of treatment with only temporary partial relief. After seven weeks I was reduced in weight 35 pounds, had no strength nor appetite, and was growing weaker every day. In this condition I began Swift's Specific, and in three days began to improve, and in three weeks I was free from disease and up attending to my regular business. My appetite returned and I rapidly gained my flesh. I have written this long to be certain that my cure was permanent.

C. P. GOODYEAR, Attorney at Law,  
Brunswick, Ga., June 28, 1884.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE UTILIZATION OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.—

At a recent meeting of the American Association of Civil Engineers, Mr. Benjamin Rhodes described what had been done and what might be done towards the utilization of Niagara for electrical purposes. He said: "The power of Niagara can be estimated very approximately. The average flow of the river according to many careful measurements is 275,000 cubic feet per second. The fall in the river through the rapids immediately above the fall is 65 feet. The height of the falls is 165 feet, making a total of 230 feet; thus we have for the whole power 7,000,000 horse-power. To utilize this amount of power by water-wheels, generate electrical currents, and transmit to various cities within 500 miles, would necessitate a plant representing at least 5,000,000,000 dols. Such figures as these give some idea of the enormous amount of power here in reserve." He states that on the Canadian side the entire use of the falls is represented by a small over-shot wheel, which propels a pump, furnishing a meagre supply of water to the adjoining village. On the American side there are five separate raceways, developing in all 800 to 1000 horse-power. After describing the hydraulic canal, the greatest power now in use at Niagara, he says: "Further developments of power at Niagara may be made at little expense. The hydraulic canal can be deepened and widened, and wheels may be set under greater heads, the total amount thus made available here being equal to the necessities of many years. It may safely be said that the use of Niagara has just begun. Low water is unknown; troubles from ice are slight; hours of use are not limited to eight or ten, but twenty-four hours in the day and 365 days in the year, and unlimited power is ready, making this the most reliable, as it is the grandest, water-power in the world."

**THE DISCOVERY OF COFFEE.**—Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was travelling through Abyssinia, and finding himself very weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree covered

with dead berries. The meal being cooked and eaten, the traveller discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone he found their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance in a can which contained a small supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was agreeable, and in a few moments after the traveller had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many of the berries as he could carry, and having arrived at Arden, in Arabia, he informed the Mufti of his discovery. The worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the berries, and was so delighted with the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it *calnah*, which in Arabic means *force*. And this is the way coffee was discovered.

**THE WATCHMAKING INDUSTRY IN SWITZERLAND.**—About 40,000 individuals are employed in Switzerland in the watch and clock trade, the Canton of Neuchâtel having 13,706, who turn out annually a million of watches, of the value of 50,000,000 francs. In the Vaudois there are 7700, some of whom are occupied in musical boxes; in Berne there are 1300, producing to the amount of 30,000,000 francs. The total annual production of watches in Switzerland averages 1,600,000, of the value of 83,000,000 francs. The export of 1882 was to the amount of 154,000 kilogrammes of watches, 25,300 in excess of the previous year. The import was 46,400 kilogrammes, consisting of watches in the rough brought into the country to be finished. M. Paul Kramer, of Neuchâtel, has brought out a new watch, which he has named "La Montre à Aiguilles Universelles," the principal feature of which is that it indicates the time in other countries and places, such as Paris, Suez, Bombay, New York, and San Francisco.

## HOW TO DRESS THE HAIR.

Mrs. C. Thompson, of 32 E. 14th Street, New York, the patentee of the now celebrated "Thompson Wave," has devoted such attention to this subject that she is conceded to be a leading authority. Instead of suggesting various dyes that in time injure the hair and complexion, she procures all shades of very fine natural hair, and adapts the style to the shape of the head and forehead. The elegance of her adaptation of gray hair has positively made the wearing of gray hair fashionable; while her new style of "La Pompadour," just introduced, is particularly popular with those having low foreheads. Her new invention, the "English Bang," is just now the rage in New York City for young ladies. Thus all can easily be suited by addressing her, and feel sure that they are in the latest style.

## G. M. D.

## A MEDLEY, A MYSTERY, A MARVEL, AND A MIRACLE.

## THE STORY OF A DREAM.

"Get money honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It answereth all things. Used rightly it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have, for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no faculty for saving. Would you save you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay, as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be money. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and not liking to ask directly for a loan, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man, without a moment's hesitation. He had gumption, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

O I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late their victims full

often find this out to their sorrow as death seizes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was nigh them, as it is nigh to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient perusal will prove. Those who have keen insight and can read between the lines may solve the conundrum the sooner for it, but upon all, light will dawn ere they read the final word of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted. Mr. Jones we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected catarrh, and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, churchyard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all at night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of nightmare! A whole circus troupe, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he spent a deal of money on doctors and physics and was nothing bettered. He ate little, and was fast going down to an untimely grave, leaving his wife a widow and his four bright children orphans, when, lo! on one eventful night he dreamed for once a bright and happy dream, which our next paragraph will relate.

Death, the black-visaged monster, had until then stared him in the face, but the dream brought him hope. He saw a bright, white-robed angel in his dream, who said, "I come to bring you good news. Here is your cure—sure, safe, harmless, prompt, and reliable. Get well and seek to take health thereby to others. Behold the cure!" With these words the angel was gone, but ere the trail of light which followed him had vanished the dreamer saw glittering in the light three golden letters—G. M. D. "What can it mean?" he said to himself, as he awoke from his slumber. "I have had a Good Many Dreams before, but never such as this." Startled and surprised he aroused his wife and to her related his vision. Alas, she could not solve the problem. Remembering all the medical advice, and the physick, and the expense involved since her husband became sick, she expressed the hope that the letters were not intended to suggest that a Good Many Doctors must yet be consulted in addition to all that had been interviewed. He groaned in reply and remarked that if he had to consult



any more there would have to be a Gold Mine Discovered in order to pay them.

Every day for a week he and his faithful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the wall—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clue. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that should suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions," he exclaimed, again and again.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Tired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determining if possible to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will Pierce this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me, Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fibre of his body, what wonder that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but, oh, joy! as he read, a Glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it, I have it."

Everybody in the house heard him cry eureka, and rushed to the room to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Done, and then came the explanation. Simple of course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh, what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P., and one huge P. around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer,—till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again F. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward, P. F. it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well; he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe bilious attacks, on through the list of those suffering from ulcers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B—, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision, and each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder cases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases he marked G. M. D., not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see.

In a short while our hero was well, and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors, telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far,  
Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bidden their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

**A**las, that human nature is so slow to believe —alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid,—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering, and woe. Happy they who the Great Mystery Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

**L**ooking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision, and his restoration to health; for all the sick are not well yet. But he has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Miraculously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

**D**ear reader, bear with us awhile if light has not yet dawned on your mind. The mystery will soon be revealed. If the key be not on your right hand it is at least on your left, in letters clear as daylight. A Good Many Delighted have discovered it and opened the portal to a long life and a useful one.

**I**nitials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self same letters, are often initials of words that breathe of hope and benediction.

**S**earch but awhile and you will find the boon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

**C**olumbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

**O**f all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been—so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones's vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P.

**V**irtues unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

**E**very sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Daily.

**R**eaders, mystified readers, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Deftly the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache, and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has proved such a P. F., Prime Favorite and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its imposing structures, its army of medical men, specialists all of them, and its president, Dr. R. V. Pierce (the large and central P of Mr. Jones's second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well, read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetters, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swelling, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it affects perfect and radical cures.

**Y**ou will do well if afflicted with any chronic disease to write to the Association for advice, describing your malady as well as you can. Many cases are successfully treated through correspondence and no fees are charged for consultation. For one dollar and a half you can secure a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent post-paid to your address. Its purchase will repay you. In this is Given More Desirable information than you can find in any other work of a similar nature.

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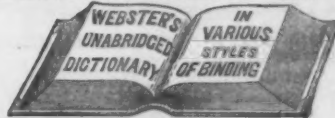
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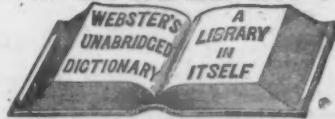
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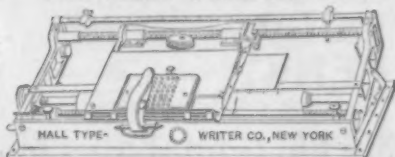
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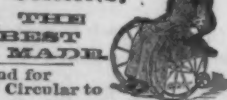
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## →❖ TWO DEEPLY INTERESTING CASES. ❖←

### Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's Experience.

As one of the clearest thinkers on the various social problems of the day, and as a lecturer of rare attractiveness and ability, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has long been widely known both in this country and in England. Among women who have taken the platform for the discussion of questions particularly affecting their sex, Mrs. Livermore is without doubt the ablest representative and the most convincing in her arguments and illustrations. A few years ago her health became so much impaired that she was forced to retire from the lecture field. But the interregnum in her work was not of long duration, and her wide circle of friends and admirers soon welcomed her back again. How and by what means she was restored to health is related in the following deeply interesting letter:

"MELROSE, MASS., February 1, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. *Dear Sirs:* I am entirely willing to make a statement of the benefit I have received from the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and that you should make such use of it as you please.

"Four years ago this spring, at the end of a very severe and exhausting winter's work, I found myself utterly broken down in health. My superb constitution had hitherto carried me triumphantly through every task I had imposed on myself, and had been equal to every phase of protracted labor that had fallen to my lot. But I was now completely prostrated, with no power of recuperation. I could sleep but two or three hours of the twenty-four, and then only in a semi-sitting position, because of a difficulty of breathing—suffered excruciatingly from sciatica and neuralgia of the stomach—experienced the torment of indigestion, and the train of ills that follow, and was harassed by optical illusions, which were a source of great discomfort, although I knew them to be illusions. My mental depression was as severe as my physical prostration. I believed the hopeless invalidism, which I had most dreaded, had come to me, and my chief aim was to hide myself from the friends and acquaintances who were afflicted on my account.

"My physician recommended a trip to Europe, and my husband accompanied me thither. The change brought only palliation of my troubles, but no radical improvement. While in England some American acquaintances told us of the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and they were enthusiastic in their praise of it as the surest remedial agent in cases like mine. They emphasized their statements by narrations of complete cures which had been wrought by it of which they were personally cognizant.

"My husband immediately ordered from London the materials for a Home Treatment of two months. I used it for a month, punctiliously obeying the directions sent for its use, before I began to rally. Then my return to good health was rapid, and since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted perfect health and almost youthful vigor. I resumed work immediately, and have assiduously followed the most laborious vocation ever since, although long past the time of life when it is considered safe to toil severely and unrelentingly.

"I have never discontinued the use of the Treatment since I began it. There have been few days in the last three and a half years when I have omitted it. I understand and except the *rationale* of the Treatment and depend on it for vigor and strength as I do on food. I have recommended it to scores of people suffering from nervous prostration and chronic ailments, some of whom are rejoicing in restoration to health, while others, lacking persistence in the use of the Compound Oxygen, have not been benefited; for patience and persistence in its use are essential if one would be cured of chronic illnesses or lifted from a depth of physical depression.

"Yours truly,

"MARY A. LIVERMORE."

In another letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, Mrs. Livermore says: "I have always and everywhere proclaimed the excellence of the Compound Oxygen Treatment and have persuaded a great many people to use it. *I could not live without it, unless I abandoned all my work and simply existed, and I would rather die than do that.*"

### A Clergyman's Remarkable Experience.

The subjoined communication gives the history of one of a class of cases especially found among clergymen, professional men, and brain-workers. The changes wrought in three months, as related by the writer, are truly marvelous. From a state of physical and nervous prostration, which had become alarming, he was restored to such vigorous health that, to use his own language, "I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible-class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach to a thousand persons in the evening, and at the close of my evening service, was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning."

This seems almost incredible, but Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D.D., pastor of the First M. E. Church, Rochester, N. Y., is a clergyman of wide repute, and no one who knows him will for a moment question his statement. It is given herewith in his own words:

"16 N. FITZHUGH STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.,  
January 11, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"*Dear Sirs:* It is nearly four years since I first used Compound Oxygen. I have often spoken of its effects to others, but have never, I think, made any statement to you. There are others, doubtless, who would be glad to know of its effects in a case like mine. I was not sick, though my strength had been greatly impaired by sickness in earlier life. But for fifteen years I had been carrying very heavy burdens and doing very hard work. I found myself gradually losing the power of endurance, so that my work left me too much exhausted. I could see that my whole nervous system was giving away; that there was a manifest lack of vital force. This was most apparent and most alarming when I went to my study. There I discovered a lack of the usual quickness of perception—a lack of power to hold on. My mind was losing its grip. At the point where I needed most strength I found it suddenly failing me. This alarmed me, though I am not aware that my friends had discovered it. Connected with this case was a lack of that physical vigor necessary for good digestion, and a consequent lack of nutrition. Sleep was fitful, insufficient, and unrefreshing. Under these circumstances I began the use of Compound Oxygen. At first I saw no results. After a time I observed my digestion was much improved. More restful sleep followed. At the end of three months I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible-class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach to a congregation of a thousand persons in the evening, and say in truth, at the close of my evening service, that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning. My sleep was as refreshing on Sunday night as on any other night of the week. My mind has never worked better than during these four years, and in no other time of my life could I do as much, or do it with as much ease.

"I do not use the Oxygen now unless I find myself getting a little weary. Then a resort to it for a week or two puts me in normal condition again.

"Sincerely,

"CHAS. W. CUSHING."

To learn all about COMPOUND OXYGEN, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for pamphlet setting forth full particulars.


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JAMES R. PITCHER,  
Secretary.

# JUDGE FLANDERS, OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Joseph R. Flanders enjoys the eminent distinction of being one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Born and brought up in Malone, Franklin County, on the edge of the Adirondack region, he early devoted himself to the practice of law, and took an active part in the politics of the State. He was for years Judge in Franklin County, and he served with distinguished ability several terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership, in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice President of the United States during the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. Judge Flanders was a member of the famous Committee appointed about thirty years ago to revise the constitution of the State of New York. He always has been a staunch and fearless advocate of temperance reform and of purity in political affairs. During the controversy which led to the war he was conspicuous for his consistent and forcible advocacy of "State rights," always taking the ground of the statesman and jurist, and not affiliating with the demagogues or noisy political charlatans on either side.

In his present appearance Judge Flanders' countenance gives no indication of the remarkable physical experience through which he has passed. No one would suppose, from seeing him busily at work in his law office, a cheerful, hearty, and well-preserved elderly gentleman, that he was for many years a great sufferer, and that his emancipation from slavery to severe disease was a matter of only recent date. But even so it is. Visiting him a few days ago in his well-appointed law offices in "Temple Court," says a reporter for the press, which is one of the new twelve-story office buildings of the Metropolis, we found him disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health. The information which he communicated in regard to this extraordinary case was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health was not at any time since I was twenty-one years of age vigorous, although by persistent and close application I have been able in most of the years to perform a large amount of work in my profession. Gradually I declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had entirely departed. That summer I went to Saratoga, and took a variety of the waters, under the direction of one of the resident physicians. But instead of receiving any benefit I grew weaker and more miserable all the time I was there.

"In September I returned to New York in a very reduced state. I was incapable of work and hardly able to leave the house. Soon after my return I suffered a violent chill, which prostrated me to the last degree. But under medical treatment I gradually rallied, so that in the course of the winter and spring I managed to do a little work at my office in my profession. During this time, however, I was subject to frequent fits of prostration, which kept me, for days and weeks at a time, in the house.

"So I kept on until the summer of 1882. I tried a variety of medicaments which kind friends recommended, and was under the care of several physicians from time to time. In the latter part of the summer I went to Thousand Islands, where I stayed several weeks with friends. But I found the atmosphere did not agree with me. Soon I had a chill; not a severe one, yet in my state it added to my weakness and discomfort. Several days after, as I had another chill, which totally prostrated me.

"As soon after this as I was able to travel, I went to Malone, my old Franklin County home, intending to stay a while among my relations and friends, and consult my old family physician. But I found that he was away in the White Mountains with Vice-President Wheeler, my old friend and former law partner. They did not return to Malone until three days before I left there. Of course, I consulted the physician. He neither said nor did much for me. I came away, feeling that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw Mr. Wheeler in New York he told me that the Doctor had said to him that he never expected again to see me alive. When I arrived at home in September, it was in a state of such exhaustion that I was un-

able to leave home except on mild days, and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

"Meanwhile my son, who had been in Massachusetts, made the acquaintance of a country postmaster in that State, an elderly gentleman, whose prostration seemed to have been as great as my own, or nearly so. This gentleman had been taking the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and had received from it the most surprising advantage. My son wrote frequently, and urged that I should try this Treatment. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had no energy to try any more. But in September my son came to New York, and persuaded me to visit Dr. Turner, who is in charge of Drs. Starkey & Palen's office in New York for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. My going there was not because I had any faith in this Treatment, but to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case he thought I was so far gone that he hardly dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking the Treatment. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble and to require very close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it and to do a little work. One complication after another arose. I kept working at it all winter and into the spring. For three months this case required as continuous thought and labor as I had ever bestowed on any case in all my legal experience. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the spring, to my astonishment and to that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work and close application.

"My present health is such that I can without hardship or undue exertion attend to the business of my profession, as of old. I am regularly at my office in all kinds of weather, except the exceedingly stormy, and even then it is seldom that I am housed. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire.

"A remarkable feature of my case is the hopelessness with which Dr. Starkey viewed it at the outset. It was not brought to his personal attention until after, in Dr. Turner's care, I had begun the Treatment. Then my son wrote to him, setting forth my condition, and asking him to interest himself individually in endeavors for my benefit. Dr. Starkey replied that he had carefully examined the case as set before him, and that there was evidently nothing that could be done. He saw no possible chance of my being made better, and doubted if I could even be made more comfortable. 'I am very sorry,' he wrote, 'to give such a hopeless prognosis, but conscientiously I can give no other.' What would Dr. Starkey have said had he then been assured that in less than a year from the time of his writing I should be thoroughly restored to as good health as ever, and be able to attend regularly to the arduous duties of my profession?

"Do I still continue to take the Treatment? No; not regularly, for my system is in such condition that I do not need it. Once in awhile, if I happen to take cold, I resort to the Treatment for a few days and with certain and beneficial effect.

"My confidence in the restorative power of Compound Oxygen is complete, as also it is in the ability and integrity of Drs. Starkey & Palen, otherwise I should not allow my name to be used in this connection. I have thus freely made mention of the history of my case as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of physical recuperation as I was."


From the above it would seem that even the most despondent invalids and those whose condition has been supposed to be beyond remedy, may take courage and be of good cheer. For the most ample details in regard to Compound Oxygen, reference should be made to the pamphlet issued by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. On application by mail, this pamphlet will be sent to any address.

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JAMES H. FITCHER,  
Secretary.



# THREE REMARKABLE CASES.

## INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AND HEART DISEASE.

In January last a gentleman in Lynchburg, Va., ordered a Treatment of Compound Oxygen for his daughter, thirteen years of age, who had been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism since her fourth year.

Five weeks after commencing the use of our Treatment, we received the following highly gratifying report:

"LYNCHBURG, VA., February 26th, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Dear Sirs:—My daughter has been using your Compound Oxygen for five weeks, with an intermission of one day in each week.

"She had begun slowly to improve before beginning its use, but was very weak and feeble, scarcely able to walk more than two or three times across her chamber. A very slight exertion would bring on a violent action of the heart. At first she could inhale very little, taking but short inspirations.

"Within a week from beginning the use of the Oxygen, she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen anything to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has a fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood.

"Ordinarily, I would object to having my name used publicly, but if the statement of the above facts in my daughter's case will be the means of inducing others similarly affected, as she has been, to use your Compound Oxygen, you are at liberty to publish it.

"Very respectfully,

"C. V. WINFREE."

## "FEEL AS YOUNG AS I DID AT TWENTY-FIVE."

What Compound Oxygen did in a few months for one who had suffered with *dyspepsia for forty years*, who was troubled with *catarrh, torpid liver*, and *suffered from hard shaking chills*, will be seen in the following report. In February, 1883, a gentleman, who had removed to Florida in the previous fall, asked our opinion of his case, and soon after ordered a Home Treatment. His statement of his condition we give in his own words:

"Have had *dyspepsia for forty years*. Came to Florida last November. Previously suffered much from headache. A month after coming here it stopped aching so badly, but became very sore and has continued so up to the present time. Have a *hacking cough and hard, shaking chills*. Am very weak. *Liver torpid*."

First report was made March 24th, in substance as follows:

"When I began Compound Oxygen my liver was very torpid, and I had a bad attack of bilious colic and a chill at the same time. But Compound Oxygen relieved colic, and I have not had a chill since."

April 13th. "General health much better. Liver don't act as well as it ought to. Hacking cough is gone."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 138 Fifth Avenue, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

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"My pneumonia had assumed a chronic form, and I was just giving up in despair, when Rev. Mr. D— came to see me and prevailed on me to send for the Oxygen Treatment. I never will get done thanking him for recommending and you for discovering such a medical agent. Yours truly,

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**STRONG, GRACEFUL, EVERY PART INTERCHANGEABLE**

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The most ingenious piece of mechanism ever invented.

1000 MANUFACTURED EVERY DAY.

The Series C in Nickel-Silver Cases.

For Sale by all Dealers in the United States. Ask your Jeweller for it.

PRICE, \$48 PER DOZEN.

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

We fill no orders for quantities less than one dozen.

Never before could every Girl and Boy own a Watch.

GEORGE MERRITT, General Selling Agent.  
 N. Y. Office, 52 Maiden Lane.

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### THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

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CHARLES B. PEET,  
 Of ROGERS, PEET & Co., President.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. THOUSANDS OF CLAIMS PAID. NO VALID CLAIMS CONTESTED, NOR ANY UNPAID. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EUROPEAN PERMITS GRANTING FULL BENEFITS ABROAD AS WELL AS IN THIS COUNTRY.

\$5000 INSURANCE WITH \$25 A WEEK INDEMNITY, COSTS MEMBERS ABOUT \$12 A YEAR, WHICH MAY BE PAID AT ONE TIME IF PREFERRED. \$10,000 INSURANCE, WITH \$50 WEEKLY INDEMNITY, AT PROPORTIONATE RATES. MEMBERSHIP FEE, \$5 FOR EACH \$5000 INSURANCE, PAYABLE BUT ONCE. ONLY TWO MINUTES' TIME REQUIRED TO INSURE. SEND YOUR ADDRESS, AND OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL CALL, OR WRITE FOR CIRCULAR AND APPLICATION BLANK, WHICH YOU MAY FILL, SIGN, AND FORWARD TO THE HOME OFFICE, AND RECEIVE YOUR POLICY IN RETURN. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION IS REQUIRED TO BECOME A MEMBER. THOUSANDS OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN REJECTED BY LIFE COMPANIES CAN OBTAIN ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

JAMES R. FITCHER,  
 Secretary.

JUN 24 1949

# THREE REMARKABLE CASES.

## INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AND HEART DISEASE.

In January last a gentleman in Lynchburg, Va., ordered a Treatment of Compound Oxygen for his daughter, thirteen years of age, who had been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism since her fourth year.

Five weeks after commencing the use of our Treatment, we received the following highly gratifying report:

"LYNCHBURG, VA., February 26th, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.—Dear Sirs:—My daughter has been using your Compound Oxygen for five weeks, with an intermission of one day in each week.

"She had begun slowly to improve before beginning its use, but was very weak and feeble, scarcely able to walk more than two or three times across her chamber. A very slight exertion would bring on a violent action of the heart. At first she could inhale very little, taking but short inspirations.

"Within a week from beginning the use of the Oxygen, she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen anything to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has a fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood.

"Ordinarily, I would object to having my name used publicly, but if the statement of the above facts in my daughter's case will be the means of inducing others similarly affected, as she has been, to use your Compound Oxygen, you are at liberty to publish it.

"Very respectfully,

"C. V. WINFREE."

## "FEEL AS YOUNG AS I DID AT TWENTY-FIVE."

What Compound Oxygen did in a few months for one who had suffered with *dyspepsia* for forty years, who was troubled with *catarrh*, torpid liver, and suffered from *hard shaking chills*, will be seen in the following report. In February, 1883, a gentleman, who had removed to Florida in the previous fall, asked our opinion of his case, and soon after ordered a Home Treatment. His statement of his condition we give in his own words:

"I have had *dyspepsia* for forty years. Came to Florida last November. Previously suffered much from headache. A month after coming here it stopped aching so badly, but became very sore and has continued so up to the present time. Have a *hacking cough* and *hard, shaking chills*. Am very weak. Liver torpid."

First report was made March 24th, in substance as follows:

"When I began Compound Oxygen my liver was very torpid, and I had a bad attack of bilious colic and a chill at the same time. But Compound Oxygen relieved colic, and I have not had a chill since."

April 13th. "General health much better. Liver don't act as well as it ought to. Hacking cough is gone."

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## The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analyses of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

### "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder,"

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 13.61 per cent, equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

### "Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent, equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

NOTE.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph.D.

New York, Jan'y 17th, 1881.

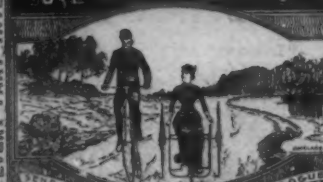
The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

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## 2-15 RIGHT AGAIN.



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"My young friend, there are just two things that I can rely on implicitly. One is that little telegraphic indicator there, and the other is my Waterbury Watch.

"To them I trust the most valuable things I have in the world, my money and my time, and they never deceive me.

"The Ticker indicates how I ought to invest my money, and how that which I have invested is panning out, while my Waterbury Watch guides me as surely about the disposal of my time. Both always tell the exact truth. You may not have any use for the telegraph indicator, my young friend, at least not yet awhile, but you can not have a Waterbury Watch any to spare. You want money, you say, worse than any thing else. Well, time is money, and if you have a reliable time-piece, you can readily dispose of your time, so as to convert it into money. Ask your jeweler for it."

New York Office, 52 Maiden Lane.

GEO. MERRITT, General Selling Agent.



# A CASE OF PARALYSIS.

We give the results of a year's treatment in a bad case of *paralysis* of long standing, showing the effects of Compound Oxygen in its slow but gradual work of vitalizing the half-dead nerves and giving the sluggish life-forces a new and better action. The progress of this case has been attended with much discouragement on the part of our patient, and has not been as satisfactory always as we could have wished. But it was a bad case, as we have said, and the fact that so much has been gained in a year shows how subtle and potent an agent we have in our hands and how, when introduced into the system, it acts steadily in the direction of health, rapidly when the disease is not too deeply seated, and slowly where it has been strongly entrenched.

In the latter part of February, 1883, a gentleman residing at Montpelier, Vt., wrote to us a statement of his case. We take from our record book the following abstract:

"Age 60. Paralysis. First attack, in September, 1874, affecting only one arm, and from which I entirely recovered in a few months. In March, 1875, had another attack which involved the whole left side and was attended with great nervous prostration, but in two years I seemed quite well again and was able to do some work. The third and last attack was in the fall of '77 and came near killing me. For two weeks I was perfectly helpless. Since then I have been gaining slowly. Can now go about the house and wait on myself; but my greatest trouble is weakness. Am very nervous; sometimes mental, and again physical exhaustion. I see double all the time; feet and hands always cold."

A Treatment was sent March 5th, 1883. In a week after commencing its use our patient wrote:

"Extremities are delightfully warm, a new sensation for me. I am encouraged."

From that time we had regular reports through the year, extracts from which we give, showing very slow but steady gains and a state of fluctuating hope and discouragement on the part of our patient:

March 19th. "Hands and feet continue warm; eyes better, but have a ringing and roaring in my ears; am sleeping beautifully."

March 30th. "Left arm lies limp and heavy at side; circulation improved; veins in hands begin to swell out and skin to look red and healthy; the noise in head is departing."

April 6th. "Am weak and numb and sore, and feel miserable; left arm seems bandaged from shoulder to fingers."

April 13th. "Feel more hopeful."

April 20th. "Blood is much increased; veins in hand stand out in a way I am not used to; appetite uniform and good."

April 28th. "Eyes have become very bad, showing objects double and much blurred."

May 10th. "Circulation, appetite, and breathing all improved; last few days feel renewed nerve power and strength flowing through me; the paralysis has partly left my disabled side; within three days have swallowed liquids naturally for the first time in five years."

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G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.  
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June 24th. "Think I am slightly stronger."

August 2d. "Paralyzed limb seems to take on new strength and vitality; better feeling also in arm; eyes improved."

August 21st. "Gain strength daily."

September 4th. "While walking was seized with sudden weakness."

September 10th. "Weakness has increased until this morning I could not stand upright; had a good night's rest and felt well until I attempted to get up."

October 22d. "Frequent fluctuations from good to bad."

November 22d. "Sense of paralysis in left hand seems improving."

January 11th, 1884. "Slight gain in some ways; good appetite and some flesh."

February 3d. "There is a general toning up and improvement of the whole system."

March 10th. "Eyes look more healthy; there is not that glassy side-look like a stare as before."

For the next month improvement was still more rapid, and on the 8th of April we received the following warmly expressed letter:

"Dear Doctors:—Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy. My mouth is filled with laughter and my tongue with singing. That is to say, that I am feeling altogether better, and if the indications don't tell untruths I am rapidly improving."

"Your last consignment came to hand ten days ago, and I immediately began using it according to directions. You will remember that I had been out of Compound Oxygen for something like a month, but I am quite sure that what I had previously taken was silently doing its work."

"The results in the last week have been marked, direct, and all that I could ask for. I begin to realize, in fact, what I have looked for and hoped for for a year past. I am gaining strength and in spirits; I am gaining rapidly; instead of feeling shiftless and dreading any little service, I am longing for a bright sun, clear, warm sidewalks, that I may walk out."

"The sense of paralysis seems to be leaving. I say 'seems to be leaving,' for I am cautious not to overstate symptoms, but I am satisfied with the outlook for one week to say the least. If I can continue in this good way a few weeks I expect to be more satisfied."

"The improvement has been so marked and is so hopeful I am almost scared, and looking myself over and carefully studying symptoms and recalling the physical weaknesses of the past six years I question: 'Is this really me, the paralytic?' Of course, gentlemen, I am fully prepared from the present phase of affairs to sing the praises of Compound Oxygen 'with the spirit and the understanding also.'"

At the close of his letter our patient adds:

"I am glad after so much despairing correspondence to be able to send you such a report. I trust that not another despairing cry shall be heard from me, though I am aware that I have been a long time ill and it will probably be a long way back."

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Only two minutes' time required to insure. Send your address and our representative will call, or write for Circular and Application Blank, which you may fill, sign, and forward to the Home Office, and receive your policy in return.

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**INSURE AGAINST THEM  
IN THE**

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JAMES R. FITCHER, Secretary.



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